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THE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

TRANSLATED BY SIR THOMAS URQUHART AND PETER MOTTEUX, WITH THE NOTES OF DUCHAT, OZELL, AND OTHERS; INTRODUCTION AND REVISION BY ALFRED WALLIS

BOOK III.

Rabelais.

The Heroic Deeds and Sayings of the Good Pantagruel King of the Dipsodes

Composed by

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Doctor in Medicine

THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

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CONTENTS

BOOK III

OF THE HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD PANTAGRUEL

PAGE

Francis Rabelais to the Soul of the Queen of Navarre, . 1

The Author's Prologue, ... 3

CHAP.

I. How Pantagruel transported a Colony of Utopians into Dipsody, ... 16

II. How Panurge was made Laird of Salmygondin in Dipsody, and did waste his Revenue before it came in, ... 22

III. How Panurge praiseth the Debtors and Borrowers, 29

IV. Panurge continues his Discourse in the praise of Borrowers and Lenders, ... 37

V. How Pantagruel altogether abhorreth the Debtors and Borrowers, ... 42

VI. Why new-married Men were privileged from going to the Wars, ... 46

VII. How Panurge had a flea in his ear, and forbore to wear any longer his magnificent Codpiece, . 49

VIII. Why the Codpiece is held to be the chief piece of armour amongst Warriors, ... 55

IX. How Panurge asketh counsel of Pantagruel whether he should marry, yea, or nay, ... 60

CHAP. PAGE

X. How Pantagruel representeth unto Panurge the difficulty of giving advice in the matter of marriage; and to that purpose mentioneth somewhat of the Homeric and Virgilian Lotteries, ... 65

XI. How Pantagruel showeth the trial of one's fortune by the throwing of dice to be unlawful, . 71

XII. How Pantagruel doth explore by the Virgilian Lottery what fortune Panurge shall have in his marriage, ... 75

XIII. How Pantagruel adviseth Panurge to try the future good or bad luck of his marriage by dreams, . 81

XIV. Panurge's dream, with the interpretation thereof, ... 90

XV. Panurge's excuse and exposition of the monastic mystery concerning powdered beef, 98

XVI. How Pantagruel adviseth Panurge to consult with the Sibyl of Panzoust, . . . 102

XVII. How Panurge spoke to the Sibyl of Panzoust, . 108

XVIII. How Pantagruel and Panurge did diversely expound the verses of the Sibyl of Panzoust, . 114

XIX. How Pantagruel praiseth the counsel of dumb men, ... 120

XX. How Goatsnose by signs maketh answer to Panurge, ... 127

XXI. How Panurge consulteth with an old French poet, named Raminagrobis, . . . 133

XXII. How Panurge patrocinates and defendeth the order of the begging Friars, . . . 139

XXIII. How Panurge maketh a motion of a return to Raminagrobis, ... 143

XXIV. How Panurge consulteth with Epistemon, . 151

XXV. How Panurge consulteth with Her Trippa, . 157

CHAP. PAGE

XXVI. How Panurge consulteth with Friar John of the Funnels, ... 166

XXVII. How Friar John merrily and sportingly counselleth Panurge, . . . 171

XXVIII. How Friar John comforteth Panurge in the doubtful matter of cuckoldry, . . 177

XXIX. How Pantagruel convocated together a Theologian, Physician, Lawyer, and Philosopher, for extricating Panurge out of the perplexity wherein he was, . . 187

XXX. How the theologue, Hippothadeus, giveth counsel to Panurge in the matter and business of his nuptial enterprise, . . 191

XXXI. How the physician Rondibilis counselleth Panurge, ... 196

XXXII. How Rondibilis declareth cuckoldry to be naturally one of the appendances of marriage, ... 205

XXXIII. Rondibilis the Physician's cure of cuckoldry, 212

XXXIV. How women ordinarily have the greatest longing after things prohibited, . . 218

XXXV. How the philosopher Trouillogan handleth the difficulty of marriage, . . . 225

XXXVI. A continuation of the answers of the Ephectic and Pyrrhonian philosopher Trouillogan, . 228

XXXVII. How Pantagruel persuaded Panurge to take counsel of a fool, ... 236

XXXVIII. How Triboulet is set forth and blazoned by Pantagruel and Panurge, . . . 242

XXXIX. How Pantagruel was present at the trial of Judge Bridlegoose, who decided causes and controversies in law by the chance and fortune of the dice, . . . 248

CHAP. PAGE

XL. How Bridlegoose giveth reasons why he looked over those law papers which he decided by the chance of the dice, ... 253

XLI. How Bridlegoose relateth the history of the reconcilers of parties at variance in matters of law, ... 258

XLII. How suits at law are bred at first, and how they come afterwards to their perfect growth, 266

XLIII. How Pantagruel excuseth Bridlegoose in the matter of sentencing actions at law by the chance of the dice, ... 273

XLIV. How Pantagruel relateth a strange history of the perplexity of human judgment, . . . 277

XLV. How Panurge taketh advice of Triboulet, . 282

XLVI. How Pantagruel and Panurge diversely interpret the words of Triboulet, ... 287

XLVII. How Pantagruel and Panurge resolved to make a visit to the oracle of the holy bottle, . 291

XLVIII. How Gargantua showeth, that the children ought not to marry without the special knowledge and advice of their fathers and mothers, ... 295

XLIX. How Pantagruel did put himself in a readiness to go to sea; and of the herb named Pantagruelion, ... 304

L. How the famous Pantagruelion ought to be prepared and wrought, ... 309

LI. Why it is called Pantagruelion, and of the admirable virtues thereof, ... 315

LII. How a certain kind of Pantagruelion is of that nature that the fire is not able to consume it, 325

FRANCIS RABELAIS

TO THE SOUL OF THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE

ABSTRACTED soul, ravish'd with ecstasies,
Gone back, and now familiar in the skies,
Thy former host, thy body, leaving quite,
Which to obey thee always took delight,—
Obsequious, ready,—now from motion free,
Senseless, and, as it were, in apathy,
Would'st thou not issue forth, for a short space,
From that divine, eternal heavenly place,
To see the third part, in this earthy cell
Of the brave acts of good Pantagruel?[1]

[1] These ten lines of allegory, published in the edition of 1546, are addressed to Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis I. Her death did not take place until two years after.

BOOK III

TREATING OF THE HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD PANTAGRUEL

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE

Good people, most illustrious drinkers, and you thrice precious gouty gentlemen, did you ever see Diogenes the cynic philosopher? If you have seen him, you then had your eyes in your head, or I am very much out of my understanding and logical sense. It is a gallant thing to see the clearness of (wine, gold) the sun. I'll be judged by the blind, born so, renowned in the sacred Scriptures, who, having at his choice to ask whatever he would from Him who is Almighty, and whose word in an instant is effectually performed, asking nothing else but that he might see. Item, you are not young, which is a competent quality for you to philosophize more than physically on wine *(en vin)* not in vain *(en vain)*, and henceforwards to be of the Bacchic Council; to the end that opining there, you may give your opinion faithfully of the substance, colour,

excellent odour, eminency, propriety, faculty, virtue, and effectual dignity of the said blessed and desired liquor.

If you have not seen him, as I am easily induced to believe that you have not, at least you have heard some talk of him. For through the air, and the whole extent of this hemisphere of the heavens, hath his report and fame, even until this present time, remained very memorable and renowned. Then all of you are derived from the Phrygian blood,[1] if I be not deceived. If you have not so many crowns as Midas had, yet have you something, I know not what, of him, which the Persians of old esteemed more of in all their otacusts, and which was more desired by the Emperor Antonine;[2] and gave occasion thereafter to the Basilisco at Rohan to be surnamed Goodly Ears. If you have not heard of him, I will presently tell you a story to make your wine relish. Drink, then,—so, to the purpose. Hearken now whilst I give you notice, to the end that you may not, like infidels, be by your simplicity abused, that in his time he was a rare philosopher, and the cheerfullest of a thousand. If he had some imperfection, so have you, so have we; for there is

[1] *The Phrygian blood.*—Rabelais laughs at his countrymen, who even in his time continued such simpletons as to believe their kings, and themselves too, descended in a line direct from Priam and the Trojans, on the bare credit of that liar Hunibalde, and some other historians, who copied after him.

[2] *Emperor Antonine.*—Surnamed Caracalla. The many spies and emissaries employed, far and near, by Midas, King of Phrygia, a great tyrant, gave occasion to the fable of that prince having ass's ears. Antonine Caracalla, as bad as the other, not satisfied with consulting all sorts of people, chiefly soothsayers and astrologers, to endeavour by their means to discover whether any designs were hatching against his life, did actually wish he had ears good enough to hear himself everything that was said of him.

nothing, but God, that is perfect. Yet so it was, that by Alexander the Great, although he had Aristotle for his instructor and domestic, was he held in such estimation, that he wished, if he had not been Alexander, to have been Diogenes the Sinopian.

When Philip, King of Macedon, enterprised the siege and ruin of Corinth, the Corinthians having received certain intelligence by their spies, that he with a numerous army in battle array was coming against them, were all of them, not without cause, most terribly afraid; and therefore were not neglective of their duty, in doing their best endeavours to put themselves in a fit posture to resist his hostile approach and defend their own city.

Some from the fields brought into the fortified places their moveables, cattle, corn, wine, fruit, victuals, and other necessary provision.

Others did fortify and rampire their walls, set up little fortresses, bastions, squared ravelins, digged trenches, cleansed countermines, fenced themselves with gabions, contrived platforms, emptied casemates, barricaded the false brays, erected the cavalliers, repaired the contrescarpes, plaistered the courtines, lengthened ravelins, stopped parapets, mortaised barbacans, new-pointed the portcullices, fastened the herses, sarasinesques and cataracts, placed their sentries, and doubled their patrol. Every one did watch and ward, and none was exempted from carrying the basket. Some polished corselets, varnished backs and breasts, cleaned the head-pieces, mail-coats, brigandines, salades, helmets, morions, jacks, gushets, gorgets, hoguines, brassars, and cuissars, corslets, haubergeons, shields, bucklers, targets, greaves, gauntlets and spurs. Others made ready bows, slings, cross-bows, pellets, catapults,

migraines or fire-balls, firebrands, balists, scorpions, and other such warlike engines, expugnatory and destructive to the Hellepolides. They sharpened and prepared spears, staves, pikes, brown bills, halberts, long hooks, lances, zagayes, quarterstaves, eel-spears, partisans, troutstaves, clubs, battle-axes, maces, darts, dartlets, glaves, javelins, javelots, and truncheons. They set edges upon scimetars, cutlasses, badelaires, back-swords, tucks, rapiers, bayonets, arrow-heads, dags, daggers, mandousians,[3] poniards, whynyards, knives, skeanes, shables, chipping knives, and raillons.

Every man exercised his weapon, every man scoured off the rust from his natural hanger: nor was there a woman amongst them, though never so reserved, or old, who made not her harness to be well furbished; as you know the Corinthian women of old were reputed very courageous combatants.

Diogenes seeing them all so warm at work, and himself not employed by the magistrates in any business whatsoever, he did very seriously, for many days together, without speaking one word, consider and contemplate the countenances of his fellow-citizens.

Then on a sudden, as if he had been roused up and inspired by a martial spirit, he girded his cloak, scarf-wise, about his left arm, tucked up his sleeves to the elbow, trussed himself like a clown gathering apples, and giving to one of his old acquaintance his wallet, books, and opistographs,[4] away went he out of town towards a little hill or promontory of

[3] *Mandousians.*—Very short swords, supposed to be called so from a certain Spanish nobleman of the house of Mendoza, who first brought them in.

[4] *And opistographs.*—Οπισθογραφος, *scriptus et in tergo*: papers wrote on the back, as well as foreside, and foul, for present use, to be afterwards blotted out.

Corinth, called [the] Cranie,[5] and there on the strand, a pretty level place, did he roll his jolly tub, which served him for a house to shelter him from the injuries of the weather; there, I say in great vehemency of spirit, did he turn it, veer it, wheel it, frisk it, jumble it, shuffle it, huddle it, tumble it, hurry it, jolt it, jostle it, overthrow it, evert it, invert it, subvert it, overturn it, beat it, thwack it, bump it, batter it, knock it, thrust it, push it, jerk it, shock it, shake it, toss it, throw it, overthrow it, upside down, topsiturvy, arsiversy, tread it, trample it, stamp it, tap it, ting it, ring it, tingle it, towl it, sound it, resound it, stop it, shut it, unbung it, close it, unstopple it. And then again in a mighty bustle he bandied it, slubbered it, hacked it, whittled it, wayed it, darted it, hurled it, staggered it, reeled it, swinged it, brangled it, tottered it, lifted it, heaved it, transformed it, transfigured it, transposed it, transplaced it, reared it, raised it, hoised it, washed it, dighted it, cleansed it, rinced it, nailed it, settled it, fastened it, shackled it, fettered it, levelled it, blocked it, tugged it, tewed it, carried it, bedashed it, bewrayed it, parched it, mounted it, broached it, nicked it, notched it, bespattered it, decked it, adorned it, trimmed it, garnished it, gauged it, furnished it, bored it, pierced it, trapped it, rumbled it, slid it down the hill, and precipitated it from the very height of the Cranie; then from the foot to the top (like another Sisyphus with his stone), bore it up again, and every way so banged it and belaboured it, that it was ten thousand to one he had not struck the bottom of it out.

Which when one of his friends had seen, and asked him why he did so toil his body, perplex his

[5] *Called [the] Cranie.—Gymnasium, apud Corinthum, i.e.*, a place in Corinth for wrestling, running, etc.

spirit, and torment his tub? the philosopher's answer was, That, not being employed in any other charge by the Republic, he thought it expedient to thunder and storm it so tempestuously upon his tub, that, amongst a people so fervently busy, and earnest at work, he alone might not seem a loitering slug and lazy fellow. To the same purpose may I say of myself,—

> Though I be rid from fear
> I am not void of care.

For perceiving no account to be made of me towards the discharge of a trust of any great concernment, and considering that through all the parts of this most noble kingdom of France, both on this and on the other side of the mountains, everyone is most diligently exercised and busied,—some in the fortifying of their own native country, for its defence, —others in the repulsing of their enemies by an offensive war; and all this with a policy so excellent, and such admirable order, so manifestly profitable for the future, whereby France shall have its frontiers most magnifically enlarged, and the French assured of a long and well-grounded peace,[6] that very little withholds me from the opinion of good Heraclitus, which affirmeth war to be the father of all good things; and therefore do I believe that war is in Latin called *bellum*,[7] not by antiphrasis, as some patchers of old rusty Latin would have us to think,

[6] Rabelais here alludes to the renewal of hostilities between Francis I. and Charles V. in 1542, when France, menaced on every side by the armies of the Emperor and his allies, prepared for an heroical defence.

[7] *War is in Latin called bellum.—Bellum quiâ minimè bellum.* It was Priscian who advanced this opinion, which Rabelais here contradicts.

because in war there is little beauty to be seen; but absolutely and simply, for that in war appeareth all that is good and graceful, and that by the wars is purged out all manner of wickedness and deformity. For proof whereof the wise and pacific Solomon could no better represent the unspeakable perfection of the divine wisdom, than by comparing it to the due disposure and ranking of an army in battle array, well provided and ordered.

Therefore, by reason of my weakness and inability, being reputed by my compatriots unfit for the offensive part of warfare; and, on the other side, being no way employed in matter of the defensive, although it had been but to carry burdens, fill ditches, or break clods, either whereof had been to me indifferent, I held it not a little disgraceful to be only an idle spectator of so many valorous, eloquent, and warlike persons, who in the view and sight of all Europe act this notable interlude or tragi-comedy, and not exert myself, and contribute thereto this nothing, my all, which remained for me to do.[8] In my opinion, little honour is due to such as are mere lookers on, liberal of their eyes, and of their strength parsimonious; who conceal their crowns, and hide their silver; scratching their head with one finger like grumbling puppies,[9] gaping at the flies like tithe calves; clapping down their ears like Arcadian asses at the melody of musicians, who with their very countenances in the depth of silence express their consent to the prosopopeia. Having made this choice and election, it seemed to me that my

[8] *To do.*—This is Ozell's reading. In the first edition in English it reads—'And not make some effort towards the performance of this, nothing at all remains, for me, to be done.'

[9] *Like grumbling puppies.*—*Landores desgoutez*; *landore*, Cotgrave says, is a Norman word for a gazing clown, that sits dangling his legs all day on a shop-board.

exercise therein would be neither unprofitable nor troublesome to any, whilst I should thus set agoing my Diogenical tub, which is all that is left me safe from the shipwreck of my former misfortunes.

At this dingle-dangle wagging of my tub, what would you have me to do? By the Virgin that tucks up her sleeve,[10] I know not as yet! Stay a little, till I suck up a draught of this bottle; it is my true and only Helicon; it is my Caballine Fountain; it is my sole enthusiasm. Drinking thus, I meditate, discourse, resolve, and conclude. After that the epilogue is made, I laugh, I write, I compose, and drink again. Ennius drinking wrote, and writing drank. Æschylus, if Plutarch in his Symposiacs merit any faith, drank composing, and drinking composed. Homer never wrote fasting, and Cato never wrote till after he had drank. These passages I have brought before you, to the end you may not say that I live without the example of men well praised, and better prized. It is good and fresh enough, even as if you would say, it is entering upon the second degree.[11] God, the good God Sabaoth, that is to say, the God of armies, be praised for it eternally! If you after the same manner would take one great draught, or two little ones, whilst you have your gown about you,[12] I truly find no kind of incon-

[10] *Virgin that tucks up her sleeve.*—Possibly our lady of Loretto, called by the people of the country Madonna Scoperta (uncovered, bare-armed lady), the moment her gown sleeves are drawn back, for her to receive the homage which devout pilgrims come to pay her.

[11] *Entering upon the second degree.*—Temperate. See Bouchet, Serée 3. These terms are borrowed from physicians, inasmuch as they consider the aliments according to their several degrees of heat, cold, humidity and siccity. Galen treats thereof, l. v. of Simples, and l. l. of Aliments.

[12] *Gown about you.*—In secret, by stealth, *En robbe*, in French. This expression, which is found in Brantôme, l. v. p. 327 of his

venience in it, provided you send up to God for all some small scantling of thanks.

Since then my luck or destiny is such as you have heard,—for it is not for everybody to go to Corinth,—I am fully resolved to be so little idle and unprofitable, that I will set myself to serve the one and the other sort of people. Amongst the diggers, pioneers, and rampart-builders, I will do as did Neptune and Apollo, at Troy, under Laomedon, or as did Renault of Montauban in his latter days: I will serve the masons, I will set on the pot to boil for the bricklayers; and whilst the minced meat is making ready at the sound of my small pipe, I will measure the muzzle of the musing dotards. Thus did Amphion with the melody of his harp found, build, and finish the great and renowned city of Thebes.

For the use of the warriors I am about to broach of new my barrel to give them a taste (which by two former volumes of mine, if by the deceitfulness and falsehood of printers,[13] they had not been jumbled, marred, and spoiled, you would have very well relished), and draw unto them, of the growth of our own trippery pastimes, a gallant third part of a gallon, and consequently a jolly cheerful quart of Pantagruelic sentences, which you may lawfully call,

Dames Galantes, is there used to signify the stolen pleasures of such eager lovers as will not give their ladies time to undress themselves.

[13] *Falsehood of printers.*—Rabelais, as appears by the old edition of Pantagruel, used the word *traducteurs*, not *imprimeurs*. Traductors, or transfusors, suited with his idea of considering his brain as a hogshead, out of which he had already made two draughts, *i.e.*, books of his Pantagruel at different times. The translators, or transfusors, he here complains of, are they who having, as he says, falsified his copy, acted like those wine-coopers, who often sophisticate the wine they transfer out of one vessel into another.

if you please, Diogenical; and shall have me, seeing I cannot be their fellow-soldier, for their faithful butler, refreshing and cheering, according to my little power, their return from the alarms of the enemy; as also for an indefatigable extoller of their martial exploits and glorious achievements. I shall not fail therein, par *lapathium acutum* de Dieu; if Mars fail not in Lent, which the cunning lecher,[14] I warrant you, will be loth to do.

I remember nevertheless to have read,[15] that Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, one day amongst the many spoils and booties, which by his victories he had acquired, presenting to the Egyptians, in the open view of the people, a Bactrian camel all black, and a party-coloured slave, in such sort, as that the one half of his body was black, and the other white, not in partition of breadth by the diaphragma, as was that woman consecrated to the Indian Venus, whom the Tyanean philosopher[16] did see between the River Hydaspes and Mount Caucasus, but in a perpendicular dimension of altitude; which were things never before that seen in Egypt. He expected by the show of these novelties to win the love of the people. But what happened thereupon? At the production of the camel they were all affrighted, and offended at the sight of the party-coloured man,—some scoffed at him as a detestable monster brought forth by the error of nature,—in a word, of the hope which he had to please these Egyptians, and by such means to increase the affection which they naturally bore him, he was

[14] *Cunning lecher.*—A good appellative for a rakish soldier, and the more suitable to Mars here, since, as Rabelais tells us, l. v. c. xxix., most lenten foods are provocatives.

[15] *To have read.*—In Lucian, in the Discourse against somebody who had called him 'Prometheus.'

[16] *Tyanean philosopher.*—See Philostratus, lib. iii. cap. 1.

altogether frustrated and disappointed; understanding fully by their deportments, that they took more pleasure and delight in things that were proper, handsome, and perfect, than in misshapen, monstrous, and ridiculous creatures. Since which time he had both the slave and the camel in such dislike that very shortly thereafter, either through negligence, or for want of ordinary sustenance, they did exchange their life with death.

This example putteth me in a suspense between hope and fear, misdoubting that, for the contentment which I aim at, I will but reap what shall be most distasteful to me: my cake will be dough, and for my Venus I shall have but some deformed puppy;[17] instead of serving them, I shall but vex them, and offend them whom I purpose to exhilarate; resembling, in this dubious adventure, Euclion's cock, so renowned by Plautus in his Pot, and by Ausonius in his Griphon, and by divers others; which cock, for having by his scraping discovered a treasure, had his hide well curried. Put the case I get no anger by it, though formerly such things fell out, and the like may occur again. Yet, by Hercules! it will not. So I perceive in them all, one and the same specifical form, and the like individual proprieties, which our ancestors called Pantagruelism; by virtue whereof they will bear with anything that floweth from a good, free, and loyal heart. I have seen them ordinarily take good will in part of payment, and remain satisfied therewith, when one was not able to do better. Having dispatched this point, I return to my barrel.

Up, my lads, to this wine, spare it not! Drink, boys, and trowl it off at full bowls! If you do not

[17] *Puppy.*—*Canis*, among the ancients, was a cast of dice losing all; the ace point. *Venus* was the best cast, three sices.

think it good, let it alone. I am not like those officious and importunate sots,[18] who by force, outrage and violence, constrain an easy good-natured fellow to whiffle, quaff, carouse,[19] and what is worse. All honest tipplers, all honest gouty men, all such as are a-dry, coming to this little barrel of mine, need not drink thereof, if it please them not; but if they have a mind to it, and that the wine prove agreeable to the tastes of their worshipful worships, let them drink, frankly, freely and boldly, without paying anything, and welcome. This is my decree, my statute and ordinance. And let none fear there shall be any want of wine, as at the marriage of Cana in Galilee; for how much soever you shall draw forth at the faucet, so much shall I tun in at the bung. Thus shall the barrel remain unexhaustible; it hath a lively spring, and perpetual current. Such was the beverage contained within the cup of Tantalus,[20]—which was figuratively represented amongst the Brachman sages. Such was in Iberia the mountain of salt, so highly written of by Cato. Such was the branch of gold consecrated to the subterranean goddess, which Virgil treats of so sublimely. It is a true cornucopia of merriment and raillery. If at any time it seems to you to be emptied to the very lees, yet shall it not for all that

[18] *Importunate sots.*—*Lifrelofres* in the original; a balderdash word for a philosopher, used by illiterate Germans and Swiss. See it explained at large hereafter.

[19] *Carouse.*—It is, in the original, 'Trinquer, carouse et allus;' German words, equivalent to the 'Græcari et pergræcari' of the Latins. Our word carouse comes from *gar-auss*. 'Gar-auss et allaus trinquen,' come to the same thing; according to which idea—German from *garman*, and Aleman from *all-man*, are but one.

[20] *Cup of Tantalus.*—See Philostratus, lib. iii. cap. vii. and x. of Apollonius' life.

be drawn wholly dry. Good Hope remains there at the bottom, as in Pandora's box ;[21] and not Despair, as in the leaky tubs of the Danaids. Remark well what I have said, and what manner of people they be whom I do invite ; for, to the end that none be deceived, I, in imitation of Lucilius,[22] who did protest that he wrote only to his own Tarentines and Consentines, have not pierced this vessel for any else, but you, honest men, who are drinkers of the first edition,[23] and gouty blades of the highest degree. The great dorophages,[24] bribemongers,[25] have on their hands occupation enough, and enough on the hooks for their venison. There may they follow their prey ; here is no garbage for them. You pettifoggers, garblers, and masters of chicanery, speak not to me, I beseech you, in the name of, and for the reverence you bear to, the four hips that engendered you, and to the quickening peg which at that time conjoined them. As for hypocrites, much less ; although they were all of them unsound in body, pockified, scurvy, furnished with unquenchable thirst, and insatiable eating. And wherefore ? Because, indeed, they are not of good but of evil, and of that evil from which we daily pray to God to deliver us. And albeit we see them sometimes counterfeit devotion, yet never did old ape make pretty moppet.

[21] *Pandora's box.*—See Hesiod's Theogony.

[22] *Of Lucilius.*—Tully, in his preface to the book *De Finibus*, tells us this.

[23] *Drinkers of the first edition.*—In the original, *de la prime cuvée*, of the first pressing, *i.e.*, of the first class ; for the first pressing consists of all the best grapes.

[24] *Dorophages.*—Who live by presents, limbs of the law.

[25] *Bribemongers.*—It is in the original, *Avalleurs de frimars* ; fog-gulpers, or sleet-swallowers ; a nickname for judges and other lawyers, who, using to rise and go abroad early, swallow a great deal of mist in their days.—*Cotgrave.*

Hence, mastiffs,[26] dogs in a doublet! get you behind! aloof, villains! out of my sunshine; curs, to the devil! Do you jog hither, wagging your tails,[27] to pant at my wine, and bepiss my barrel? Look, here is the cudgel which Diogenes, in his last will, ordained to be set by him after his death, for beating away, crushing the reins, and breaking the backs of these bustuary hobgoblins, and Cerberian hell-hounds. Pack you hence, therefore, you hypocrites! to your sheep, dogs! get you gone, you dissemblers, to the devil! Hay! What! are you there yet? I renounce my part of Papimanie, if I snap you, Grr, Grrr, Grrrrrr.[28] Avaunt, Avaunt! Will you not be gone? May you never shit till you be soundly lashed with stirrup leather, never piss but by the strappado, nor be otherwise warmed than by the bastinado!

CHAPTER I

HOW PANTAGRUEL TRANSPORTED A COLONY OF UTOPIANS INTO DIPSODY

PANTAGRUEL having wholly subdued the land of Dipsody, transported thereunto a colony of Utopians

[26] *Hence, mastiffs.*—The author retorts upon those who called him cynic, or Diogenes the second.

[27] *Wagging your tails.*—Here Rabelais has a fling at certain monks, who, unable to resist the sweet temptation of reading over and over again the most lascivious parts of his romance, were yet the most violent railers against the author and his performance.

[28] *Snap you, grr, grrr, grrrrrr.* The letter R is called *litera canina* for reasons everybody knows. A dog pronounces it when he snarls, *r-rr-rrr-rrrr.*

to the number of 9,876,543,210 men, besides the women and little children, artificers of all trades, and professors of all sciences, to people, cultivate, and improve that country, which otherwise was ill inhabited, and in the greatest part thereof but a mere desert and wilderness; and he did transport them not so much for the excessive multitude of men and women, which were in Utopia multiplied, for number, like grasshoppers upon the face of the land. You understand well enough, nor is it needful further to explain it to you, that the Utopian men had so rank and fruitful genitories, and that the Utopian women carried matrixes so ample, so gluttonous, so tenaciously retentive, and so architectonically cellulated, that at the end of every ninth month seven children at the least, what male what female, were brought forth by every married woman, in imitation of the people of Israel in Egypt, if Anthony de Lyra be to be trusted.[1] Nor yet was this transplantation made so much for the fertility of the soil, the wholesomeness of the air, or commodity of the country of Dipsody, as to retain that rebellious people within the bounds of their duty and obedience, by this new transport of his ancient and most faithful subjects, who, from all time out of mind, never knew, acknowledged, owned, or served any other sovereign lord but him; and who likewise, from the very instant of their birth, so soon as they were entered into this world, had, with the milk of their mothers and nurses, sucked in the sweetness, humanity, and mildness of his government, to which

[1] *If Anthony de Lyra be to be trusted.*—In the original, *si de Lira ne delire, i.e.*, if de Lyra be not delirious: Rabelais plays on his name, which was Nicholas de Lyra, not Anthony, as Sir T. U. has it. He was at first a Jew, then turned Franciscan friar, and in 1322 wrote postils or short commentaries on the

they were all of them so nourished and habituated, that there was nothing surer, than that they would sooner abandon their lives than swerve from this singular and primitive obedience naturally due to their prince, whithersoever they should be dispersed or removed.

And not only should they, and their children successively descending from their blood, be such, but also would keep and maintain in this same fealty, and obsequious observance, all the nations lately annexed to his empire; which so truly came to pass, that therein he was not disappointed of his intent. For if the Utopians were, before their transplantation thither, dutiful and faithful subjects, the Dipsodes, after some few days conversing with them, were every whit as, if not more, loyal than they; and that by virtue of I know not what natural fervency incident to all human creatures at the beginning of any labour wherein they take delight: solemnly attesting the heavens, and supreme intelligences, of their being only sorry, that no sooner unto their knowledge had arrived the great renown of the good Pantagruel.

Remark therefore here, honest drinkers, that the manner of preserving and retaining countries newly conquered in obedience, is not, as hath been the erroneous opinion of some tyrannical spirits to their own detriment and dishonour, to pillage, plunder, force, spoil, trouble, oppress, vex, disquiet, ruin, and destroy the people, ruling, governing, and keeping them in awe with rods of iron; and, in a word, eating and devouring them, after the fashion that

Bible, intermingling therewith abundance of dotard's dreams, and other stuff, which he had learned from the rabbis, his first masters. Which makes our author doubt here if De Lyra was not delirious.

Homer calls an unjust and wicked king, Δημόβορον, that is to say, a devourer of his people.

I will not bring you to this purpose the testimony of ancient writers. It shall suffice to put you in mind of what your fathers have seen thereof, and yourselves too, if you be not very babes. Newborn, they must be given suck to, rocked in a cradle, and dandled. Trees newly planted must be supported, underpropped, strengthened, and defended against all tempests, mischiefs, injuries, and calamities. And one lately saved from a long and dangerous sickness, and new upon his recovery, must be forborn, spared, and cherished, in such sort that they may harbour in their own breasts this opinion, that there is not in the world a king or prince, who does not desire fewer enemies, and more friends. Thus Osiris,[2] the great King of the Egyptians, conquered almost the whole earth, not so much by force of arms, as by easing the people of their troubles, teaching them how to live well, and honestly giving them good laws, and using them with all possible affability, courtesy, gentleness, and liberality. Therefore was he by all men deservedly entitled The Great King Euergetes, that is to say, Benefactor, which style he obtained by virtue of the command of Jupiter to one Pamyla.

And in effect, Hesiod, in his Hierarchy, placed the good demons (call them angels if you will, or Genii), as intercessors and mediators betwixt the gods and men, they being of a degree inferior to the gods, but superior to men. And for that through their hands the riches and benefits we get from heaven are dealt to us, and that they

[2] *Thus Osiris.*—Greg. Gyrald., in his History of the Gods, quotes Diodorus Siculus on this occasion; but Rabelais speaks after Plutarch in his Treatise of Isis and Osiris.

are continually doing us good, and still protecting us from evil, he saith, that they exercise the offices of kings; because to do always good, and never ill, is an act most singularly royal.

Just such another was the emperor of the universe, Alexander the Macedonian. After this manner was Hercules sovereign possessor of the whole continent, relieving men from monstrous oppressions, exactions, and tyrannies; governing them with discretion, maintaining them in equity and justice, instructing them with seasonable policies and wholesome laws, convenient for and suitable to the soil, climate, and disposition of the country, supplying what was wanting, abating what was superfluous, and pardoning all that was past, with a sempiternal forgetfulness of all preceding offences; as was the amnesty of the Athenians, when by the prowess, valour, and industry of Thrasybulus, the tyrants were exterminated: afterwards at Rome by Cicero set forth,[3] and renewed under the Emperor Aurelian. These are the philtres, allurements, ïynges,[4] inveiglements, baits, and enticements of love, by the means whereof that may be peaceably retained, which was painfully acquired. Nor can a conqueror reign more happily, whether he be a monarch, emperor, king, prince, or philosopher, than by making his justice to second his valour. His valour shows itself in victory and conquest; his justice will appear in the goodwill and affection

[3] *By Cicero set forth.*—See his first Philippic. This comparison of Alexander with Hercules is taken from Plutarch in his treatise of Alexander's fortune.

[4] *Iynges.*—Ἰύγξ, in Greek, is the bird we call wag-tail, the Latins *motacilla quòd semper movet caudam.* Enchantresses used this bird as a principal ingredient in making up love-potions. Theocritus makes mention of this practice in his Pharmaceutria, Ἰύγξ ἕλκε τὸ, etc. It now means any allurement.

of the people, when he maketh laws, publisheth ordinances, establisheth religion, and doth what is right to every one, as the noble poet Virgil writes of Octavian Augustus:

——Victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura.

Therefore is it that Homer in his Iliads calleth a good prince and great king Κοσμήτορα λαῶν, that is, The ornament of the people.[5]

Such was the consideration of Numa Pompilius, the second King of the Romans, a just politician and wise philosopher, when he ordained that to the god Terminus, on the day of his festival called Terminales, nothing should be sacrificed that had died; teaching us thereby, that the bounds, limits, and frontiers of kingdoms should be guarded, and preserved in peace, amity and meekness, without polluting our hands with blood and robbery. Who doth otherwise, shall not only lose what he hath gained, but also be loaded with this scandal and reproach, that he is an unjust and wicked purchaser, and his acquests perish with him; *Juxta illud, male parta, male dilabuntur.* And although during his whole lifetime he should have peaceable possession thereof, yet, if what hath been so acquired moulder away in the hands of his heirs, the same opprobry, scandal and imputation will be charged upon the defunct, and his memory remain accursed for his unjust and unwarrantable conquest; *Juxta illud, de male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres.*

[5] *The ornament of the people.*—Rabelais here speaks Plutarch's sentiment. But the learned Scaliger is of another mind as to the meaning of the word κοσμήτωρ. He says it signifies *gubernator*, not *ornator*, the same as ἁρμοστὴς, both a judge and a general: 'κοσμεῖν enim et ἁρμόζειν verba sunt Politica, quæ administrare remp. (non autem ornare) propriè significabant, ut apud.' Hom. Iliad. l. Ατρείδα ϗ μάλιστα δύω κοσμήτορε λαῶν.

Remark, likewise, gentlemen, you gouty feoffees, in this main point worthy of your observation, how by these means Pantagruel of one angel made two, which was a contingency opposite to the Council of Charlemaine, who made two devils of one, when he transplanted the Saxons into Flanders, and the Flemings into Saxony.[6] For, not being able to keep in such subjection the Saxons, whose dominion he had joined to the empire, but that ever and anon they would break forth into open rebellion, if he should casually be drawn into Spain, or other remote kingdoms, he caused them to be brought unto his own country of Flanders, the inhabitants whereof did naturally obey him, and transported the Hainaults and Flemings, his ancient loving subjects, into Saxony, not mistrusting their loyalty, now that they were transplanted into a strange land. But it happened that the Saxons persisted in their rebellion and primitive obstinacy; and the Flemings dwelling in Saxony did imbibe the stubborn manners and conditions of the Saxons.

CHAPTER II

HOW PANURGE WAS MADE LAIRD OF SALMYGONDIN IN DIPSODY, AND DID WASTE HIS REVENUE BEFORE IT CAME IN

WHILST Pantagruel was giving order for the government of all Dipsody, he assigned to Panurge the

[6] *Flemings into Saxony.*—Meyer the historian, quoted by Fauchet in his Antiquitez Gauloises, says, there was no reciprocal

Lairdship of Salmygondin, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 rials of certain rent, besides the uncertain revenue of the locusts and periwinkles,[1] amounting, one year with another, to the value of 2,435,768, or 2,435,769 French crowns of Berry. Sometimes it did amount to 1,234,554,321 seraphs, when it was a good year, and that locusts and periwinkles were in request; but that was not every year.

Now his worship, the new laird, husbanded this his estate so providently well and prudently, that in less than fourteen days he wasted and dilapidated all the certain and uncertain revenue of his lairdship for three whole years. Yet did not he properly dilapidate[2] it, as you might say, in founding of monasteries, building of churches, erecting of colleges, and setting up of hospitals, or casting his bacon flitches to the dogs; but spent it in a thousand little banquets and jolly collations, keeping open house for all comers and goers; yea, to all good fellows, young girls, and pretty wenches; felling timber, burning the great logs for the sale of the ashes, borrowing money beforehand, buying dear, selling cheap, and eating his corn, as it were, whilst it was but grass.

Pantagruel, being advertised of this his lavishness,

translation, but that the Saxons came into Flanders very opportunely to fill up the vacuities of that country, which had been a long time a mere desert.

[1] *Periwinkles, etc.*—*Conchiglie ò lumache di mare*, says Oudin; *i.e.*, sea snails and other round shell fish. They used to put them in pies called *patez de requeste*, from being the usual dish for the lawyers belonging to the court of requests, and eaten in the lobby thereof.

[2] *Dilapidate, etc.*—Among other dilapidations, Rabelais has not forgot that dilapidating madness after the *lapis philosophalis*. Hence Owen took his thought, 'Qui bona dilapidant omnia pro lapide.'

was in good sooth no way offended at the matter, angry nor sorry; for I once told you, and again tell it you, that he was the best, little, great goodman that ever girded a sword to his side. He took all things in good part, and interpreted every action to the best sense. He never vexed nor disquieted himself with the least pretence of dislike to anything, because he knew that he must have most grossly abandoned the divine mansion of reason, if he had permitted his mind to be never so little grieved, afflicted, or altered at any occasion whatsoever. For all the goods that the heaven covereth, and that the earth containeth, in all their dimensions of height, depth, breadth, and length, are not of so much worth, as that we should for them disturb or disorder our affections, trouble or perplex our senses or spirits.

He only drew Panurge aside, and then, making to him a sweet remonstrance and mild admonition, very gently represented before him in strong arguments, That, if he should continue in such an unthrifty course of living, and not become a better mesnagier, it would prove altogether impossible for him, or at least hugely difficult, at any time to make him rich. Rich! answered Panurge; have you fixed your thoughts there? Have you undertaken the task to enrich me in this world? Set your mind to live merrily in the name of God and good folks, let no other cark nor care be harboured within the sacro-sanctified domicile of your celestial brain. May the calmness and tranquillity thereof be never incommoded with, or overshadowed by any frowning clouds of sullen imaginations and displeasing annoyance. For if you live joyful, merry, jocund, and glad, I cannot be but rich enough. Everybody cries up thrift, thrift, and good husbandry. But

many speak of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow, and talk of that virtue of *mesnagery*, who know not what belongs to it. It is by me that they must be advised. From me, therefore, take this advertisement and information, that what is imputed to me for a vice hath been done in imitation of the university and parliament of Paris, places in which is to be found the true spring and source of the lively idea of Pantheology, and all manner of justice. Let him be counted an heretic that doubteth thereof, and doth not firmly believe it. Yet they in one day eat up their bishop, or the revenue of the bishopric —is it not all one?—for a whole year; yea, sometimes for two. This is done on the day he makes his entry, and is installed. Nor is there any place for an excuse; for he cannot avoid it, unless he would be hooted at and stoned for his parsimony.

It hath been also esteemed an act flowing from the habit of the four cardinal virtues. Of prudence in borrowing money beforehand; for none knows what may fall out. Who is able to tell if the world shall last yet three years? But although it should continue longer, is there any man to foolish, as to have the confidence to promise himself three years.

> What fool so confident to say,
> That he shall live one other day?

Of commutative justice, in buying dear, I say upon trust, and selling goods cheap, that is, for ready money. What says Cato in his Book of Husbandry to this purpose? The father of a family, says he, must be a perpetual seller; by which means it is impossible but that at last he shall become rich; if he have of vendible ware enough still ready for sale.

Of distributive justice it doth partake, in giving entertainment to good,—remark, *good*,—and gentle fellows, whom fortune had shipwrecked, like Ulysses, upon the rock of a hungry stomach with provision of sustenance: and likewise to good and young—remark, the *good*—and young wenches. For, according to the sentence of Hippocrates, Youth is impatient of hunger, chiefly if it be vigorous, lively, frolic, brisk, stirring, and bouncing. Which wanton lasses willingly and heartily devote themselves to the pleasure of honest men; and are in so far both Platonic and Ciceronian,[3] that they do acknowledge their being born into this world not to be for themselves alone, but that in their proper persons their country may claim one share and their friends another.

The virtue of fortitude appears therein, by the cutting down and overthrowing of the great trees, like a second Milo making havoc of the dark forest, which did serve only to furnish dens, caves, and shelter to wolves, wild boars and foxes, and afford receptacles, withdrawing corners, and refuges to robbers, thieves, and murderers, lurking holes and skulking places for cut-throat assassinators, secret obscure shops for coiners of false money, and safe retreats for heretics; laying woods even and level with the plain champain fields and pleasant heathy ground, at the sound of the hautboys and bagpipes playing reeks with the high and stately timber, and preparing seats and benches for the eve of the dreadful day of judgment.

I gave thereby proof of my temperance in eating my corn whilst it was but grass, like an hermit feed-

[3] *Platonic and Ciceronian.*—Plato was for having women in common, and Tully, both by his precepts and example, invited everybody to sacrifice themselves to the public.

ing upon salads and roots, that, so affranchising myself from the yoke of sensual appetites to the utter disclaiming of their sovereignty, I might the better reserve somewhat in store, for the relief of the lame, blind, cripple, maimed, needy, poor, and wanting wretches.

In taking this course I save the expense of the weed-grubbers, who gain money,—of the reapers in harvest-time, who drink lustily, and without water,—of gleaners, who will expect their cakes and bannocks,—of threshers, who leave no garlic, scallions, leeks, nor onions in our gardens, by the authority of Thestilis[4] in Virgil,—and of the millers, who are generally thieves—and of the bakers, who are little better. Is this small saving or frugality? Besides the mischief and damage of the field-mice, the decay of barns, and the destruction usually made by weasels and other vermin.

Of corn in the blade[5] you may make good green sauce, of a light concoction and easy digestion, which recreates the brain, and exhilarates the animal spirits, rejoiceth the sight, openeth the appetite, delighteth the taste, comforteth the heart, tickleth the tongue, cheereth the countenance, striking a fresh and lively colour, strengthening the muscles, tempers the blood, disburdens the midriff, refresheth the liver, disobstructs the spleen, easeth the kidneys, suppleth the reins, quickens the joints of the back, cleanseth the urine-conduits, dilates the spermatic vessels, shortens the cremasters, purgeth the bladder, puffeth up the

[4] *Thestilis.*—See Virgil, Eclogue 2, and Theocritus, Idyll. 2d. This Thestilis, though but a gleaner, eat up all the garlic, from the reapers.

[5] *Corn in the blade.*—To eat one's corn in the blade, is to eat one's revenue before it comes in. This Rabelais commends in his ludicrous way.

genitories, correcteth the prepuce, hardens the nut and rectifies the member. It will make you have a current belly to trot, fart, dung, piss, sneeze, cough, spit, belch, spew, yawn, snuff, blow, breathe, snort, sweat, and set taut your robin, with a thousand other rare advantages. I understand you very well, says Pantagruel; you would thereby infer, that those of a mean spirit and shallow capacity have not the skill to spend much in a short time. You are not the first in whose conceit that heresy hath entered. Nero maintained it, and above all mortals admired most his uncle Caius Caligula, for having, in a few days, by a most wonderfully pregnant invention, totally spent all the goods and patrimony which Tiberius had left him.

But, instead of observing the sumptuous supper-curbing laws of the Romans,—to wit, the Orchia, the Fannia, the Didia, the Licinia, the Cornelia, the Lepidiana, the Antia,[6] and of the Corinthians,[7]—by the which they were inhibited, under pain of great punishment, not to spend more in one year than their annual revenue did amount to, you have offered up the oblation of Protervia,[8] which was with the Romans such a sacrifice as the Paschal lamb was amongst the Jews, wherein all that was eatable was to be eaten, and the remainder to be thrown into the fire, without reserving anything for

[6] *The Antia.*—Rabelais speaks after Macrobius, who specifies all these laws, lib. iii. chap. xviii. of his Saturnalia.

[7] *And of the Corinthians.*—This law ordained all persons, on pain of death, to give an account of their year's income. Herodotus says, Amasis, King of Egypt, was the author of it, but Solon borrowed it from him, and afterwards it took place chiefly at Corinth, as we are told by Diphilus in Athenæus.

[8] *Protervia.*—See Macrob. Saturn. lib. ii. cap. ii. The Scaligerana, at the word *sacrificium*, observe, that *protervia* is strictly a sacrifice *propter viam*, by the way side.

the next day. I may very justly say of you, as Cato did of Albidius, who after that he had by a most extravagant expense wasted all the means and possessions he had to one only house, he fairly set it on fire, that he might the better say, *Consummatum est.* Even just as since his time St Thomas Aquinas did, when he had eaten up the whole lamprey,[9] although there was no necessity in it.

CHAPTER III

HOW PANURGE PRAISETH THE DEBTORS AND BORROWERS

But, quoth Pantagruel, when will you be out of debt? At the next ensuing term of the Greek kalends,[1] answered Panurge, when all the world

[9] *When he had eaten up the whole lamprey.*—It is related of Thomas Aquinas, by an author who was his contemporary, that that doctor, being one day invited to table by the King St Louis, for whom there was served up a fine lamprey, Thomas, whom it seems no other time but that would serve to compose his hymn on the Holy Sacrament, had, in the profoundness of his meditation, eaten up the whole lamprey that was designed for the King, and had made an end of this hymn and the fish both together. Thomas, overjoyed at his having finished so elaborate a poem, cried out, in an ecstasy, *Consummatum est.* The company, who had seen Thomas play a good knife, and lay about him to some tune, but knew nothing of his mental employment, fancied that this Latin word related to his gallant performance in demolishing the lamprey, and looked upon him as a very profane person, for applying to a piece of unmannerly epicurism the words which each of them knew were spoken by our Saviour when he was expiring on the cross.

[1] *Greek Kalends.*—That is, never: for the Greeks knew nothing of the Roman way of reckoning by kalends.

shall be content, and that it be your fate to become your own heir. The Lord forbid that I should be out of debt, as if, indeed, I could not be trusted. Who leaves not some leaven over night, will hardly have paste the next morning.

Be still indebted to somebody or other, that there may be somebody always to pray for you; that the giver of all good things may grant unto you a blessed, long, and prosperous life; fearing, if fortune should deal crossly with you, that it might be his chance to come short of being paid by you, he will always speak good of you in every company, ever and anon purchase new creditors unto you; to the end, that through their means you may make a shift by borrowing from Peter to pay Paul,[2] and with other folk's earth fill up his ditch. When of old in the regions of the Gauls, by the institution of the Druids, the servants, slaves, and bondsmen were burned quick at the funerals and obsequies of their lords and masters, had not they fear enough, think you, that their lords and masters should die? For, perforce, they were to die with them for company. Did not they incessantly send up their supplications to their great god Mercury, as likewise unto Dis the Father of Wealth,[3] to lengthen out their days, and preserve them long in health? Were not they very careful to entertain them well, punctually to look unto them, and to attend them faithfully and circumspectly? For, by those means, were they to live together at least until the hour of death. Believe me, your creditors, with a more fervent devotion, will beseech

[2] *Borrowing from Peter to pay Paul.*—In the original, *facies versure*; taken from the Latin *versurum facere*, to borrow of one to pay another; 'quia sic verterent creditorem.'

[3] *Dis the father of wealth.*—*Dis Pater*; Pluto, god of hell, and consequently of riches, which are enclosed in the bowels of the earth.

Almighty God to prolong your life, they being of nothing more afraid than that you should die; for that they are more concerned for the sleeve than the arm, and love silver better than their own lives. As it evidently appeareth by the usurers of Landerousse, who not long since hanged themselves, because the price of corn and wines was fallen, by the return of a gracious season. To this Pantagruel answering nothing, Panurge went on his discourse, saying, Truly, and in good sooth, Sir, when I ponder my destiny aright, and think well upon it, you put me shrewdly to my plunges, and have me at a bay in twitting me with the reproach of my debts and creditors. And yet did I, in this only respect and consideration of being a debtor, esteem myself worshipful, reverend, and formidable. For against the opinion of most philosophers, that, of nothing ariseth nothing, yet, without having bottomed on so much as that which is called the First Matter, did I out of nothing become such a maker and creator, that I have created,—what?—a gay number of fair and jolly creditors. Nay, creditors, I will maintain it, even to the very fire itself exclusively, are fair and goodly creatures. Who lendeth nothing is an ugly and wicked creature, and an accursed imp of the infernal Old Nick. And there is made—what? Debts. A thing most precious[4] and dainty, of great use and antiquity. Debts, I say, surmounting the number of syllables which may result from the combinations of all the consonants, with each of the vowels heretofore projected, reckoned and calculated by the noble Xenocrates.[5] To judge

[4] *A thing most precious.*—See Apology for Herodotus, ch. 3. Erasmus, in his colloquy entitled Ementita Nobilitas, says: "Imò nulla est commodior ad regnum via quam debere quamplurimis."

[5] *The noble Xenocrates.* — He made them to amount to

of the perfection of debtors by the numerosity of their creditors is the readiest way for entering into the mysteries of practical arithmetic.

You can hardly imagine how glad I am, when every morning I perceive myself environed and surrounded with brigades of creditors, humble, fawning, and full of their reverences; and whilst I remark, that, as I look more favourably upon, and give a cheerfuller countenance to one than to another, the fellow thereupon buildeth a conceit that he shall be the first dispatched, and the foremost in the date of payment; and he valueth my smiles at the rate of ready money. It seemeth unto me, that I then act and personate the God of the Passion of Saumure,[6] accompanied with his angels and cherubims.

These are my flatterers, my soothers, my clawbacks, my smoothers, my parasites, my saluters, my givers of good morrows, and perpetual orators, which makes me verily think that the supremest height of heroic virtue, described by Hesiod,[7] consisteth in being a debtor, wherein I held the first degree in my commencement. Which dignity, though all human creatures seem to aim at, and aspire thereto, few, nevertheless, because of the difficulties in the way, and incumbrances of hard passages, are able to reach it; as is easily perceivable by the ardent desire and vehement longing harboured in the breast of every one, to be still creating more debts, and new creditors.

100,200,000 syllables from the Greek alphabet. See the additions of the French interpreter to Xenocrates' Life, in Diogenes Laërtius.

[6] *The Passion of Saumure.*—In July 1534, this play took mightily. Rouchet says it was probably the same that was printed in 1532, in 4to, at Paris.

[7] *Described by Hesiod.*—See Lucian upon this, in the dialogue entitled Hermotimus, or the Sects.

Yet doth it not lie in the power of every one to be a debtor. To acquire creditors is not at the disposure of each man's arbitrament. You nevertheless would deprive me of this sublime felicity. You ask me, when I will be out of debt. Well, to go yet farther on, and possibly worse in your conceit, may Saint Bablin, the good saint, snatch me, if I have not all my life-time held debt to be as an union or conjunction of the heavens with the earth, and the whole cement whereby the race of mankind is kept together; yea, of such virtue and efficacy that, I say, the whole progeny of Adam would very suddenly perish without it. Therefore, perhaps, I do not think amiss, when I repute it to be the great soul of the universe, which, according to the opinion of the Academics, vivifieth all manner of things. In confirmation whereof, that you may the better believe it to be so, represent unto yourself, without any prejudice of spirit, in a clear and serene fancy, the idea and form of some other world than this; take, if you please, and lay hold on the thirtieth of those which the philosopher Metrodorus[8] did enumerate, wherein it is to be supposed there is no debtor or creditor, that is to say, a world without debts.

There amongst the planets will be no regular course, all will be in disorder. Jupiter, reckoning himself to be nothing indebted unto Saturn, will go near to detrude him out of his sphere, and with the Homeric chain[9] will be like to hang up the Intelligencies, Gods, Heavens, Demons, Heroes, Devils, Earth, and Sea, together with the other elements. Saturn no doubt combining with Mars will reduce that so disturbed world into a chaos of confusion.

[8] *Metrodorus.*—See Plut. l. v. of the Opinions of Philosophers.
[9] *Homeric chain.*—See Macrobius on Scipio's Dream, l. i. c. xiv.

Mercury then would be no more subjected to the other planets; he would scorn to be any longer their Camillus,[10] as he was of old termed in the Etrurian tongue. For it is to be imagined that he is no way a debtor to them.

Venus will be no more venerable, because she shall have lent nothing. The moon will remain bloody and obscure. For to what end should the sun impart unto her any of his light? He owed her nothing. Nor yet will the sun shine upon the earth, nor the stars send down any good influence, because the terrestrial globe hath desisted from sending up their wonted nourishment by vapours and exhalations, wherewith Heraclitus said, the Stoics proved, Cicero[11] maintained, they were cherished and alimented. There would likewise be in such a world no manner of symbolisation, alteration, nor transmutation amongst the elements; for the one will not esteem itself obliged to the other, as having borrowed nothing at all from it. Earth then will not become water, water will not be changed into air, of air will be made no fire, and fire will afford no heat unto the earth; the earth will produce nothing but monsters, Titans, giants; no rain will descend upon it, nor light shine thereon; no wind will blow there, nor will there be in it any summer or harvest. Lucifer will break loose, and issuing forth of the depth of hell, accompanied with his furies, fiends, and horned devils, will go about to unnestle and drive out of heaven all the gods, as well of the greater as of the lesser nations. Such a world without lending will

[10] *Their Camillus.*—That is, their servant; for the ancients called by the name of *camilli* those young boys that attended on the priest in the sacrifices.

[11] *Cicero.*—See his Natura Deorum, and Plutarch, l. 2, of the Opinions of Philosophers.

be no better than a dog-kennel, a place of contention and wrangling, more unruly and irregular than that of the rector of Paris; a devil of an hurly-burly and more disordered confusion, than that of the plagues of Doüay.[12] Men will not then salute one another; it will be but lost labour to expect aid or succour from any, or to cry fire, water, murder, for none will put to their helping hand. Why? He lent no money, there is nothing due to him. Nobody is concerned in his burning, in his shipwreck, in his ruin, or in his death; and that because he hitherto had lent nothing, and would never thereafter have lent anything. In short, Faith, Hope, and Charity would be quite banished from such a world,—for men are born to relieve and assist one another; and in their stead should succeed and be introduced Defiance, Disdain, and Rancour, with the most execrable troop of all evils, all imprecations, and all miseries. Whereupon you will think, and that not amiss, that Pandora had there spilt her unlucky box. Men unto men will be wolves, hobthrushes, and goblins (as were Lycaon, Bellerophon, Nebuchodnosor), plunderers, highway robbers, cut-throats, rapparees, murderers, poisoners, assassinators, lewd, wicked, malevolent, pernicious haters, set against everybody, like to Ismael, Metabus,[13] or Timon the

[12] *Plagues of Doüay.*—So Sir T. U. has it; but it should be plays (not plagues) of Doué (not Douay, which is in Flanders). Doué is a town of Poictou, adorned with the remains of an amphitheatre where now and then are still acted some pieces of devotion. This show seldom passes without disorder and confusion, either on account of the rusticity of the actors, who are all school-boys or apprentices, or because people of all sorts repair thither, from the adjacent parts. See Du Chesne's Antiquities of the Towns of France.

[13] *Metabus.*—King of Privernum, in the country of the Volsci. Virg. Æneid, l. 11.

'Priverna antiquâ Metabus quum excederet urbe.'

Athenian, who for that cause was named Misanthropos; in such sort, that it would prove much more easy in nature to have fish entertained in the air, and bullocks fed in the bottom of the ocean, than to support or tolerate a rascally rabble of people that will not lend. These fellows, I vow, do I hate with a perfect hatred; and if, conform to the pattern of this grievous, peevish, and perverse world which lendeth nothing, you figure and liken the little world, which is man, you will find in him a terrible justling coyle and clutter. The head will not lend the sight of his eyes to guide the feet and hands; the legs will refuse to bear up the body; the hands will leave off working any more for the rest of the members; the heart will be weary of its continual motion for the beating of the pulse, and will no longer lend his assistance; the lungs will withdraw the use of their bellows; the liver will desist from convoying any more blood through the veins for the good of the whole; the bladder will not be indebted to the kidneys, so that the urine thereby will be totally stopped. The brains, in the interim, considering this unnatural course, will fall into a raving dotage, and withhold all feeling from the sinews, and motion from the muscles. Briefly, in such a world without order and array, owing nothing, lending nothing, and borrowing nothing, you would see a more dangerous conspiration than that which Æsop exposed in his Apologue. Such a world will perish undoubtedly; and not only perish, but perish very quickly. Were it Æsculapius[14] himself, his body would immediately rot, and the chafing soul,

[14] *Were it Æsculapius.*—This is very dark; but Panurge must mean, that if he were such a fool as to part with his money to clear himself, he should die with grief and remorse the moment after his debts were paid and his money gone.

full of indignation, take its flight to all the devils in hell after my money.

CHAPTER IV

PANURGE CONTINUES HIS DISCOURSE IN THE PRAISE OF BORROWERS AND LENDERS

On the contrary, be pleased to represent unto your fancy another world, wherein every one lendeth, and every one oweth; all are debtors, and all creditors. O how great will that harmony be, which shall thereby result from the regular motions of the heavens! Methinks I hear it every whit as well as ever Plato did.[1] What sympathy will there be amongst the elements! O how delectable then unto nature will be her own works and productions! whilst Ceres appeareth loaden with corn, Bacchus with wine, Flora with flowers, Pomona with fruits, and Juno fair in a clear air, wholesome and pleasant. I lose myself in this high contemplation.

Then will among the race of mankind peace, love, benevolence, fidelity, tranquillity, rest, banquets, feastings, joy, gladness, gold, silver, small money, chains, rings, with other ware, and chaffer of that nature, be found to trot from hand to hand. No suits-at-law, no wars, no strife, debate nor wrangling; none will be there an usurer, none will be there a

[1] *Plato did.*—Plato did, indeed, after Pythagoras, believe tha the motion of the heavenly spheres produced an harmonious sound; but he nowhere says that, either sleeping or waking, he had ever heard that harmony. What Rabelais imputes to him, l. 5, c. 18, is a ludicrous exaggeration of what he here says in terms a little more serious.

pinch-penny, a scrape-good wretch, or churlish hard-hearted refuser. Good God! Will not this be the golden age in the reign of Saturn? the true idea of the Olympic regions, wherein all other virtues ceasing, charity alone ruleth, governeth, domineereth, and triumpheth! All will be fair and goodly people there, all just and virtuous.

O happy world! O people of that world most happy! Yea, thrice and four times blessed is that people! I think in very deed that I am amongst them, and swear to you, by my good forsooth, that if this glorious aforesaid world had a Pope, abounding with Cardinals, that so he might have the association of a sacred college, in the space of very few years you should be sure to see the sancts much thicker in the roll, more numerous, wonder-working and mirific, more services,[2] more vows, more staves,[3] and wax-candles than are all those in the nine bishoprics of Brittany, St Yves only excepted.[4] Consider, Sir, I pray you, how the noble Patelin, having a mind to deify and extol even to the third heavens the father of William Josseaume, said no more but this, And he did lend his goods[5] to those who were desirous of them.

[2] *Services.*—Lessons, it is in the original. The more a saint is revered in the Romish Church, the more lessons there are in the matins of that saint's festival. Nine lessons are the highest, three the lowest.

[3] *More staves.*—More crosiers of prelates. In short, the people's veneration of any saint is according to the number of the banners and crosier-staffs at a procession.

[4] *St Yves only excepted.*—Of all the petty saints which are worshipped only in Bretagne, there is none so generally in vogue in that country as St Yves, a native of Treguier in Lower Normandy.

[5] *And he did lend his goods.*—This is in the farce of Patelin, where that arch-cheat, in order to engage William Josseaume to give him credit for his cloth, artfully falls to praising William's father, and so gains his point.

O the fine saying! Now let our microcosm be fancied conform to this model in all its members; lending, borrowing, and owing, that is to say, according to its own nature. For nature hath not to any other end created man, but to owe, borrow, and lend; no greater is the harmony amongst the heavenly spheres, than that which shall be found in its well-ordered policy. The intention of the founder of this microcosm is, to have a soul therein to be entertained, which is lodged there, as a guest with its host, that it may live there for awhile. Life consisteth in blood; blood is the seat of the soul; therefore the chiefest work of the microcosm is, to be making blood continually.

At this forge are exercised all the members of the body; none is exempted from labour, each operates apart, and doth its proper office. And such is their hierarchy, that perpetually the one borrows from the other, the one lends the other, and the one is the other's debtor. The stuff and matter convenient, which nature giveth to be turned into blood, is bread and wine. All kind of nourishing victuals is understood to be comprehended in these two, and from hence in the Gothish tongue is called *companage*. To find out this meat and drink, to prepare and boil it, the hands are put to work, the feet do walk and bear up the whole bulk of the corporal mass; the eyes guide and conduct all; the appetite in the orifice of the stomach, by means of a little sourish black humour called Melancholy, which is transmitted thereto from the milt, giveth warning to shut in the food. The tongue doth make the first essay, and tastes it; the teeth do chew it, and the stomach doth receive, digest, and chylify it. The mesaraic veins suck out of it what is good and fit, leaving behind the excrements, which are, through special conduits for that

purpose, voided by an expulsive faculty. Thereafter it is carried to the liver, where it being changed again, it by the virtue of that new transmutation becomes blood. What joy, conjecture you, will then be found amongst those officers, when they see this rivulet of gold, which is their sole restorative? No greater is the joy of alchymists, when, after long travail, toil and expense, they see in their furnaces the transmutation. Then is it that every member doth prepare itself, and strive anew to purify and to refine this treasure. The kidneys, through the emulgent veins, draw that aquosity from thence, which you call urine, and there send it away through the ureters to be slipped downwards; where, in a lower receptacle, and proper for it, to wit, the bladder, it is kept, and stayeth there until an opportunity to void it out in his due time. The spleen draweth from the blood its terrestrial part, viz., the grounds, lees, or thick substance settled in the bottom thereof, which you term melancholy. The bottle of the gall subtracts from thence all the superfluous choler; whence it is brought to another shop or work-house to be yet better purified and fined, that is, the heart, which by its agitation of diastolic and systolic motions so neatly subtiliseth and inflames it, that in the right side ventricle it is brought to perfection, and through the veins is sent to all the members. Each parcel of the body draws it then unto itself, and after its own fashion is cherished and alimented by it. Feet, hands, thighs, arms, eyes, ears, back, breasts, yea, all; and then it is, that who before were lenders, now become debtors. The heart doth in its left side ventricle so thinnify the blood, that it thereby obtains the name of spiritual; which being sent through the arteries to all the members of the body, serveth to

warm and winnow the other blood which runneth through the veins. The 'lights' never cease with its lappets and bellows to cool and refresh it; in acknowledgment of which good the heart, through the arterial vein, imparts unto it the choicest of its blood. At last it is made so fine and subtle within the *rete mirabile*, that thereafter those animal spirits are framed and composed of it; by means whereof the imagination, discourse, judgment, resolution, deliberation, ratiocination, and memory have their rise, actings, and operations.

Cops body! I sink, I drown, I perish, I wander astray, and quite fly out of myself, when I enter into the consideration of the profound abyss of this world, thus lending, thus owing. Believe me, it is a divine thing to lend; to owe, an heroic virtue. Yet is not this all. This little world thus lending, owing, and borrowing, is so good and charitable, that no sooner is the above-specified alimentation finished, but that it forthwith projecteth, and hath already forecast, how it shall lend to those who are not as yet born, and by that loan endeavour, what it may, to eternise itself, and multiply in images like the pattern, that is, children. To this end every member doth of the choicest and most precious of its nourishment, pare and cut off a portion, then instantly dispatcheth it downwards to that place, where nature hath prepared for it very fit vessels and receptacles, through which descending to the genitories by long ambages, circuits, and flexuosities, it receiveth a competent form, and rooms apt enough both in the man and woman for the future conservation and perpetuating of human kind. All this is done by loans and debts of the one unto the other; and hence have we this word, the debt of marriage. Nature doth reckon pain to the refuser,

with a most grievous vexation to his members, and an outrageous fury amidst his senses. But on the other part, to the lender a set reward, accompanied with pleasure, joy, solace, mirth, and merry glee.

CHAPTER V

HOW PANTAGRUEL ALTOGETHER ABHORRETH THE DEBTORS AND BORROWERS

I UNDERSTAND you very well, quoth Pantagruel, and take you to be very good at topics, and thoroughly affectioned to your own cause. But preach it up, and patrocinate it,[1] prattle on it, and defend it as much as you will, even from hence to the next Whitsuntide, if you please so to do, yet in the end will you be astonished to find how you shall have gained no ground at all upon me, nor persuaded me by your fair speeches and smooth talk to enter never so little into the thraldom of debt. You shall owe to none, saith the Holy Apostle, anything save love, friendship, and a mutual benevolence.

You serve me here, I confess, with fine graphides and diatyposes, descriptions and figures, which truly please me very well. But let me tell you, if you will represent unto your fancy an impudent blustering bully, and an importunate borrower, entering

[1] *But preach it up, and patrocinate it.*—Molière, who knew Rabelais by heart, has said,—

'Prêchez, patrocinez jusqu'à la Pentecôte ;
Vous serez étonné, quand vous serez au bout,
Que vous ne m'avez rien persuadé du tout.'

afresh and newly into a town already advertised of his manners, you shall find that at his ingress the citizens will be more hideously affrighted and amazed, and in a greater terror and fear, dread and trembling, than if the pest itself should step into it, in the very same garb and accoutrement wherein the Tyanean philosopher (Apollonius) found it within the city of Ephesus. And I am fully confirmed in the opinion, that the Persians erred not when they said that the second vice was to lie, the first being that of owing money. For, in very truth, debts and lying are ordinarily joined together. I will nevertheless not from hence infer, that none must owe anything, or lend anything. For who so rich can be, that sometimes may not owe? or who can be so poor, that sometimes may not lend?

Let the occasion, notwithstanding, in that case, as Plato very wisely sayeth, and ordaineth in his laws, be such, that none be permitted to draw any water out of his neighbour's well, until first they by continual digging and delving into their own proper ground shall have hit upon a kind of potter's earth, which is called *ceramite*, and there had found no scource or drop of water; for that sort of earth, by reason of its substance, which is fat, strong, firm and close, so retaineth its humidity that it doth not easily evaporate it by any outward excursion or evaporation.

In good sooth, it is a great shame to choose rather to be still borrowing in all places from every one, than to work and win. Then only in my judgment should one lend, when the diligent, toiling, and industrious person is no longer able by his labour to make any purchase unto himself; or otherwise, when by mischance he hath suddenly fallen into an unexpected loss of his goods.

Howsoever let us leave this discourse, and from henceforward do not hang upon creditors, nor tie yourself to them. I make account for the time past to rid you freely of them, and from their bondage to deliver you. The least I should in this point, quoth Panurge, is to thank you, though it be the most I can do. And if gratitude and thanksgiving be to be estimated and prized by the affection of the benefactor, that is to be done infinitely and sempiternally; for the love which you bear me of your own accord and free grace, without any merit of mine, goeth far beyond the reach of any price or value. It transcends all weight, all number, all measure; it is endless and everlasting; therefore, should I offer to commensurate and adjust it, either to the size and proportion of your own noble and gracious deeds, or yet to the contentment and delight of the obliged receivers, I would come off but very faintly and flaggingly. You have verily done me a great deal of good, and multiplied your favours on me more frequently than was fitting to one of my condition. You have been more bountiful towards me than I have deserved, and your courtesies have by far surpassed the extent of my merits; I must needs confess it. But it is not, as you suppose, in the proposed matter. For there it is not where I itch, it is not there where it fretteth, hurt or vexeth me; for, henceforth being quit and out of debt, what countenance will I be able to keep? You may imagine that it will become me very ill for the first month, because I have never hitherto been brought up or accustomed to it. I am very much afraid of it. Furthermore, there shall not one hereafter, native of the country of Salmigondy, but he shall level the shot towards my nose. All the back-cracking fellows of the world, in discharging of their

postern petarades, used commonly to say, *Voila pour les quittes;* that is, For the quit. My life will be of very short continuance, I do foresee it. I recommend to you the making of my epitaph; for I perceive I will die confected in the very stench of farts. If at any time to come, by way of restorative to such good women as shall happen to be troubled with the grievous pain of the wind-cholic, the ordinary medicaments prove nothing effectual, the mummy of all my befarted body will straight be as a present remedy appointed by the physicians; whereof they taking any small modicum, it will incontinently for their ease afford them a rattle of bum-shot, like a sal of muskets.

Therefore would I beseech you to leave me some few centuries of debts; as King Louis the Eleventh, exempting from suits in law the Reverend Miles d'Illiers, Bishop of Chartres,[2] was by the said bishop most earnestly solicited to leave him some few for the exercise of his mind. I had rather give them all my revenue of the periwinkles, together with the other incomes of the locusts, albeit I should not thereby have any parcel abated from off the principal sums which I owe. Let us waive this matter, quoth Pantagruel, I have told it you over again.

[2] *Miles d'Illiers, Bishop of Chartres.*—He was made Bishop of Chartres in 1459, and died in 1493, after he had renounced his bishopric the same year, in consideration of a pension. There are still extant two good stories of his litigious temper in the Paradoxe du Procez, etc., printed by C. Stephens, 1554.

CHAPTER VI

WHY NEW-MARRIED MEN WERE PRIVILEGED FROM GOING TO THE WARS

But, in the interim, asked Panurge, by what law was it constituted, ordained, and established, that such as should plant a new vineyard, those that should build a new house, and the new-married men, should be exempted and discharged from the duty of warfare for the first year? By the law, answered Pantagruel, of Moses. Why, replied Panurge, the lately married? As for the vine-planters, I am now too old to reflect on them; my condition, at this present, induceth me to remain satisfied with the care of vintage, finishing and turning the grapes into wine. Nor are these pretty new builders of dead stones written or pricked down in my Book of Life. It is all with live stones that I set up and erect the fabrics of my architecture, to wit, Men. It was according to my opinion, quoth Pantagruel, to the end, first, that the fresh-married folks should for the first year reap a full and complete fruition of their pleasures in their mutual exercise of the act of love, in such sort, that in waiting more at leisure on the production of posterity, and propagating of their progeny, they might the better increase their race, and make provision of new heirs. That if, in the years thereafter, the men should, upon their undergoing of some military adventure, happen to be killed, their names and coats of arms might continue with their children in the same families. And next, that, the wives thereby coming to know whether they were barren or fruitful (for one year's trial, in regard to the

maturity of age, wherein, of old, they married, was held sufficient for the discovery), they might pitch the more suitably, in case of their first husband's decease, upon a second match. The fertile women to be wedded to those who desire to multiply their issue; and the sterile ones to such other mates as, misregarding the storing of their own lineage, choose them only for their virtues, learning, genteel behaviour, domestic consolation, management of the house, and matrimonial conveniences and comforts and such like. The preachers of Varennes, saith Panurge, detest and abhor the second marriages, as altogether foolish and dishonest.

Foolish and dishonest? quoth Pantagruel. A plague take such preachers! Yea, but, quoth Panurge, the like mischief also befel the Friar Charmer,[1] who in a full auditory making a sermon at Pareilly, and therein abominating the reiteration of marriage, and the entering again the bonds of a nuptial tie, did swear and heartily give himself to the swiftest devil in hell if he had not rather choose, and would much more willingly undertake, the unmaidening or depucelating of a hundred virgins, than the simple drudgery of one widow. Truly I find your reason in that point right good, and strongly grounded.

But what would you think, if the cause why this exemption or immunity was granted, had no other foundation but that, during the whole space of the said first year, they so lustily bobbed it with their female consorts, as both reason and equity require they should do, that they had drained and evacuated their spermatic vessels, and were become thereby altogether feeble, weak, emasculated, drooping and

[1] *Charmer.*—This story is taken from Poggius' Jests, etc., in the chapter entitled, 'De prædicatore qui potius decem virgines quam nuptam unam eligebat.'

flaggingly pithless; yea, in such sort, that they, in the day of battle, like ducks which plunge over head and ears, would sooner hide themselves behind the baggage, than, in the company of valiant fighters and daring military combatants, appear where stern Bellona deals her blows, and moves a bustling noise of thwacks and thumps? Nor is it to be thought that, under the standards of Mars, they will so much as once strike a fair stroke, because their most considerable knocks have been already jerked and whirrited within the curtains of his sweetheart Venus.

In confirmation whereof, amongst other relics and monuments of antiquity, we now as yet often see, that in all great houses, after the expiring of some few days, these young married blades are readily sent away to visit their uncles, that in the absence of their wives, reposing themselves a little, they may recover their decayed strength by the recruit of a fresh supply, the more vigorous to return again, and face about to renew the duelling shock and contact of an amorous dalliance: albeit for the greater part they have neither uncle nor aunt to go to.

Just so did the King Crackart,[2] after the Battle of the Cornets, not cashier us (speaking properly), I mean me and the Quail-caller, but for our refresh-

[2] *King Crackart, etc.*—King Peto, corruptly *Petault* in the original. King of the beggars. The author is thought to have an eye to some prince ill-provided of cash, and as ill obeyed. Now the history of France, of that time, speaks of no king of that monarchy to whom these two qualities so exactly agree as Charles VIII., who, without money, undertook a war in Italy, and whose officers refused, with impunity, to excute his orders as soon as he had repassed the mountains. This prince, after the Battle of the Cornets (or St Aubin du Cormier) in 1488, was forced, for want of money, to discharge some officers who had served him well there. One of which might be some soldier here called in jest quail-caller.

ment remanded us to our houses; and he is as yet seeking after his own. My grandfather's godmother was wont to say to me when I was a boy,—

'*Patenostres et oraisons*
Sont pour ceux-la qui les retiennent.
Ung fiffre allant en fenaisons
Est plus fort que deux qui en viennent.'

Not orisons nor patenotres
Shall ever disorder my brain.
One cadet, to the field as he flutters,
Is worth two when they end the campaign.

That which prompteth me to that opinion is, that the vine-planters did seldom eat of the grapes, or drink of the wine of their labour, till the first year was wholly elapsed. During all which time also the builders did hardly inhabit their new-structured dwelling places, for fear of dying suffocated through want of respiration; as Galen hath most learnedly remarked, in the second book of the Difficulty of Breathing. Under favour, Sir, I have not asked this question without cause causing, and reason truly very ratiocinant. Be not offended, I pray you.

CHAPTER VII

HOW PANURGE HAD A FLEA IN HIS EAR, AND FORBORE TO WEAR ANY LONGER HIS MAGNIFICENT CODPIECE

PANURGE, the day thereafter, caused pierce his right ear, after the Jewish fashion, and thereto clasped a little gold ring, of a ferny-like kind of workmanship, in the beazil or collet whereof was set and incnased

a flea: and, to the end you may be rid of all doubts, you are to know that the flea was black. O what a brave thing it is, in every case and circumstance of a matter, to be thoroughly well informed! The sum of the expense hereof, being cast up, brought in, and laid down upon his council-board carpet, was found to amount to no more quarterly than the charge of the nuptials of a Hircanian tigress; even as you would say 609,000 maravedis. At these vast costs and excessive disbursements, at soon as he perceived himself to be out of debt, he fretted much; and afterwards, as tyrants and lawyers use to do, he nourished and fed her with the sweat and blood of his subjects and clients.

He then took four French ells of a coarse brown russet cloth, and therein apparelling himself, as with a long, plain-seamed, and single-stitched gown, left off the wearing of his breeches, and tied a pair of spectacles to his cap. In this equipage did he present himself before Pantagruel; to whom this disguise appeared the more strange, that he did not, as before, see that goodly, fair, and stately codpiece, which was the sole anchor of hope, wherein he was wonted to rely, and the last refuge he had amidst all the waves and boisterous billows, which a stormy cloud in a cross fortune would raise up against him. Honest Pantagruel, not understanding the mystery, asked him by way of interrogatory, what he did intend to personate in that new-fangled prosopopeia? I have, answered Panurge, a flea in mine ear, and have a mind to marry. In a good time, quoth Pantagruel, you have told me joyful tidings. Yet would not I hold a red-hot iron in my hand for all the gladness of them. But it is not the fashion of lovers to be accoutred in such dangling vestments, so as to have their shirts flagging down over their knees, without

breeches, and with a long robe of a dark brown mingled hue, which is a colour never used in Talarian garments amongst any persons of honour, quality, or virtue. If some heretical persons and schismatical sectaries have at any time formerly been so arrayed and clothed (though many have imputed such a kind of dress to cozenage, cheat, imposture, and an affectation of tyranny upon credulous minds of the rude multitude), I will nevertheless not blame them for it, nor in that point judge rashly or sinistrously of them. Every one overflowingly aboundeth in his own sense and fancy; yea, in things of a foreign consideration, altogether extrinsical and indifferent, which in and of themselves are neither commendable nor bad, because they proceed not from the interior of the thoughts and heart, which is the shop of all good and evil; of goodness, if it be upright, and that its affections be regulated by the pure and clean spirit of righteousness; and on the other side, of wickedness, if its inclinations, straying beyond the bounds of equity, be corrupted and depraved by the malice and suggestions of the devil. It is only the novelty and new-fangledness thereof which I dislike, together with the contempt of common custom, and the fashion which is in use.

The colour, answered Panurge, is convenient, for it is conformable to that of my council-board carpet,[1] —therefore will I henceforth hold me with it, and more narrowly and circumspectly than ever hitherto I have done, look to my affairs and business. Seeing I am once out of debt, you never yet saw man more

[1] *Council-board carpet.*—Rabelais in this passage uses an equivoque, which his translator has also endeavoured to convey. It will be better understood by subjoining the original. 'La couleur, respondist Panurge, est *aspre aux potz*, à propos; c'est mon bureau.'—[*Carpet, i.e.*, table-cover.]

unpleasing than I will be, if God help me not. Lo, here be my spectacles. To see me afar off, you would readily say, that it were Friar John Burgess.[2] I believe certainly, that in the next ensuing year, I shall once more preach the crusade, bounce buckram.[3] Do you see this russet? Doubt not but there lurketh under it some hid property and occult virtue, known to very few in the world. I did not take it on before this morning; and nevertheless am already in a rage after lust, mad after a wife, and vehemently hot upon untying the codpiece-point: I itch! I tingle! I wriggle! and long exceedingly to be married, that, without the danger of cudgel-blows, I may labour my female copes-mate with the hard push of a bull-horned devil. O the provident and thrifty husband that I then will be! After my death, with all honour and respect due to my frugality, will they burn the sacred bulk of my body, of purpose to preserve the ashes thereof, in memory of the choicest pattern that ever was of a perfectly wary and complete house-holder. Cops-body! this is not the carpet whereon my treasurer shall be allowed to play false in his accounts with me, by setting down an X for a V, or an L for an S.[4] For in that case

[2] *Friar John Burgess.*—Rabelais mentions him again, lib. 4, chap. 8. He was, in Louis XI. and Charles VIII.'s time, a Franciscan friar, very zealous, and a great instrument in establishing several houses of his order.

[3] *Bounce buckram.*—Instead of 'bounce buckram,' it is, in the original, 'Dieu guard de mal les pelotons!' Ray gives us as a proverb,—

'Bounce buckram, velvet's dear,
Christmas comes but once a year,
And when he does he brings good cheer;
But when it's gone, it's never the near.'

[4] *L for an S.*—It is in the original by lengthening the double *f*. An expression which is sometimes taken properly and some-

should I make a hail of fisty-cuffs to fly into his face. Look upon me, Sir, both before and behind,—it is made after the manner of a toga, which was the ancient fashion of the Romans in time of peace. I took the mode, shape, and form thereof in Trajan's Column at Rome, as also in the Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus. I am tired of the wars, weary of wearing buff-coats, cassocks, and hoquetons. My shoulders are pitifully worn and bruised with the carrying of harness. Let armour cease, and the long robe bear sway! At least it must be so for the whole space of the succeeding year, if I be married; as yesterday, by the Mosaic law, you evidenced. In what concerneth the breeches, my great-aunt Laurence did long ago tell me, that the breeches were only ordained for the use of the codpiece, and to no other end; which I, upon a no less forcible consequence, give credit to every whit, as well as to the saying of the fine fellow Galen,[5] who, in his

times figuratively. In the first sense, it is a trick of the attorneys, some of whom, in copying or engrossing their clients' business, do so lengthen out all the letters that have a tail, as the *f*'s, that in one page there shall not be twelve lines, nor above two or three words in a line; though, by an ordinance of court, every page ought to contain twenty lines, and every line five words at least. In the second sense, it is when a tradesman charges to him who takes up goods from him, more goods than he really had of him; and it is in this sense that Panurge says, his treasurer shall not place to his account the children he may have got on the body of his master's wife. Formerly in an account they used to finish each article with an S, which signified more or less sous (pence). Now when the S was lengthened at the bottom thus *ſ* (with a small stroke through the middle) it made an *f*, which signifies francs, *i.e.*, livres. Hence, to lengthen the S, signifies to be guilty of a fraud in an account. See Furetiere in the letter S.

5 *As to the saying of the fine fellow Galen.—Le gentil falot* Galen, Γαληνὸς, *serenus*, from γελάω, *rideo*, according to Eustathius. In this notion Rabelais calls Galen *gentil falot*, which formerly

ninth book, 'Of the Use and Employment of our Members,' allegeth that the head was made for the eyes. For nature might have placed our heads in our knees or elbows, but having beforehand determined that the eyes should serve to discover things from afar, she, for the better enabling them to execute their designed office, fixed them in the head, as on the top of a long pole, in the most eminent part of all the body: no otherwise than we see the phares, or high towers, erected in the mouths of havens, that navigators may the farther off perceive with ease the lights of the nightly fires and lanterns. And because I would gladly, for some short while (a year at least), take a little rest and breathing time from the toilsome labour of the military profession, that is to say, be married, I have desisted from wearing any more a codpiece, and, consequently, have laid aside my breeches. For the codpiece is the principal and most especial piece of armour that a warrior doth carry; and therefore do I maintain even to the fire (exclusively, understand you me), that no Turks can properly be said to be armed men, in regard that codpieces are by their law forbidden to be worn.

signified a gay pleasant man. *Falot* likewise means a cresset-light, or a moon as we call it; a lantern fixed at the end of a long pole; and Galen was indeed one of the greatest luminaries (or *pharoses*) of the medicinal art; and besides, it was he that pleasantly said the head was posited at the very top of the human body, as a (*falot*) lantern is fixed on a pole.

CHAPTER VIII

WHY THE CODPIECE IS HELD TO BE THE CHIEF PIECE OF ARMOUR AMONGST WARRIORS

WILL you maintain, quoth Pantagruel, that the codpiece is the chief piece of a military harness? It is a new kind of doctrine, very paradoxical: for we say, at the spurs begins the arming of a man.[1] Sir, I maintain it, answered Panurge, and not wrongfully do I maintain it. Behold how nature,—having a fervent desire after its production of plants, trees, shrubs, herbs, sponges, and plant-animals, to eternize and continue them unto all succession of ages—in their several kinds or sorts, at least, although the individuals perish—unruinable, and in an everlasting being,—hath most curiously armed and fenced their buds, sprouts, shoots, and seeds, wherein the above-mentioned perpetuity consisteth, by strengthening, covering, guarding and fortifying them with an admirable industry, with husks, cases, scarfs and swads, hulls, cods, stones, films, cartels, shells, ears, rinds, barks, skins, ridges, and prickles, which serve them instead of strong, fair, and natural codpieces. As is manifestly apparent in pease, beans, fasels, pomegranates, peaches, cottons, gourds, pumpions, melons, corn, lemons, almonds, walnuts, filberts, and chestnuts; as likewise in all plants, slips, or sets whatsoever, wherein it is plainly and evidently seen, that the

[1] *At the spurs, etc.*—Fauchet speaks of this proverb in his treatise of Warfare, chap. I. He says, the spurs used to be fastened in and made inseparable from the greaves or leg-harness; so that if a man had put on his helmet, and back and breast-piece first, he could never have done the other; his head would have been so loaded, and his body so confined.

sperm and semence is more closely veiled, overshadowed, corroborated, and thoroughly harnessed, than any other part, portion, or parcel of the whole.

Nature, nevertheless, did not after that manner provide for the sempiternizing of the human race; but, on the contrary, created man naked, tender, and frail, without either offensive or defensive arms; and that in the estate of innocence, in the first age of all, which was the golden season; not as a plant, but living creature, born for peace, not war, and brought forth into the world with an unquestionable right and title to the plenary fruition and enjoyment of all fruits and vegetables, as also to a certain calm and gentle rule and dominion over all kinds of beasts, fowls, fishes, reptiles, and insects. Yet afterwards it happening in the time of the iron age, under the reign of Jupiter, when, to the multiplication of mischievous actions, wickedness and malice began to take root and footing within the then perverted hearts of men, that the earth began to bring forth nettles, thistles, thorns, briars, and such other stubborn and rebellious vegetables to the nature of man. Nor scarce was there any animal, which by a fatal disposition did not then revolt from him, and tacitly conspire, and covenant with one another, to serve him no longer, nor, in case of their ability to resist, to do him any manner of obedience, but rather, to the uttermost of their power, to annoy him with all the hurt and harm they could. The man, then, that he might maintain his primitive right and prerogative, and continue his sway and dominion over all, both vegetable and sensitive creatures; and knowing of a truth that he could not be well accommodated, as he ought, without the servitude and subjection of several animals, bethought himself, that of necessity he must needs put on arms, and

make provision of harness against wars and violence. By the holy Saint Babingoose,[2] cried out Pantagruel, you are become, since the last rain,[3] a great lifrelofre,—philosopher, I should say. Take notice, Sir, quoth Panurge, when Dame Nature had prompted him to his own arming, what part of the body it was, where, by her inspiration, he clapped on the first harness. It was forsooth by the double pluck[4] of my little dog the ballock, and good Senor Don Priapos Stabo-stando,—which done, he was content, and sought no more. This is certified by the testimony of the great Hebrew captain and philosopher Moses, who affirmeth that he fenced that member with a brave and gallant codpiece, most exquisitely framed, and by right curious devices of a notably pregnant invention, made up and composed of figtree leaves, which, by reason of their solid stiffness,[5] incisory notches, curled frisling, sleeked smoothness, large ampleness, together with their colour, smell, virtue, and faculty, were exceeding proper, and fit for the covering and arming of the satchels of generation, the hideously big Lorrain cullions being from thence only excepted; which swaggering down to the lowermost bottom of the breeches, cannot abide

[2] *Saint Babingoose.*—One of the infinite number of petty saints they have in Brittany, represented with a goose by her side.

[3] *Since the last rain.*—During which he took the opportunity to apply himself to the study of the secrets of nature.

[4] *By the double pluck.*—Sir T. U. mistakes here: this is no oath; it should be, On (not by) the double pluck, *i.e.*, he clapped his first harness on his whim-wham, etc.

[5] *Of their solid stiffness.*—It is in the original, Of their propriety and solid stiffness; for as M. le Duchat tells us, the Mahometan doctors say that the forbidden fruit was the banian or Indian fig, of which our first parents had no sooner tasted, but espying their nudities, they covered them with the leaves of that tree, which seemed created for that very purpose.

(for being quite out of all order and method) the stately fashion of the high and lofty codpiece; as is manifest, by the noble Valentin Viardiere, whom I found at Nance, on the first day of May—the more flauntingly to gallantrise it afterwards—rubbing his ballocks spread out upon a table after the manner of a Spanish cloak. Wherefore it is, that none should henceforth say, who would not speak improperly, when any country bumpkin hieth to the wars, Have a care, my roister, of the wine-pot, that is, the skull; but, Have a care, my roister, of the milk-pot, that is, the testicles. By the whole rabble of the horned fiends of hell! the head being cut off, that single person only thereby dieth. But, if the ballocks be marred, the whole race of human kind would forthwith perish, and be lost for ever.

This was the motive which incited the goodly writer Galen, *Lib.* 1, *De Spermate*, to aver with boldness, That it were better, that is to say, a less evil, to have no heart at all, than to be quite destitute of genitories: for in them is laid up, conserved and put in store, as in a secessive repository, and sacred warehouse, the semence and original source of the whole offspring of mankind. Therefore would I be apt to believe, for less than a hundred francs, that those are the very same stones by means whereof Deucalion and Pyrrha restored the human race, in peopling with men and women the world, which a little before that had been drowned in the overflowing waves of a poetical deluge. This stirred up the valiant[6] Justinian, *L.* 4, *De Cagotis tollendis*,[7] to collocate his *Summun Bonum*, in *Braguibus*, et

[6] *Valiant.*—On account of the haughtiness of the preamble to his Institutes.

[7] *De Cagotis.*—Towards the end of the remarks on the seventh chap. of lib. ii., there is one on the title of this pretended book.

Braguetis. For this, and other causes, the Lord Humphry de Merville,[8] following his king to a certain warlike expedition, whilst he was in trying upon his own person a new suit of armour, for of his old rusty harness[9] he could make no more use, by reason that some few years since the skin of his belly[10] was a great way removed from his kidneys; his lady thereupon, in the profound musing of a contemplative spirit, very maturely considering that he had but small care of the staff of love, and packet of marriage, seeing he did no otherwise arm that part of the body than with links of mail, advised him to shield, fence, and gabionate it with a big tilting helmet, which she had lying in her closet, to her otherways utterly unprofitable. On this lady were penned these subsequent verses, which are extant in the third book of the Shitbrana of Paltry Wenches,—

> When Yoland saw her spouse equipp'd for fight,
> And, save the codpiece, all in armour dight,
> My dear, she cry'd, Why, pray, of all the rest
> Is that expos'd, you know I love the best?

[8] *Humphry de Merville.*—Sir T. U. has christened him Humphry, for Rabelais only calls him Lord of Merville. The name is so spelt in Rabelais of 1626; and in that case, the author might mean some descendant of William de Merville, whom Froissart, vol. 1, chaps. cclxxiv. and cclxxx., tells us was one of the marshalls de l'ost (army) which the king of England had in Picardy in 1370.

[9] *Rusty harness.*—It should be half-rusty, *à demy rouille.* To prevent the armours rusting, they used to put them in the bottom of a coffer filled with bran. See chap. xxii. of the Tales of Eutrapel.

[10] *The skin of his belly.*—John de la Bruyera Champier, lib. iii. chap. iii. of his De Re Cibaria; 'Novimus nostrâ memoriâ nobilissimarum gentium viros, et in aulâ non infimum locum obtinentes, qui adeò tumidum et turgidum ventrem haberent, ut multis annis non licuerit pudenda contemplari.'

Was she to blame for an ill-manag'd fear,—
Or rather pious conscionable care?
Wise lady, she! In hurly-burly fight,
Can any tell where random blows may light?

Leave off then, Sir, from being astonished, and wonder no more at this new manner of decking and trimming up of myself as you now see me.

CHAPTER IX

HOW PANURGE ASKETH COUNSEL OF PANTAGRUEL WHETHER HE SHOULD MARRY, YEA OR NAY[1]

To this Pantagruel replying nothing, Panurge prosecuted the discourse he had already broached, and therewithal fetching, as from the bottom of his heart, a very deep sigh, said, My lord and master, you have heard the design I am upon, which is to marry, if by some disastrous mischance all the holes in the world be not shut up, stopped, closed, and bushed. I humbly beseech you, for the affection which of a long time you have borne me, to give me your best advice therein. Then answered Pantagruel, Seeing you have so decreed and taken deliberation thereon,

[1] Coleridge remarks:—'Note this incomparable chapter.—Pantagruel stands for the reason as contra-distinguished from the understanding and choice, that is, from Panurge; and the humour consists in the latter asking advice of the former, on a subject in which the reason can only give the inevitable conclusion, the syllogistic *ergo*, from the premises provided by the understanding itself, which puts each case so as of necessity to predetermine the verdict thereon. This chapter, independently of the allegory, is an exquisite satire on the spirit in which people commonly ask advice.'

and that the matter is fully determined, what need is there of any further talk thereof, but forthwith to put into execution what you have resolved? Yea, but, quoth Panurge, I would be loth to act anything therein without your counsel had thereto. It is my judgment, also, quoth Pantagruel, and I advise you to it. Nevertheless, quoth Panurge, if I understood aright, that it were much better for me to remain a bachelor as I am, than to run headlong upon new hair-brained undertakings of conjugal adventure, I would rather choose not to marry. Quoth Pantagruel —Then do not marry. Yea, but, quoth Panurge, would you have me to solitarily drag out the whole course of my life, without the comfort of a matrimonial consort? You know it is written: *Væ soli!* and a single person is never seen to reap the joy and solace that is found with married folks. Then marry, in the name of God, quoth Pantagruel. But if, quoth Panurge, my wife should make me a cuckold; as it is not unknown unto you, how this hath been a very plentiful year in the production of that kind of cattle; I would fly off the hinges, and grow impatient beyond all measure and mean. I love cuckolds with all my heart, for they seem unto me to be of a right honest conversation, and I truly do very willingly frequent their company; but should I die for it, I would not be one of their number. That is a point for me of a too-sore prickling point. Then do not marry, quoth Pantagruel, for without all controversy this sentence of Seneca is infallibly true: What thou to others shalt have done, others will do the like to thee. Do you, quoth Panurge, aver that without all exception? Yes, truly, quoth Pantagruel, without all exception. Ho, ho, says Panurge, by the wrath of a little devil, his meaning is, either in this world or in the other which is to

come. Yet seeing I can no more want a wife, than a blind man want his staff,—for the funnel must be in agitation, without which manner of occupation I cannot live,—were it not a great deal better for me to apply and associate myself to some one honest, lovely, and virtuous woman, than as I do, by a new change of females every day, run a hazard of being bastinadoed, or (which is worse) of the great pox, if not of both together. For never,—be it spoken, by their husbands' leave and favour,—had I enjoyment yet of an honest woman. Marry, then, in God's name, quoth Pantagruel. But if, quoth Panurge, it were the will of God, and that my destiny did unluckily lead me to marry an honest woman, who should beat me, I would be stored with more than two third parts of the patience of Job, if I were not stark mad by it, and quite distracted with such rugged dealings. For it hath been told me, that those exceeding honest women have ordinarily very wicked head-pieces; therefore is it, that their family lacketh not for good vinegar.[2] Yet in that case should it go worse with me, if I did not then in such sort bang her back and breast, so thumpingly bethwack her gillets, to wit, her arms, legs, head, lights, liver, and milt, with her other entrails, and mangle, jag, and slash her coats, so after the cross billet fashion, that the greatest devil of hell should wait at the gate for the reception of her damned soul. I could make a shift for this year to waive such molestation and disquiet, and be content to lay aside that trouble, and not to be engaged in it.

[2] *Good vinegar.*—Vinegar is still kept by many people, in an almost round earthen jar, in a warm place, in the corner of their kitchen chimney. Rabelais here makes an allusion from that vessel (*testa*) which is always warm, to the hot head (*teste*) of a woman, whose presumption, because forsooth she's a good housewife, makes her oftentimes intolerable.

Do not marry, then, answered Pantagruel. Yea, but, quoth Panurge, considering the condition wherein I now am, out of debt and unmarried; mark what I say, free from all debt, in an ill hour! for, were I deeply on the score, my creditors would be but too careful of my paternity, but being quit and not married nobody will be so regardful of me, or carry towards me a love like that which is said to be in a conjugal affection. And if by some mishap I should fall sick, I would be looked to very waywardly. The wise man saith, Where there is no woman, I mean, the mother of a family, and wife in the union of a lawful wedlock, the crazy and diseased are in danger of being ill used, and of having much brabbling and strife about them; as by clear experience hath been made apparent in the persons of popes, legates, cardinals, bishops, abbots, priors, priests, and monks: but there, assure yourself, you shall not find me. Marry, then, in the name of God! answered Pantagruel. But if, quoth Panurge, being ill at ease, and possibly through that distemper made unable to discharge the matrimonial duty that is incumbent to an active husband, my wife, impatient of that drooping sickness, and faint-fits of a pining languishment, should abandon and prostitute herself to the embraces of another man, and not only then not help and assist me in my extremity and need, but withal flout at, and make sport of that my grievous distress and calamity; or peradventure, which is worse, embezzle my goods, and steal from me, as I have seen it oftentimes befall unto the lot of many other men, it were enough to undo me utterly, to fill brimful the cup of my misfortune, and make me play the mad-pate reeks of Bedlam. Do not marry, then, quoth Pantagruel. Yea, but, said Panurge, I shall never by any other

means come to have lawful sons and daughters, in whom I may harbour some hope of perpetuating my name and arms, and to whom also I may leave and bequeath my inheritances and purchased goods (of which latter sort you need not doubt, but that in some one or other of these mornings, I will make a fair and goodly show), that so I may cheer up and make merry, when otherwise I should be plunged into a peevish sullen mood of pensive sullenness, as I do perceive daily by the gentle and loving carriage of your kind and gracious father towards you; as all honest folks use to do at their own homes and private dwelling-houses. For being free from debt, and yet not married, if casually I should fret and be angry, although the cause of my grief and displeasure were never so just, I am afraid, instead of consolation, that I should meet with nothing else but scoffs, frumps, gibes, and mocks at my disastrous fortune. Marry, then, in the name of God! quoth Pantagruel; and thus have I given you my advice.[3]

[3] *And thus have I given you my advice.*—These words I have added, for the sake of inserting here, what M. le Duchat places at the beginning of the chapter; but that will break no squares, it being a general remark upon the whole. He observes that, throughout this chapter, Pantagruel shows a great stock of complaisance for his favourite; but at the same time a marvellous irresolution as to what course he would have his servant steer. Now this falls out the more ingeniously, as Rabelais makes subservient to this design two passages, the one of Poggius, the other of Erasmus, which seem at first not possible to be brought in here by any machine. The first is the echo in one of honest Erasmus' colloquies. That echo is imitated in Pantagruel's answers, wherein the first words are an echo to the last words of the question Panurge puts to him. The second passage is a tale which Poggius tells of a magistrate; who not having capacity enough to determine a pecuniary cause between two litigants, alternately declared in favour of him that spoke last. There is, however, a passage of Gello (in his Capricci del bottaio) so very like this dialogue between Pantagruel and Panurge, that

CHAPTER X

HOW PANTAGRUEL REPRESENTETH UNTO PANURGE THE DIFFICULTY OF GIVING ADVICE IN THE MATTER OF MARRIAGE; AND TO THAT PURPOSE MENTIONETH SOMEWHAT OF THE HOMERIC AND VIRGILIAN LOTTERIES [1]

YOUR counsel, quoth Panurge, under your correction and favour, seemeth unto me not unlike to the song of Gammer Yea-by-nay.[2] It is full of sarcasms, mockeries, bitter taunts, nipping bobs, derisive quips, biting jerks, and contradictory iterations, the one part destroying the other. I know not, added Panurge, which of all your answers to lay hold on.

if I knew for a certainty that Gello's book was published first, I should not hesitate to believe our author had only paraphrased him. Gello, speaking of Aristotle's irresolution concerning the immortality of the soul:

'Did you never hear of a man, who went to ask advice of another, whether he should marry or not. The former, upon saying the woman was beautiful; the other said, Marry her; but afterwards, when he said she came of a bad breed; the other answered, Don't marry her; but then when the other replied, She is a great fortune; the other straight answered, Marry her; but when the former told him she was somewhat termagant; the other said again, Don't marry her; and thus he went on, aying it, and noing it, as fast as the other alleged new reasons, and laid before him different arguments. Just so does Aristotle,' etc.

[1] *Homeric and Virgilian lotteries.*—Agrippa observes (*Van. of Arts and Sciences*, chap. 4) that Spartian, in the Emperor Adrian's life, mentions this custom of the ancients of inquiring after futurity, by opening the leaves of Homer or Virgil at haphazard. He adds that 'this superstition is now transferred and applied to the Sacred Text, not without the connivance of the greatest masters of our religion.'

[2] *Song of Gammer Yea-by-nay.*—*Chanson de ricochet*; an idle, endless, contradictory song or tale. Nothing has so much the air of such a song as Raminogrobis' rondeau in l. 3, c. 21.

Good reason why, quoth Pantagruel, for your proposals are so full of ifs and buts, that I can ground nothing on them, nor pitch upon any solid and positive determination satisfactory to what is demanded by them. Are not you assured within yourself of what you have a mind to? The chief and main point of the whole matter lieth there. All the rest is merely casual, and totally dependeth upon the fatal disposition of the heavens.

We see some so happy in the fortune of this nuptial encounter, that their family shineth, as it were, with the radiant effulgency of an idea, model, or representation of the joys of paradise; and perceive others, again, to be so unluckily matched in the conjugal yoke, that those very basest of devils, which tempt the hermits that inhabit the Deserts of Thebais and Montserrat, are not more miserable than they. It is therefore expedient, seeing you are resolved for once to make a trial of the state of marriage, that, with shut eyes, bowing your head and kissing the ground, you put the business to a venture, and give it a fair hazard, in recommending the success of the residue to the disposure of Almighty God. It lieth not in my power to give you any other manner of assurance, or otherwise to certify you of what shall ensue on this your undertaking. Nevertheless, if it please you, this you may do. Bring hither Virgil's poems,[3] that after having opened the book, and with our fingers severed the

[3] *Bring hither Virgil's poems.*—In lieu of this Pagan superstition the French brought in another under the first race of our kings. They took three different books of the Bible, for example, the prophets, the gospels, and St Paul's epistles, and after placing them on an altar, or the shrine of some saint, on the opening of these books, they maturely considered what the text said, which might be applicable to what they wanted to know. This custom was abolished by Louis the Debonnaire.

leaves thereof three several times, we may, according to the number agreed upon between ourselves, explore the future hap of your intended marriage. For frequently, by a Homeric lottery, have many hit upon their destinies; as is testified in the person of Socrates, who, whilst he was in prison, hearing the recitation of this verse of Homer, said of Achilles in the Ninth of the Iliads,

Ἤματί κε τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἱκοίμην;
We, the third day, to fertile Phthia came;

thereby foresaw that on the third subsequent day he was to die. Of the truth whereof he assured Æschines; as Plato, *in Critone*, Cicero *in primo, de Divinatione*, Diogenes Laertius, and others, have to the full recorded in their works. The like is also witnessed by Opilius Macrinus, to whom, being desirous to know if he should be the Roman Emperor, befell by chance of lot, this sentence in the Eighth of the Iliads,

Ὦ γέρον, ἦ μάλα δή σε νέοι τείρουσι μαχηταί,
Σὴ δὲ βίη λέλυται, χαλεπὸν δέ σε γῆρας ὀπάζει;
Dotard, new warriors urge thee to be gone;
Thy life decays, and old age weighs thee down

In fact, he, being then somewhat ancient, had hardly enjoyed the sovereignty of the empire for the space of fourteen months, when by Heliogabalus, then both young and strong, he was dispossessed thereof, thrust out of all, and killed. Brutus doth also bear witness of another experiment of this nature, who, willing, through this exploratory way by lot, to learn what the event and issue should be of the Pharsalian battle, wherein he perished, he

casually encountered on this verse, said of Patroclus in the Sixteenth of the Iliads,

> Ἀλλά με μοῖρ' ὀλοὴ, καὶ Λητοῦς ἔκτανεν υἱός;
> Fate, and Latona's son have shot me dead.

And accordingly Apollo was the field-word in the dreadful day of that fight. Divers notable things of old have likewise been foretold and known by casting of Virgilian lots; yea, in matters of no less importance than the obtaining of the Roman Empire, as it happened to Alexander Severus, who, trying his fortune at the said kind of lottery, did hit upon this verse written in the Sixth of the Æneids,

> *Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.*
> Know, Roman, that thy business is to reign.

He within very few years thereafter was effectually and in good earnest created and installed Roman emperor. A semblable story thereto is related of Adrian, who, being hugely perplexed within himself out of a longing humour to know in what account he was with the Emperor Trajan, and how large the measure of that affection was which he did bear unto him, had recourse, after the manner above specified, to the Maronian lottery, which by haphazard tendered him these lines out of the Sixth of the Æneids,

> *Quis procul ille autem, ramis insignis olivæ,*
> *Sacra ferens? Nosco crines, incanaque menta*
> *Regis Romani;*
> But who is he, conspicuous from afar,
> With olive boughs, that doth his offerings bear?
> By the white hair and beard I know him plain
> The Roman king.

Shortly thereafter was he adopted by Trajan, and succeeded to him in the empire. Moreover to the

lot of the praise-worthy Emperor Claudius[4] befell this line of Virgil, written in the First of his Æneids,

Tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit æstas.

Whilst the third summer saw him reign a king
In Latium.

And in effect he did not reign above two years. To the said Claudian also, inquiring concerning his brother Quintilius, whom he proposed as a colleague with himself in the empire, happened the response following, in the Sixth of the Æneids,

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata,—

Whom fate just let us see,
And would no longer suffer him to be.

And so it fell out; for he was killed on the seventeenth day after he had attained unto the management of the imperial charge. The very same lot also, with the like misluck, did betide the Emperor Gordian the younger. To Claudius Albinus, being very solicitous to understand somewhat of his future adventures, did occur this saying, which is written in the Sixth of the Æneids,

Hic rem Romanam, magno turbante tumultu
Sistet; eques sternet Pænos, Gallumque rebellem.

The Romans boiling with tumultuous rage,
This warrior shall the dangerous storm assuage;
With victories he the Carthaginian mauls,
And with strong hand shall crush the rebel Gauls.

Likewise when the Emperor D. Claudius, Aurelian's

[4] In Martin's edition, 1584, he is called Claude Second, Claudius the Second; which distinguishes him from the other Claudii, mentioned afterwards.

predecessor,[5] did with great eagerness research after the fate to come of his posterity, his hap was to alight on this verse in the First of the Æneids,

Hic ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono.
No bounds are to be set, no limits here.

Which was fulfilled by the goodly genealogical row of his race. When Mr Peter Amy[6] did in like manner explore and make trial, if he should escape the ambush of the hob-goblins, who lay in wait all-to-bemaul him, he fell upon this verse in the Third of the Æneids,

Heu! fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum!
Ah! flee the bloody land, the wicked shore!

Which counsel he obeying safe and sound, forthwith avoided all their ambuscades.

Were it not to shun prolixity, I could enumerate a thousand such like adventures, which, conformable to the dictate and verdict of the verse, have by that manner of lot-casting encounter befallen to the curious researchers of them. Do not you never-

[5] *Aurelian's predecessor.*—Aurelian's predecessor, Claudius, must be the same that's mentioned before, and called Claudian in some editions by mistake. This predecessor of Aurelian did not reign quite two years.

[6] *Mr Peter Amy.*—An intimate friend of Rabelais, and, like himself, a Cordelier, in 1520. About which time, William Budæus wrote some epistles in Greek and Latin to Peter Amy, who, by the contents of one of those letters, appears to be even then very impatient to get out of the clutches of the hobgoblins, *farfadets*, *i.e.*, the Cordeliers; though he had been very far from consulting his father, when he took on him the habit of St Francis. Peter Amy, Rabelais, and Budæus had pursued the same studies, and this latter held in high estimation the two other, on account of their singular merit and great learning.

theless imagine, lest you should be deluded, that I would upon this kind of fortune-flinging proof, infer an uncontrollable, and not to be gainsaid infallibility of truth.

CHAPTER XI

HOW PANTAGRUEL SHOWETH THE TRIAL OF ONE'S FORTUNE BY THE THROWING OF DICE TO BE UNLAWFUL

It would be sooner done, quoth Panurge, and more expeditely, if we should try the matter at the chance of three fair dice. Quoth Pantagruel, That sort of lottery is deceitful, abusive, illicitous, and exceeding scandalous. Never trust in it. The accursed book of the Recreation of Dice was a great while ago excogitated in Achaia near Bourre, by that ancient enemy of mankind, the infernal calumniator, who before the statue or massive image of the Bouraïc Hercules,[1] did of old, and doth in several places of the world as yet, make many simple souls to err and fall into his snares. You know, how my father Gargantua hath forbidden it over all his kingdoms and dominions; how he hath caused to burn the moulds and draughts thereof, and altogether suppressed, abolished, driven forth, and cast it out of the land, as a most dangerous plague and infection to any well-polished state or commonwealth. What I have told you of dice, I say the same of the play

[1] *Image of the Bouraïc Hercules.*—See Pausanias' Achaics. Leonicus Thomæus had wrote upon this subject, even before Rabelais.

at cockall.[2] It is a lottery of the like guile and deceitfulness; and therefore, do not for convincing of me allege in opposition to this my opinion, or bring in the example of the fortunate cast of Tiberius, within the fountain of Aponus,[3] at the oracle of Gerion.[4] These are the baited hooks by which the devil attracts and draweth unto him the foolish souls of silly people into eternal perdition.

Nevertheless, to satisfy your humour in some measure, I am content you throw three dice upon this table, that, according to the number of the blots which shall happen to be cast up, we may hit upon a verse of that page, which in the setting open of the book you shall have pitched upon.

Have you any dice in your pocket? A whole bag-ful, answered Panurge. That is provision against the devil,[5] as is expounded by Merlin Coccaius, Lib. 2, *De Patria Diabolorum.* The devil would be sure to take me napping,[6] and very much at unawares, if he should find me without dice. With this "the

[2] *Cockall.*—A game played with four huckle-bones.

[3] *Aponus.*—A fountain and village in Italy (where Livy was born), near Padua, with hot waters good for several diseases, says the Cambridge Dict.

[4] *Oracle of Gerion.*—See Suetonius, in the Life of Tiberius.

[5] *Provision against the devil.—C'est le verd du diable,* which I should rather translate provision (not against the devil, but) of the devil's procuring; for so I always thought a bag of dice to be, and so M. Duchat apprehends Rabelais to have meant; for upon these words, he says, that in a certain religious play, called Our Saviour's Passion, p. 232, Satan is brought in furnishing Griffon with the dice, with which that soldier was to win our Saviour's garment.

[6] *Take me napping.—Me pendroit sans verd.* Take me unprovided, strictly, without a green leaf about me; a phrase derived from a sport in some parts of France, which binds him that is taken without a green leaf about him to forfeit somewhat. Rabelais seems here not to be very clear in his allusion.

three dice being taken out, produced, and thrown, they fell so pat upon the lower points, that the cast was five, six, and five. These are, quoth Panurge, sixteen in all. Let us take the sixteenth line of the page. The number pleaseth me very well; I hope we shall have a prosperous and happy chance. May I be thrown amidst all the devils of hell, even as a great bowl cast athwart a set of nine pins, or cannon-ball shot among a battalion of foot, in case so many times I do not boult my future wife the first night of our marriage! Of that, forsooth, I make no doubt at all, quoth Pantagruel. You needed not have rapped forth such a horrid imprecation, the sooner to procure credit for the performance of so small a business, seeing possibly the first bout will be amiss, and that you know is usually at tennis called fifteen. At the next justling turn you may readily amend that fault,[7] and so complete your reckoning of sixteen. Is it so, quoth Panurge, that you understand the matter? And must my words be thus interpreted? Nay, believe me, never yet was any solecism committed by that valiant champion, who often hath for me in Belly-dale stood sentry at the hypogastrian cranny. Did you ever hitherto find me in the confraternity of the faulty? Never, I trow; never, nor ever shall, for ever and a day. I do the feat like a goodly friar, or father confessor, without default. And therein am I willing to be judged by the players. He had no sooner spoke these words, than the works of Virgil were brought

[7] *At the next, etc.*—The original only says, in the morning you will amend that fault. *Au desjucher*, when the birds come down from the roost or perch (*juchoir*) whereon they rested all night. Marot, in his ballad for Christmas day:

'Chantons Noël tant au soir qu'au desjucq.'

It is a poetical phrase for the morning.

in. But before the book was laid open, Panurge said to Pantagruel, My heart, like the furch[8] of a hart in a rut, doth beat within my breast. Be pleased to feel and grope my pulse a little on this artery of my left arm. At its frequent rise and fall you would say that they swinge and belabour me after the manner of a probationer, posed and put to a peremptory trial in the examination of his sufficiency for the discharge of the learned duty of a graduate in some eminent degree in the college of the Sorbonists.

But would you not hold it expedient, before we proceed any further, that we should invocate Hercules and the Tenetian goddesses, who in the chamber of lots are said to rule, sit in judgment, and bear a presidential sway? Neither him nor them, answered Pantagruel, only open up the leaves of the book with your fingers, and set your nails at work.

[8] *Like the furch, etc.*—I know not what this *furch* means. Perhaps it is Scotch for fork (Sir T. U. being a Scotchman, as I suppose). Then fork may mean the horns. However that be, the similitude is as wide from that which Rabelais uses as the two poles. He says, My heart beats within my breast, like the mizzen-sail of a ship. The mizzen, *i.e.*, the hindmost sail, next the ship's stern (for there is no mast abaft the mizzen) is continually agitated by some wind, as the heart of a timorous person is by fear. [In the Book of Saint Albans we have the term *forches*, applied to the haunches of a deer; elsewhere, *furchure* is 'the fork, the place where the thighs part.' *Lege, meo periculo*, 'My heart, like the furches of a hart in rut, doth beat, etc.' Dr Harvey, in his *Generatio Animalium Exercitationes*, makes some observations apposite to the condition of 'a hart in a rut,' but the simile as it stands above is probably that which occurred to Sir T. Urquhart, who (in this instance as in many others) is more concerned with the spirit of his author than with literal exactness.]

CHAPTER XII

HOW PANTAGRUEL DOTH EXPLORE BY THE VIRGILIAN LOTTERY WHAT FORTUNE PANURGE SHALL HAVE IN HIS MARRIAGE

THEN at the opening of the book, in the sixteenth row of the lines of the disclosed page, did Panurge encounter upon this following verse:

Nec Deus hunc mensa, Dea nec dignata cubili est.[1]

The god him from his table banished,
Nor would the goddess have him in her bed.

This response, quoth Pantagruel, maketh not very much for your benefit or advantage: for it plainly signifies and denoteth, that your wife shall be a strumpet, and yourself by consequence a cuckold. The goddess, whom you shall not find propitious nor favourable unto you, is Minerva, a most redoubtable and dreadful Virgin, a powerful and fulminating goddess, an enemy to cuckolds, and effeminate youngsters, to cuckold-makers and adulterers. The god is Jupiter, a terrible and thunder-striking god from Heaven. And withal it is to be remarked, that, conform to the doctrine of the ancient Hetrurians, the *manubes*, for so did they call the darting hurls, or slinging casts of the Vulcanian thunder-bolts, did only appertain to her, and to Jupiter her father capital. This was verified in the conflagration of the ships of Ajax Oileus, nor doth this fulminating power belong to any other of the Olympic gods. Men, therefore, stand not in such fear of them. Moreover I will tell you, and

[1] *Nec Deus, etc.*—The last verse of Virgil's fourth Eclogue.

you may take it as extracted out of the profoundest mysteries of mythology, that, when the giants had enterprised the waging of a war against the power of the celestial orbs, the gods at first did laugh at those attempts, and scorned such despicable enemies, who were, in their conceit, not strong enough to cope in feats of warfare with their pages; but when they saw by the gigantine labour, the high hill Pelion set on lofty Ossa, and that the Mount Olympus was made shake, in order to be erected on the top of both; then did they all stand aghast.

Then was it that Jupiter held a parliament, or general convention, wherein it was unanimously resolved upon, and condescended to, by all the gods, that they should worthily and valiantly stand to their defence. And because they had often seen battles lost by the cumbersome lets and disturbing incumbrances of women, confusedly huddled in amongst armies, it was at that time decreed and enacted, That they should expel and drive out of heaven into Egypt, and the confines of Nile, that whole crew of goddesses disguised in the shapes of weasels, polecats, bats, shrew-mice, ferrets, fulmarts, and other such like odd transformations, only Minerva was reserved to participate with Jupiter in the horrific fulminating power; as being the goddess both of war and learning, of arts and arms, of counsel and dispatch; a goddess armed from her birth, a goddess dreaded in heaven, in the air, by sea and land. By the belly of Saint Buff! quoth Panurge, should I be Vulcan, whom the poet blazons? Nay, I am neither a cripple, coiner of false money, nor smith as he was. My wife possibly will be as comely and handsome as ever was his Venus, but not a whore like her, nor I a cuckold like him. The crook-legged slovenly slave made himself to be declared a cuckold by a

definite sentence and judgment, in the open view of all the gods. For this cause ought you to interpret the afore-mentioned verse quite contrary to what you have said. This lot importeth, that my wife will be honest, virtuous, chaste, loyal and faithful; not armed, surly, wayward, cross, giddy, humorous, heady, hair-brained, or extracted out of brains, as was the goddess Pallas; nor shall this fair jolly Jupiter be my co-rival. He shall never dip his bread in my broth,[2] though we should sit together at one table.

Consider his exploits and gallant actions. He was the most manifest ruffian, wencher, whoremonger, and most infamous cuckold-maker that ever breathed. He did always lecher it like a boar, and no wonder, for he was fostered by a sow in the Isle of Candia,[3] if Agathocles the Babylonian be not a liar, and more rammishly lascivious than a buck; whence it is, that he is said by others to have been suckled and fed with milk of the Amalthæan goat. By the virtue of Acheron, he justled, bulled, and lastauriated in one day the third part of the world, beasts and people, floods and mountains; that was Europa. For this grand subagitatory achievement, the Ammonians caused draw, delineate, and paint him in the figure and shape of a ram ramming, and horned ram. But I know well enough how to shield and preserve myself from that horned champion. He will not, trust me, have to deal in my person with a sottish, dunsical Amphitryon, nor with a silly witless Argus, for all his hundred spectacles, nor yet

[2] *He shall never dip, etc.*—He shall never, at my cost, appease either his hunger or lecherous thirst, by touching my wife, though we had but one bed for us all three.

[3] *Isle of Candia.*—Rabelais says, upon Dicte in Candia. See Athenæus, lib. ix. cap. v. Dicte is a mountain of the Isle of Crete (Candia).

with the cowardly meacock Acrisius[4]—the simple goosecap Lycus of Thebes, the doating blockhead Agenor, the phlegmatic pea-goose Asopus,[5] rough-footed Lycaon, the luskish misshapen Corytus of Tuscany, nor with the large-backed and strong-reined Atlas. Let him alter, change, transform, and metamorphose himself into a hundred various shapes and figures, into a swan, a bull, a satyr, a shower of gold, or into a cuckoo, as he did when he unmaidened his sister Juno; into an eagle, ram or dove, as when he was enamoured of the virgin Phthia, who then dwelt in the Ægean territory; into fire, a serpent, yea, even into a flea, into epicurean and democratical atoms, or, more magistronostalistically, into those sly intentions of the mind, which in the schools are called second notions. I'll—catch him in the nick, and take him napping. And would you know what I would do unto him? Even that which to his father Cœlum, Saturn did,—Seneca foretold it of me, and Lactantius hath confirmed it—what the goddess Rhea did to Athis. I would make him two stone lighter, rid him of his Cyprian cimbals, and cut so closely and neatly by the breech, that there should not remain thereof so much

[4] *Cowardly Acrisius.*—Hor. lib. iii. od. xvi.

> 'Si non Acrisium virginis abditæ
> Custodem pavidum Jupiter et Venus
> Risissent.'

Prætus and this Acrisius, being at war with each other, invented bucklers and targets (in Fr. *pavois*). This made Horace call him *pavidus*, and Rabelais describe him as cowardly (*coüart*, not *cornart*, cuckoldly.)

[5] *Phlegmatic Asopus.*—Asopus is a river in Bœotia, so called, some say, on account of the extreme muddiness thereof. Now as a muddy bottom is a sign of a river's very slow and calm current, Rabelais gives the epithet of phlegmatic to this river, which has been made a king of by the poets and other fabulous writers.

as one hair, so cleanly would I shave him: and disable him for ever from being Pope, for *Testiculos non habet.*[6] Hold there! said Pantagruel; ho! soft and fair, my lad! Enough of that—cast up, turn over the leaves, and try your fortune for the second time. Then did he fall upon this ensuing verse,

Membra quatit, gelidusque coït formidine sanguis
His joints and members quake, he becomes pale,
And sudden fear doth his cold blood congeal.

This importeth, quoth Pantagruel, that she will soundly bang your back and belly. Clean and quite contrary, answered Panurge, it is of me that he prognosticates, in saying that I will beat her like a tiger, if she vex me. Sir Martin Wagstaff will perform that office, and in default of a cudgel, the devil gulp him, if I should not eat her up quick, as Candaules the Lydian King did his wife, whom he ravined and devoured.

You are very stout, says Pantagruel, and courageous; Hercules himself durst hardly adventure to scuffle with you in this your raging fury. Nor is it strange; for a jan[7] is worth two; and two in fight against Hercules are too strong. Am I a jan? quoth Panurge. No, no, answered Pantagruel. My mind was only running upon the lurch and trictrac. Thereafter did he hit, at the third opening of the book, upon this verse,

Fœmineo prædæ, et spoliorum ardebat amore.
After the spoil and pillage, as in fire,
He burnt with a strong feminine desire.

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[6] *Non habet.*—A long dissertation might here be interpolated upon the curious customs which are observed when a new Pope is made. The above passage relates to the position of the Pontiff upon the *stercoraria.*

[7] *A jan.*—Cotgrave says *jan* is French for a cuckold. Vide St. Amand, *Rome ridicule.*

This portendeth, quoth Pantagruel, that she will steal your goods and rob you. Hence this, according to these three drawn lots, will be your future destiny, I clearly see it,—you will be a cuckold, you will be beaten, and you will be robbed. Nay, it is quite otherwise, quoth Panurge, for it is certain that this verse presageth, that she will love me with a perfect liking. Nor did the satire-writing poet lie in proof hereof, when he affirmed, That a woman, burning with extreme affection, takes sometimes pleasure to steal from her sweetheart. And what, I pray you? A glove, a point, or some such trifling toy of no importance, to make him keep a gentle kind of stirring in the research and quest thereof. In like manner, these small scolding debates, and petty brabbling contentions, which frequently we see spring up, and for a certain space boil very hot betwixt a couple of high-spirited lovers, are nothing else but recreative diversions for their refreshment, spurs to, and incentives of, a more fervent amity than ever.[8] As, for example, we do sometimes see cutlers with hammers maul their finest whetstones, therewith to sharpen their iron tools the better. And therefore do I think, that these three lots make much for my advantage; which if not, I from their sentence totally appeal. There is no appealing, quoth Pantagruel, from the decrees of fate or destiny, of lot or chance: as is recorded by our ancient lawyers, witness Baldus, *Lib. ult. Cap. de Leg.* The reason hereof is, fortune doth not acknowledge a superior, to whom an appeal may be made from her, or any of her substitutes. And in this case the pupil cannot be restored to his right in full, as openly by the said author is alleged in *L. Ait Prætor, paragr. ult. ff. de minor.*

[8] *Amantium iræ, amoris integratio est.*—Terence.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL ADVISETH PANURGE TO TRY THE FUTURE GOOD OR BAD LUCK OF HIS MARRIAGE BY DREAMS

Now, seeing we cannot agree together in the manner of expounding or interpreting the sense of the Virgilian lots, let us bend our course another way and try a new sort of divination. Of what kind? asked Panurge. Of a good ancient and authentic fashion, answered Pantagruel; it is by dreams. For, in dreaming, such circumstances and conditions being thereto adhibited, as are clearly enough described by Hippocrates, in Lib. Περι των ἐνυπνίων, by Plato, Plotin, Iamblicus, Sinesius, Aristotle, Xenophon, Galen, Plutarch, Artemidorus, Daldianus, Herophilus, Q. Calaber, Theocritus, Pliny, Athenæus, and others, the soul doth oftentimes foresee what is to come. How true this is, you may conceive by a very vulgar and familiar example; as when you see that at such a time as suckling babes, well nourished, fed and fostered with good milk, sleep soundly and profoundly, the nurses in the interim get leave to sport themselves, and are licentiated to recreate their fancies at what range to them shall seem most fitting and expedient, their presence, sedulity, and attendance on the cradle being, during all that space, held unnecessary. Even just so, when our body is at rest, that the concoction is everywhere accomplished, and that, till it awake, it lacks for nothing, our soul delighteth to disport itself, and is well pleased in that frolic to take a review of its native country, which is the heavens, where it receiveth a most notable participation of its first beginning, with an imbuement

from its divine source, and in contemplation of that infinite and intellectual sphere, whereof the centre is everywhere, and the circumference in no place of the universal world (to wit, God, according to the doctrine of Hermes Trismegistus), to whom no new thing happeneth, whom nothing that is past escapeth, and unto whom all things are alike present; it remarketh not only what is preterit and gone, in the inferior course and agitation of sublunary matters, but withal taketh notice what is to come; then bringing a relation of those future events unto the body by the outward senses and exterior organs, it is divulged abroad unto the hearing of others. Whereupon the owner of that soul deserveth to be termed a vaticinator, or prophet. Nevertheless, the truth is, that the soul is seldom able to report those things in such sincerity as it hath seen them, by reason of the imperfection and frailty of the corporeal senses, which obstruct the effectuating of that office; even as the moon doth not communicate unto this earth of ours that light which she receiveth from the sun with so much splendour, heat, vigour, purity, and liveliness as it was given her. Hence it is requisite for the better reading, explaining, and unfolding of these somniatory vaticinations, and predictions of that nature, that a dexterous, learned, skilful, wise, industrious, expert, rational, and peremptory expounder or interpreter be pitched upon, such a one as by the Greeks is called Onirocrit, or Oniropolist.[1] For this cause Heraclitus was wont to say, that nothing is by dreams revealed to us, that nothing is by dreams concealed from us, and that only we thereby have a mystical signification and secret evidence of things to come, either for our own

[1] *Oniropolist.*—From Ὄνειρος, *somnium*, and Πολέω, *verto*.

prosperous or unlucky fortune, or for the favourable or disastrous success of another. The sacred Scriptures testify no less, and profane histories assure us of it, in both which are exposed to our view a thousand several kinds of strange adventures, which have befallen pat according to the nature of the dream, and that as well to the party dreamer, as to others. The Atlantic[2] people, and those that inhabit the island of Thasos, one of the Cyclades, are of this grand commodity deprived; for in their countries none yet ever dreamed. Of this sort were Cleon of Daulia, Thrasymedes,[3] and in our days the learned Frenchman Villanovanus,[4] neither of all which knew what dreaming was.

Fail not therefore to-morrow, when the jolly and fair Aurora with her rosy fingers draweth aside the curtains of the night to drive away the sable shades of darkness, to bend your spirits wholly to the task of sleeping sound, and thereto apply yourself. In the meanwhile you must denude your mind of every human passion or affection, such as are love and hatred, fear and hope; for as of old the great vaticinator, most famous and renowned prophet Proteus,[5]

[2] *Atlantic.*—See Herodotus, l. iv. and Pliny, l. v. c. viii.

[3] *Thrasymedes.*—See Plutarch, in his treatise of the Cessation of Oracles.

[4] *Villanovanus.*—Arnauld de Villeneuve. It is not certain that he was a Frenchman: but Rabelais, to do honour to France, will have it, with some others, that this physician and philosopher was born at Villeneuve in the Narbonnese Gaul, and that he took his name therefrom. I know not how the author came by his information that Villanovanus never had any dream. Perhaps Villanovanus says so himself, in the treatise of dreams ascribed to him by Is. Bullart, in his Acadamy of Sciences, etc. [There is a most amusing article upon Arnoldus de Villa Nova in the *Medical Bibliography* of that learned and true disciple of Rabelais, the late Dr James Atkinson of York, 8vo, 1834, pp. 74-8.]

[5] *Proteus.*—See lib. iv. of the Odyssey.

was not able in his disguise or transformation into fire, water, a tiger, a dragon, and other such like uncouth shapes and visors, to presage anything that was to come, till he was restored to his own first natural and kindly form; just so doth man; for, at his reception of the art of divination, and faculty of prognosticating future things, that part in him which is the most divine (to wit, the Νοῦς, or Mens), must be calm, peaceable, untroubled, quiet, still, hushed, and not imbusied or distracted with foreign, soul-disturbing perturbations. I am content, quoth Panurge. But I pray you, Sir, must I this evening, ere I go to bed, eat much or little? I do not ask this without cause. For if I sup not well, large, round, and amply, my sleeping is not worth a forked turnip. All the night long I then but dose and rave, and in my slumbering fits talk idle nonsense, my thoughts being in a dull brown study, and as deep in their dumps as is my belly hollow.

Not to sup, answered Pantagruel, were best for you, considering the state of your complexion, and healthy constitution of your body. A certain very ancient prophet, named Amphiaraus, wished such as had a mind by dreams to be imbued with any oracles, for four-and-twenty hours to taste no victuals, and to abstain from wine three days together.[6] Yet shall not you be put to such a sharp, hard, vigorous, and extreme sparing diet. I am truly right apt to believe, that a man whose stomach is replete with various cheer, and in a manner surfeited with drinking, is hardly able to conceive aright of spiritual things; yet am not I of the opinion of those, who, after long and pertinacious fastings, think by such means to enter more profoundly into the speculation

[6] *Three days.*—See Philostratus, l. ii. c. 11 of Apollonius' life.

of celestial mysteries. You may very well remember how my father Gargantua (whom here for honour sake I name) hath often told us, that the writings of abstinent, abstemious, and long-fasting hermits were every whit as saltless, dry, jejune, and insipid, as were their bodies when they did compose them. It is a most difficult thing for the spirits to be in a good plight, serene and lively, when there is nothing in the body but a kind of voidness and inanity; seeing the philosophers with the physicians jointly affirm, that the spirits, which are styled animal, spring from, and have their constant practice in and through the arterial blood, refined, and purified to the life within the admirable net, which, wonderfully framed, lieth under the ventricles and tunnels of the brain. He gave us also the example of the philosopher, who, when he thought most seriously to have withdrawn himself unto a solitary privacy, far from the rustling clutterments of the tumultuous and confused world, the better to improve his theory, to contrive, comment and ratiocinate, was, notwithstanding his uttermost endeavours to free himself from all untoward noises, surrounded and environed about so with the barking of curs, bawling of mastiffs, bleating of sheep, prating of parrots, tattling of jackdaws, grunting of swine, girning of boars, yelping of foxes, mewing of cats, cheeping of mice, squeaking of weasels, croaking of frogs, crowing of cocks, cackling of hens, calling of partridges, chanting of swans, chattering of jays, peeping of chickens, singing of larks, creaking of geese, chirping of swallows, clucking of moorfowls, cucking of cuckoos, bumbling of bees, rammage of hawks, chirming of linnets, croaking of ravens, screeching of owls, whicking of pigs, gushing of hogs, curring of pigeons, grumbling of cushet-doves, howling of panthers, curkling of quails, chirping of

sparrows, crackling of crows, nuzzing of camels, whining of whelps, buzzing of dromedaries, mumbling of rabbits, cricking of ferrets, humming of wasps, mioling of tigers, bruzzing of bears, sussing of kitlings, clamouring of scarfes, whimpering of fulmarts, booing of buffaloes, warbling of nightingales, quavering of mavises, drintling of turkeys, coniating of storks, frantling of peacocks, clattering of magpies, murmuring of stock-doves, crouting of cormorants, cigling of locusts, charming of beagles, gnarring of puppies, snarling of messens, rantling of rats, gueriet-ing of apes, snuttering of monkeys, pioling of pelicans, quacking of ducks, yelling of wolves, roaring of lions, neighing of horses, barring of elephants, hissing of serpents, and wailing of turtles,[7] that he was much more troubled than if he had been in the middle of the crowd at the fair of Fontenay or Niort. Just so is it with those who are tormented with the grievous pangs of hunger. The stomach begins to gnaw, and bark as it were, the eyes to look dim, and the veins, by greedily sucking some refection to themselves from the proper substance of all the members of a fleshy consistence, violently pull down and draw back that vagrant, roaming spirit, careless and neglecting of his nurse and natural host, which is the body; as when a hawk upon the fist, willing to take her flight by a soaring aloft in the open spacious air, is on a sudden drawn back by a leash tied to her feet.

To this purpose also did he allege unto us the authority of Homer, the father of all philosophy,

[7] *Wailing of turtles.*—Some of the foregoing are genuine terms of the chase, or rather, of wood-craft; others have been invented by the combined ingenuity of Rabelais and his translator. The 'barring of elephants' is of the latter class—*barrus* (voc. Sabin.), an elephant:—

Mulier nigris dignissima barris.—*Hor.*

who said, that the Grecians did not put an end to their mournful mood for the death of Patroclus, the most intimate friend of Achilles, till hunger in a rage declared herself, and their bellies protested to furnish no more tears unto their grief. For from bodies emptied and macerated by long fasting, there could not be such supply of moisture and brackish drops, as might be proper on that occasion.

Mediocrity at all times is commendable; nor in this case are you to abandon it. You may take a little supper, but thereat must you not eat of a hare, nor of any other flesh. You are likewise to abstain from beans, from the preak, by some called the polyp, as also from coleworts, cabbage, and all other such like windy victuals, which may endanger the troubling of your brains, and the dimming or casting a kind of mist over your animal spirits. For, as a looking-glass cannot exhibit the semblance or representation of the object set before it, and exposed to have its image to the life expressed, if that the polished sleekedness thereof be darkened by gross breathings, dampish vapours, and foggy, thick, infectious exhalations,—even so the fancy cannot well receive the impression of the likeness of those things, which divination doth afford by dreams, if any way the body be annoyed or troubled with the fumish steam of meat, which it had taken in a while before; because, betwixt these two there still hath been a mutual sympathy and fellow-feeling of an indissolubly knit affection. You shall eat good Eusebian and bergamot pears, one apple of the short-shank pippin kind, a parcel of the little plums of Tours, and some few cherries of the growth of my orchard. Nor shall you need to fear, that thereupon will ensue doubtful dreams, fallacious, uncertain, and not to be trusted to, as by some peri-

patetic philosophers hath been related; for that, say they, men do more copiously in the season of harvest feed on fruitages, than any other time. The same is mystically taught us by the ancient prophets and poets, who allege, that all vain and deceitful dreams lie hid and in covert, under the leaves which are spread on the ground: by reason that the leaves fall from the trees in the autumnal quarter. For the natural fervour, which abounding in ripe, fresh, recent fruits, cometh by the quickness of its ebullition to be with ease evaporated into the animal parts of the dreaming person—the experiment is obvious in must—is a pretty while before it be expired, dissolved, and evanished. As for your drink, you are to have it of the fair, pure water of my fountain.

The condition, quoth Panurge, is very hard. Nevertheless, cost what price it will, or whatsoever come of it, I heartily condescend thereto; protesting, that I shall to-morrow break my fast betimes, after my somniatory exercitations. Furthermore, I recommend myself to Homer's two gates, to Morpheus, to Iselon, to Phantasus, and unto Phobetor. If they in this my great need succour me, and grant me that assistance which is fitting, I will, in honour of them all, erect a jolly, genteel altar, composed of the softest down. If I were now in Laconia, in the temple of Juno, betwixt Oetile and Thalamis, she suddenly would disentangle my perplexity, resolve me of my doubts, and cheer me up with fair and jovial dreams in a deep sleep.

Then did he thus say unto Pantagruel: Sir, were it not expedient for my purpose to put a branch or two of curious laurel betwixt the quilt and bolster of my bed, under the pillow on which my head must lean? There is no need at all of that, quoth Pantagruel, for, besides that it is a thing very

superstitious, the cheat thereof hath been at large discovered unto us in the writings of Serapion, Ascalonites, Antiphon, Philochorus, Artemon, and Fulgentius Planciades. I could say as much to you of the left shoulder[8] of a crocodile, as also of a chameleon, without prejudice be it spoken to the credit which is due to the opinion of old Democritus;[9] and likewise of the stone of the Bactrians, called Eumetrides, and of the Ammonian horn;[10] for so by the Æthiopians is termed a certain precious stone, coloured like gold, and in the fashion, shape, form and proportion of a ram's horn, as the horn of Jupiter Ammon is reported to have been: they over and above assuredly affirming, that the dreams of those who carry it about them are no less veritable and infallible, than the truth of the divine oracles. Nor is this much unlike to what Homer and Virgil[11] wrote of these two gates of sleep; to which you have been pleased to recommend the management of what you have in hand. The one is of ivory, which letteth in confused, doubtful, and uncertain dreams; for through ivory, how small and slender soever it be, we can see nothing, the density, opacity, and close compactedness of its material parts hindering the penetration of the visual rays, and the reception of the species of such things as are visible. The other is of horn, at which an entry is made to sure and certain dreams, even as through horn, by reason of the diaphanous splendour, and bright transparency thereof, the species of all objects of

[8] *The left shoulder.*—See Pliny, l. xxviii. c. viii.

[9] *Old Democritus.*—See Pliny in the same place, and Aulus Gellius, l. x. c. xii.

[10] *Eumetrides, and of the Ammonian Horn.*—See Pliny, l. xxxvii. c. x.

[11] *Homer and Virgil.*—See Odys., l. xix. v. 562 ; Æneid, l. vi. v. 893.

the sight distinctly pass, and so without confusion appear, that they are clearly seen. Your meaning is, and you would thereby infer, quoth Friar John, that the dreams of all horned cuckolds, of which number Panurge, by the help of God, and his future wife, is, without controversy, to be one, are always true and infallible.

CHAPTER XIV

PANURGE'S DREAM, WITH THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF

At seven o'clock of the next following morning, Panurge did not fail to present himself before Pantagruel, in whose chamber were at that time Epistemon, Friar John of the Funnels, Ponocrates, Eudemon, Carpalim, and others, to whom, at the entry of Panurge, Pantagruel said, Lo, here cometh our dreamer. That word, quoth Epistemon, in ancient times cost very much, and was dearly sold to the children of Jacob. Then said Panurge, I have been plunged into my dumps so deeply, as if I had been lodged with Gaffer Noddy-cap. Dreamed indeed I have, and that right lustily; but I could take along with me no more thereof, that I did truly understand, save only, that I in my vision had a pretty, fair, young, gallant, handsome woman, who no less lovingly and kindly treated and entertained me, hugged, cherished, cockered, dandled, and made much of me, as if I had been another neat dilli-darling minion, like Adonis. Never was man more glad than I was then, my joy at that time

was incomparable. She flattered me, tickled me, stroked me, groped me, frizzled me, curled me, kissed me, embraced me, laid her hands about my neck, and now and then made, jestingly, pretty little horns above my forehead. I told her in the like disport, as I did play the fool with her, that she should rather place and fix them in a little below mine eyes, that I might see the better what I should stick at with them: for, being so situated, Momus[1] then would find no fault therewith, as he did once with the position of the horns of bulls. The wanton, toying girl, notwithstanding any remonstrance of mine to the contrary, did always drive and thrust them further in: yet thereby, which to me seemed wonderful, she did not do me any hurt at all. A little after, though I know not how, I thought I was transformed into a tabor, and she into a chough, or madge-howlet.

My sleeping there being interrupted, I awaked in a start, angry, displeased, perplexed, chafing, and very wroth. There have you a large platterful of dreams, make thereupon good cheer, and, if you please, spare not to interpret them according to the understanding which you have in them. Come, Carpalim, let us to breakfast. To my sense and meaning, quoth Pantagruel, if I have skill or knowledge in the art of divination by dreams, your wife will not really, and to the outward appearance of the world, plant, or set horns, and stick them fast in your forehead, after a visible manner, as satyrs use to wear and carry them; but she will be so far from preserving herself loyal in the discharge and observance of a conjugal duty, that, on the contrary, she will violate her plighted faith, break her marriage

[1] *Momus.*—See Aristotle, De Partibus Animalium, and Lucian's Nigrinus.

oath, infringe all matrimonial ties, prostitute her body to the dalliance of other men, and so make you a cuckold. This point is clearly and manifestly explained and expounded by Artemidorus[2] just as I have related it. Nor will there be any metamorphosis or transmutation made of you into a drum, or tabor, but you will surely be as soundly beaten as ever was tabor at a merry wedding. Nor yet will she be changed into a chough, but will steal from you, chiefly in the night, as is the nature of that thievish bird. Hereby you may perceive your dreams to be in every jot conform and agreeable to the Virgilian lots. A cuckold you will be, beaten and robbed. Then cried out Father John with a loud voice: He tells the truth; upon my conscience, thou wilt be a cuckold, an honest one, I warrant thee. O the brave horns that will be borne by thee! Ha, ha, ha! Our good Master de Cornibus![3] God save thee and shield thee! Wilt thou be pleased to preach but two words of a sermon to us, I will go through the parish church to gather up alms for the poor.

You are, quoth Panurge, very far mistaken in your interpretation; for the matter is quite contrary to the sense thereof. My dream presageth, that I shall by marriage be stored with plenty of all manner of goods,—the hornifying of me showing that I will possess a cornucopia, that Amalthæan horn, which is called the horn of abundance, whereof the fruition did still portend the wealth of the enjoyer. You

[2] *Expounded by Artemidorus.*—Artemidorus says, who dreams of horns will be a cuckold.

[3] *Our good Master de Cornibus.*—Not de Cornelius, as Sir T. U. has it. It is the Latin name of a Franciscan friar, otherwise called Peter Cornu, or Corne. He was doctor of Paris, and contemporary with Rabelais.

possibly will say, that they are rather like to be satyr's horns; for you of these did make some mention. *Amen, Amen, Fiat, fiatur, ad differentiam Papæ.*[4] Thus shall I have my touch-her-home still ready. My staff of love, semipiternally in a good case, will, satyr-like, be never toiled out; a thing which all men wish for, and send up their prayers to that purpose, but such a thing as nevertheless is granted but to few. Hence doth it follow by a consequence as clear as the sunbeams, that I will never be in the danger of being made a cuckold, for the defect hereof is *Causa sine qua non;* yea, the sole cause, as many think, of making husbands cuckolds. What makes poor scoundrel rogues to beg, I pray you? Is it not because they have not enough at home wherewith to fill their bellies and their pokes. What is it makes the wolves to leave the woods? Is it not the want of flesh-meat? What maketh women whores? You understand me well enough. And herein may I very well submit my opinion to the judgment of learned lawyers, presidents, counsellors, advocates, procurers, attorneys, and other glossers and commentators on the venerable rubric, *De frigidis et maleficiatis.* You are, in truth, sir, as it seems to me (excuse my boldness, if I have transgressed), in a most palpable and absurd error, to attribute my horns to cuckoldry. Diana wears them on her head after the manner of a crescent. Is she

[4] *Fiat, fiatur, ad differentiam Papæ.*—This in the former translation runs *fiat, siat*, which is all wrong. *Siat* is no word at all; neither should it be *fiat* twice; but *fiatur*, after the first *fiat*. Because, as M. Duchat observes, Panurge at first says *fiat*, a word used by the Pope at the bottom of such petitions as he vouchsafes to give a favourable answer to. But then Rabelais corrects himself, out of pure respectfulness, and says *fiatur*, in the Macaronic style. Merlin Coccaye, Macaronic. 4. 'Supplicat ut præstum, præstum vindicta fiatur.'

a cucquean for that? How the devil can she be cuckolded, who never yet was married? Speak somewhat more correctly, I beseech you, lest she, being offended, furnish you with a pair of horns, shapen by the pattern of those which she made for Actæon. The goodly Bacchus also carries horns,—Pan, Jupiter Ammon, with a great many others. Are they all cuckolds? If Jove be a cuckold, Juno is a whore. This follows by the figure metalepsis; as to call a child, in the presence of his father and mother, a bastard[5] or whore's son, is tacitly and underboard, no less than if he had said openly, the father is a cuckold, and his wife a punk. Let our discourse come nearer to the purpose. The horns that my wife did make me are horns of abundance, planted and grafted in my head for the increase and shooting up of all good things. This will I affirm for truth, upon my word, and pawn my faith and credit both upon it. As for the rest, I will be no less joyful, frolic, glad, cheerful, merry, jolly, and gamesome, than a well-bended tabor in the hands of a good drummer at a nuptial feast, still making a noise, still rolling, still buzzing and cracking. Believe me, sir, in that consisteth none of my least good fortunes. And my wife will be jocund, feat, compt, neat, quaint, dainty, trim, tricked up, brisk, smirk, and smug, even as a pretty little Cornish chough. Who will not believe this, let hell or the gallows be the burden of his Christmas carol.

I remark, quoth Pantagruel, the last point or particle which you did speak of, and, having seriously conferred it with the first, find that at the beginning you were delighted with the sweetness of your dream; but in the end and final closure of it you

[5] *A bastard.—Avoistre:* an old French word for a child got in *avouterie* (as Chaucer calls it), *i.e.*, adultery.

startingly awaked, and on a sudden were forthwith vexed in choler, and annoyed. Yea, quoth Panurge, the reason of that was, because I had fasted too long. Flatter not yourself, quoth Pantagruel; all will go to ruin. Know for a certain truth, that every sleep that endeth with a starting, and leaves the person irksome, grieved, and fretting, doth either signify a present evil, or otherwise presageth and portendeth a future imminent mishap. To signify an evil, that is to say, to show some sickness hardly curable, a kind of pestilentious or malignant boil, botch, or sore, lying and lurking hid, occult, and latent within the very centre of the body, which many times doth by the means of sleep, whose nature is to reinforce and strengthen the faculty and virtue of concoction, begin according to the theorems of physic to declare itself, and moves toward the outward superfices. At this sad stirring is the sleeper's rest and ease disturbed and broken, whereof the first feeling and stinging smart admonisheth, that he must patiently endure great pain and trouble, and thereunto provide some remedy: as when we say proverbially, to incense hornets, move a stinking puddle, and to awake a sleeping lion, instead of these more usual expressions, and of a more familiar and plain meaning,—to provoke angry persons, to make a thing the worse by meddling with it, and to irritate a testy choleric man when he is at quiet. On the other part, to presage or foretell an evil, especially in what concerneth the exploits of the soul, in matter of somnial divinations, is as much as to say as that it giveth us to understand, that some dismal fortune or mischance is destinated and prepared for us, which shortly will not fail to come to pass. A clear and evident example hereof is to be found in the dream and dreadful awakening of Hecuba, as likewise in

that of Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus, neither of which was no sooner finished, saith Ennius, but that incontinently thereafter they awaked in a start, and were affrighted horribly. Thereupon these accidents ensued: Hecuba had her husband Priamus, together with her children, slain before her eyes, and saw then the destruction of her country; and Eurydice died speedily thereafter in a most miserable manner. Æneas, dreaming that he spoke to Hector a little after his decease, did on a sudden, on a great start, awake, and was afraid. Now hereupon did follow this event: Troy that same night was spoiled, sacked, and burnt. At another time the same Æneas, dreaming that he saw his familiar Genii and Penates, in a ghastly fright and astonishment awaked, of which terror and amazement the issue was, that the very next day subsequent, by a most horrible tempest on the sea, he was like to have perished, and been cast away. Moreover, Turnus being prompted, instigated, and stirred up by the fantastic vision of an infernal fury, to enter into a bloody war against Æneas, awaked in a start much troubled and disquieted in spirit, in sequel whereof, after many notable and famous routs, defeats, and discomfitures in open field, he came at last to be killed in a single combat by the said Æneas. A thousand other instances I could afford, if it were needful, of this matter. Whilst I relate these stories of Æneas, remark the saying of Fabius Pictor, who faithfully averred, That nothing had at any time befallen unto, was done, or enterprised by him, whereof he had not previously had notice, and before-hand foreseen it to the full, by sure predictions altogether founded on the oracles of somnial divination. To this there is no want of pregnant reasons, no more than of examples. For if repose and rest in sleeping be a

special gift and favour of the gods, as is maintained by the philosophers, and by the poet attested in these lines,

> Then sleep, that heavenly gift, came to refresh
> Of human labourers the wearied flesh.
> Virg. Æneid ii., 368.

Such a gift or benefit can never finish or terminate in wrath and indignation, without portending some unlucky fate, and most disastrous fortune to ensue. Otherwise it were a molestation, and not an ease; a scourge, and not a gift; at least, not proceeding from the gods above, but from the infernal devils our enemies, according to the common vulgar saying.

Suppose the lord, father, or master of a family, sitting at a very sumptuous dinner, furnished with all manner of good cheer, and having at his entry to the table his appetite sharp-set upon his victuals, whereof there was great plenty, should be seen rise in a start, and on a sudden fling out of his chair, abandoning his meat, frighted, appalled, and in a horrid terror, who should not know the cause hereof would wonder, and be astonished exceedingly. But what? he heard his male servants cry, Fire, fire, fire, fire! his serving maids and women yell, Stop thief, stop thief! and all his children shout as loud as ever they could, Murder, O murder, murder! Then was it not high time for him to leave his banqueting, for application of a remedy in haste, and to give speedy order for succouring of his distressed household? Truly, I remember that the Cabalists and Massorets, interpreters of the sacred Scriptures, in treating how with verity one might judge of evangelical apparitions (because oftentimes the angel of Satan is disguised and transfigured into an angel of light), said, That the difference of these

two mainly did consist in this. The favourable and comforting angel useth in his appearance unto man at first to terrify and hugely affright him, but in the end he bringeth consolation, leaveth the person who hath seen him, joyful, well-pleased, fully content, and satisfied. On the other side, the angel of perdition, that wicked, devilish, and malignant spirit, at his appearance unto any person, in the beginning cheereth up the heart of his beholder, but at last forsakes him, and leaves him troubled, angry, and perplexed.

CHAPTER XV

PANURGE'S EXCUSE AND EXPOSITION OF THE MONASTIC MYSTERY CONCERNING POWDERED BEEF

THE Lord save those who see, and do not hear! quoth Panurge. I see you well enough, but know not what it is that you have said. The hunger-starved belly wanteth ears. For lack of victuals, before God! I roar, bray, yell, and fume, as in a furious madness. I have performed too hard a task to-day, an extraordinary work indeed. He shall be craftier, and do far greater wonders than ever did Mr Mush, who shall be able any more this year to bring me on the stage of preparation for a dreaming verdict. Fie! not to sup at all, that is the devil. Pox take that fashion! Come, Friar John, let us go break our fast; for if I hit on such a round refection in the morning, as will serve thoroughly to fill the mill-hopper and hogs-hide of my stomach, and furnish it with meat and drink sufficient, then at a

pinch, as in the case of some extreme necessity which presseth, I could make a shift that day to forbear dining. But not to sup! A plague rot that base custom, which is an error offensive to Nature. That lady made the day for exercise, to travel, work, wait on, and labour in each his negotiation and employment; and, that we may with the more fervency and ardour prosecute our business, she sets before us a clear burning candle, to wit, the sun's resplendency; and at night, when she begins to take the light from us, she thereby tacitly implies no less, than if she would have spoken thus unto us: My lads and lasses, all of you are good and honest folks; you have wrought well to-day, toiled and turmoiled enough,—the night approacheth,—therefore cast off these moiling cares of yours, desist from all your swinking painful labours, and set your minds how to refresh your bodies in the renewing of their vigour with good bread, choice wine, and store of wholesome meats; then may you take some sport and recreation, and after that lie down and rest yourselves, that you may strongly, nimbly, lustily, and with the more alacrity to-morrow attend on your affairs as formerly.

Falconers in like manner, when they have fed their hawks, will not suffer them to fly on a full gorge, but let them on a perch abide a little, that they may rouse, bait, tower, and soar the better. That good Pope, who was the first institutor of fasting, understood this well enough; for he ordained that our fast should reach but to the hour of noon; all the remainder of that day was at our disposure, freely to eat and feed at any time thereof. In ancient times there were but few that dined—as you would say, some churchmen, monks, and canons, for they have little other occupation. Each day is a

festival unto them who diligently heed the claustral proverb, *De missa ad mensam.* They do not use to linger and defer their sitting down and placing of themselves at table, only so long as they have a mind in waiting for the coming of the abbot; so they fell to without ceremony, terms, or conditions; and everybody supped, unless it were some vain, conceited, dreaming dotard. Hence was a supper called cæna, which showeth that it is common to all sorts of people. Thou knowest it well, Friar John. Come, let us go, my dear friend, in the name of all the devils in the infernal regions, let us go. The gnawings of my stomach in this rage of hunger are so tearing, that they make it bark like a mastiff. Let us throw some bread and beef into his throat to pacify him, as once the sibyl did to Cerberus. Thou likest best monastical brewess, the prime, the flower of the pot. I am for the solid, principal verb that comes after—the good brown loaf, always accompanied with a round slice of the Nine-lecture-powdered labourer. I know thy meaning, answered Friar John; this metaphor is extracted out of the claustral kettle. The labourer is the ox, that hath wrought and done the labour; after the fashion of nine lectures, that is to say, most exquisitely well and thoroughly boiled. These holy religious fathers, by a certain cabalistic institution of the ancients, not written, but carefully by tradition conveyed from hand to hand, rising betimes to go to morning prayers, were wont to flourish that their matutinal devotion with some certain notable preambles before their entry into the church, viz., They dunged in the dungeries, pissed in the pisseries, spit in the spitteries, melodiously coughed in the cougheries, and doted in their doteries, that to the divine service they might not bring anything that was unclean or

foul. These things thus done, they very zealously made their repair to the Holy Chapel, for so was in their canting language termed the convent kitchen, where they with no small earnestness had care that the beef pot should be put on the crook for the breakfast of the religious brothers of our Lord and Saviour; and the fire they would kindle under the pot themselves. Now, the matins, consisting of nine lessons, were so incumbent on them, that they must have risen the earlier for the more expedite dispatching of them all. The sooner that they rose, the sharper was their appetite, and the barkings of their stomachs, and the gnawing increased in the like proportion, and consequently made these godly men thrice more a-hungered and a-thirst, than when their matins were hemmed over only with three lessons. The more betimes they rose, by the said cabal, the sooner was the beef pot put on; the longer that the beef was on the fire, the better it was boiled; the more it boiled, it was the tenderer; the tenderer that it was, the less it troubled the teeth, delighted more the palate, less charged the stomach,[1] and nourished our good religious men more substantially; which is the only end and prime intention of the first founders, as appears by this. That they eat, not to live, but live to eat, and in this world have nothing but their life. Let us go, Panurge.

Now have I understood thee, quoth Panurge, my plushcod friar, my caballine and claustral ballock. I freely quit the costs, interest, and charges, seeing

[1] *Less charged the stomach.*—In Francis the First's time powdered beef was much in vogue, even at gentlemen's tables; but much more in the convents, where, that it might digest the better with people that led an inactive life, they boiled it almost to rags.

you have so egregiously commented upon the most special chapter of the culinary and monastic cabal. Come along, my Carpalim, and you, Friar John, my leather-dresser. Good morrow to you all, my good lords: I have dreamed enough to drink. Let us go. Panurge had no sooner done speaking, than Epistemon, with a loud voice, said these words, It is a very ordinary and common thing amongst men to conceive, foresee, know, and presage the misfortune, bad luck, or disaster of another; but to have the understanding, providence, knowledge, and prediction of a man's own mishap, is very scarce, and rare to be found anywhere. This is exceeding judiciously and prudently deciphered by Æsop in his Apologues, who there affirmeth, That every man in the world carrieth about his neck a wallet, in the fore-bag whereof are contained the faults and mischances of others, always exposed to his view and knowledge; and in the other scrip thereof, which hangs behind, are kept the bearer's proper transgressions, and inauspicious adventures, at no time seen by him, nor thought upon, unless he be a person that hath a favourable aspect from the heavens.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW PANTAGRUEL ADVISETH PANURGE TO CONSULT WITH THE SIBYL OF PANZOUST

A LITTLE while thereafter Pantagruel sent for Panurge, and said unto him, The affection which I bear you being now inveterate, and settled in my mind by a long continuance of time, prompteth me to the

serious consideration of your welfare and profit; in order whereto, remark what I have thought thereon. It hath been told me that at Panzoust,[1] near Crouly, dwelleth a very famous sibyl, who is endowed with the skill of foretelling all things to come. Take Epistemon in your company, repair towards her, and hear what she will say unto you. She is possibly, quoth Epistemon, some Canidia,[2] Sagana, or Pythonissa, either whereof with us is vulgarly called a witch,—I being the more easily induced to give credit to the truth of this character of her, that the place of her abode is vilely stained with the abominable repute of abounding more with sorcerers and witches than ever did the plains of Thessaly.[3] I should not, to my thinking, go thither willingly, for that it seems to me a thing unwarrantable, and altogether forbidden in the law of Moses. We are not Jews, quoth Pantagruel, nor is it a matter judicially confessed by her, nor authentically proved by others, that she is a witch. Let us for the present suspend our judgment, and defer till after your return from thence the sifting and garbling of those niceties. How know we but that she may be an eleventh sibyl, or a second Cassandra? But although she were neither, and she did not merit the name or title of any of these renowned prophetesses, wha hazard, in the name of God, do you run, by offering to talk and confer with her, of the instant perplexity

[1] *Panzoust.*—A parish in the precinct of Poictiers. (Vid. note 'Ockam'; Book I., chap. viii., referring to the fact that Rabelais writes the letter *k* in a character resembling a *z*.

[2] *Canidia, etc.*—Famous sorceresses, mentioned by Horace, l. i. Sat. 8.

[3] *Thessaly.*—See Erasmus' Adages, at the words *Thessala mulier.* [The scene of Apuleius' *The Golden Ass* is Thessaly; Rabelais had evidently the story in his mind when writing this and the following chapters.]

and perturbation of your thoughts? Seeing especially, and which is most of all, she is, in the estimation of those that are acquainted with her, held to know more, and to be of a deeper reach of understanding, than is either customary to the country wherein she liveth, or to the sex whereof she is What hindrance, hurt, or harm doth the laudable desire of knowledge bring to any man, were it from a sot, a pot, a fool, a stool, a winter mittain, a truckle for a pully, the lid of a goldsmith's crucible, an oil bottle, or old slipper? You may remember [4] to have read, or heard at least, that Alexander the Great, immediately after his having obtained a glorious victory over the King Darius at Arbela, refused, in the presence of the splendid and illustrious courtiers that were about him, to give audience to a poor certain despicable-like fellow, who, through the solicitations and mediation of some of his royal attendants, was admitted humbly to beg that grace and favour of him. But sore did he repent, although in vain, a thousand and ten thousand times thereafter, the surly state which he then took upon him to the denial of so just a suit, the grant whereof would have been worth unto him the value of a brace of potent cities. He was indeed victorious in Persia, but withal so far distant from Macedonia, his hereditary kingdom, that the joy of the one did not expel the extreme grief which through occasion of the other he had inwardly conceived; for not being able with all his power to find or invent a convenient mean and expedient, how to get or come by the certainty of any news from thence, both by reason of the huge remoteness of the places from one to another, as also because of the impeditive inter-

[4] *You may remember.*—This anecdote is taken from Lucian's '*Ridiculous Orator.*'

position of many great rivers, the interjacent obstacle of divers wild deserts, and obstructive interjection of sundry almost inaccessible mountains,—whilst he was in this sad quandary and solicitous pensiveness, which, you may suppose, could not be a small vexation to him, considering that it was a matter of no great difficulty to run over his whole native soil, possess his country, seize on his kingdom, instal a new king in the throne, and plant thereon foreign colonies, long before he could come to have any advertisement of it,—for obviating the jeopardy of so dreadful inconveniency, and putting a fit remedy thereto, a certain Sidonian merchant of a low stature, but high fancy, very poor in show, and, to the outward appearance, of little or no account, having presented himself before him, went about to affirm and declare, that he had excogitated and hit upon a ready mean and way, by the which those of his territories at home should come to the certain notice of his Indian victories, and himself be perfectly informed of the state and condition of Egypt and Macedonia, within less than five days. Whereupon the said Alexander, plunged into a sullen animadvertency of mind, through his rash opinion of the improbability of performing a so strange and impossible-like undertaking, dismissed the merchant without giving ear to what he had to say, and vilified him. What could it have cost him to hearken unto what the honest man had invented and contrived for his good? What detriment, annoyance, damage, or loss could he have undergone to listen to the discovery of that secret, which the good fellow would have most willingly revealed unto him? Nature, I am persuaded, did not without a cause frame our ears open, putting thereto no gate at all, nor shutting them up with any manner of inclosures,

as she hath done upon the tongue, the eyes, and other such out-jetting parts of the body. The cause, as I imagine, is, to the end that every day and every night, and that continually, we may be ready to hear, and by a perpetual hearing apt to learn. For, of all the senses, it is the fittest for the reception of the knowledge of arts, sciences, and disciplines; and it may be, that man was an angel, that is to say, a messenger sent from God, as Raphael was to Tobit. Too suddenly did he contemn, despise, and misregard him; but too long thereafter, by an untimely and too late repentance, did he do penance for it. You say very well, answered Epistemon, yet shall you never for all that induce me to believe, that it can tend any way to the advantage or commodity of a man, to take advice and counsel of a woman, namely, of such a woman, and the woman of such a country. Truly I have found, quoth Panurge, a great deal of good in the counsel of women, chiefly in that of the old wives amongst them; for, every time I consult with them, I readily get a stool or two extraordinary, to the great solace of my bum-gut passage. They are as sleuth-hounds in the infallibility of their scent, and in their sayings no less sententious than the rubrics of the law.[5] Therefore in my conceit it is not an improper kind of speech to call them sage or wise women. In conformation of which opinion of mine, the customary style of my language alloweth them the denomination of presage women. The epithet of sage is due unto them, because they are surpassing dexterous in the knowledge of most things. And I give them the title of presage, for that they

[5] *Rubrics of the law.*—The head lines (marking the division of subjects or their sub-divisions) of the old books of law were written or printed in red.

divinely foresee, and certainly foretell future contingencies, and events of things to come. Sometimes I call them not maunettes,[6] but monettes, from their wholesome monitions. Whether it be so, as Pythagoras, Socrates, Empedocles, and our master Ortuinus.[7] I furthermore praise and commend above the skies the ancient memorable institution of the pristine Germans, who ordained the responses and documents of old women to be highly extolled, most cordially reverenced, and prized at a rate in nothing inferior to the weight, test, and standard of the sanctuary. And as they were respectfully prudent in receiving of these sound advices, so by honouring and following them did they prove no less fortunate in the happy success of all their endeavours. Witness the old wife Aurinia,[8] and the good mother Velleda, in the days of Vespasian. You need not any way doubt, but that feminine old age is always fructifying in qualities sublime—I would have said sibylline. Let us go, by the help, let us go, by the virtue of God, let us go. Farewell, Friar John, I recommend the care of my codpiece to you. Well, quoth Epistemon, I will follow you, with this protestation

[6] *Maunettes.*—Malnettes,—sluts. *Malè nitidæ.*

[7] *Master Ortuinus.*—The same to whom the famous 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum' are addressed. In one of them a certain person, called Conrad Stildriot, tells Ortuinus, that by not sticking to some old woman, as he did, the said doctor had given offence to, and scandalised the whole city of Cologne, in getting Henry Quantel the bookseller's maid with child. Perhaps Rabelais here would give us to understand that Ortuinus, grown wiser and more cautious by the noise this affair had made, even followed his old nurse's counsel, who was continually preaching to him to have to do with no other woman but herself.

[8] *Aurinia.*—See Tacitus, De Moribus Germanorum; Cæsar, Comment. l. i.; the Lives of Marius, and of Cæsar, in Plutarch, etc.

nevertheless, that if I happen to get a sure information, or otherwise find, that she doth use any kind of charm or enchantment in her responses, it may not be imputed to me for a blame to leave you at the gate of her house, without accompanying you any further in.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW PANURGE SPOKE TO THE SIBYL OF PANZOUST

THEIR voyage was six days journeying. On the seventh whereof, was shown unto them the house of the vaticinatress, standing on the knap or top of a hill, under a large and spacious walnut-tree. Without great difficulty they entered into that straw-thatched cottage, scurvily built, naughtily moveabled, and all besmoked. It matters not, quoth Epistemon; Heraclitus, the grand Scotist, and tenebrous darksome philosopher, was nothing astonished at his introit into such a coarse and paltry habitation; for he did usually show forth unto his sectators and disciples, that the gods made as cheerfully their residence in these mean homely mansions, as in sumptuous magnificent palaces, replenished with all manner of delight, pomp, and pleasure. I withal do really believe, that the dwelling-place of the so famous and renowned Hecate was just such another petty cell as this is, when she made a feast therein to the valiant Theseus; and that of no other better structure was the cot or cabin of Hyreus, or Œnopion, wherein Jupiter, Neptune, and Mercury were not ashamed, all three together, to harbour

and sojourn a whole night, and there to take a full and hearty repast; and, in payment of the shot, they thankfully pissed Orion. They finding the ancient woman at a corner of her own chimney, Epistemon said, She is indeed a true sibyl, and the lively portrait of one represented by the Γρηῒ καμινοῖ of Homer.[1] The old hag was in a pitiful bad plight and condition, in matter of the outward state and complexion of her body, the ragged and tattered equipage of her person, in the point of accoutrement, and beggarly poor provision of fare for her diet and entertainment; for she was ill-apparelled, worse nourished, toothless, blear-eyed, crook-shouldered, snotty, her nose still dropping, and herself still drooping, faint and pithless; whilst in this wofully wretched case she was making ready, for her dinner, porridge of wrinkled green coleworts, with a swerd of yellow bacon, mixed with a twice-before-cooked sort of waterish, unsavoury broth,[2] extracted out of bare and hollow bones. Epistemon said, By the cross of a groat, we are to blame, nor shall we get from her any response at all, for we have not brought along with us the branch of gold. I have, quoth Panurge, provided pretty well for that, for here I have it within my bag, in the substance of a gold ring, accompanied with some fair pieces of small money.

[1] The words are Homer's in his Odyss. l. xviii. ver. 27. Γρηῒ καμινοῖ ἶσος, or *vetulæ fuliginosæ similis*; a comparison made by that scurrilous scrub Irus, who being deceived by the piteous mien and dress of Ulysses, likens that great man to an old woman, who, not having once quitted her fireside during the whole winter, had been all that time a smoke-drying herself in the chimney corner.

[2] *Unsavoury broth, etc.—Savorados:* a Limosin word, says Cotgrave, for this same bone-broth. [The description of the sybil and her repast is almost identical with that which Petronius gives of Œnothea's entertainment of Polyænos, *Satyricon*, c. xvi.]

No sooner were these words spoken, when Panurge, coming up towards her after the ceremonial performance of a profound and humble salutation,[3] presented her six neats' tongues dried in the smoke, a great butter-pot full of fresh cheese,[4] a boracho furnished with good beverage, and a ram's cod stored with single pence, newly coined. At last he, with a low courtesy, put on her medical finger a pretty handsome golden ring, whereinto was right artificially enchased a precious toadstone of Beausse. This done, in few words and very succinctly did he set open and expose unto her the motive reason of his coming, most civilly and courteously entreating her, that she might be pleased to vouchsafe to give an ample and plenary intelligence concerning the future good luck of his intended marriage.

The old trot for a while remained silent, pensive, and grinning like a dog; then, after she had set her withered breech upon the bottom of a bushel, she took into her hands three old spindles, which when she had turned and whirled betwixt her fingers very diversely, and after several fashions, she pried more narrowly into, by the trial of their points, the sharpest whereof she retained in her hand, and

[3] *Profound salutation.*—This way of saluting is according to the rules, as Beroalde de Verville, in his 'Le Moyen de Parvenir,' asserts. His words are, 'When the gentleman was going to make a very low bow to the lady, Pray, sir, said she, forbear your compliments; none of your hat; I beseech you be covered, sir. Pray, madam, says he, forbear curtseying; none of your buttocks; I beseech you stand upright, madam.' Thus the men salute with their hat, and the women with their breeches.

[4] *Fresh cheese.*—*Coscotons* in the original, which though Cotgrave calls fresh cheese, and likewise curds, is quite another sort of belly timber, according to the Sieur Mouette's description of it, in the account he gives of his captivity at Fez and Morocco. It is an African *olla podrida*, and promises to be a very good dish. The natives call it *cuscusu*.

threw the other two under a stone trough. After this she took a pair of yarn windles, which she nine times unintermittedly veered, and frisked about; then at the ninth revolution or turn, without touching them any more, maturely perpending the manner of their motion, she very demurely waited on their repose and cessation from any further stirring. In sequel whereof, she pulled off one of her wooden pattens, put her apron over her head, as a priest uses to do his amice, when he is going to sing mass, and with a kind of antic, gaudy, party-coloured string,[5] knit it under her neck. Being thus covered and muffled, she whiffed off a lusty good draught out of the boracho, took three several pence forth of the ram-cod fob, put them into so many walnut shells, which she set down upon the bottom of a feather-pot, and then, after the had given them three whisks of a broom besom athwart the chimney, casting into the fire half a bavin of long heather, together with a branch of dry laurel, she observed with a very hush and coy silence, in what form they did burn, and saw that, although they were in a flame, they made no kind of noise, or crackling din. Hereupon she gave a most hideous and horribly dreadful shout, muttering betwixt her teeth some few barbarous words, of a strange termination.

This so terrified Panurge that he forthwith said to Epistemon, The devil mince me into a gallimaufry, if I do not tremble for fear! I do not think but that I am now enchanted; for she uttereth not her voice in the terms of any Christian language. O look! I pray you, how she seemeth unto me to be by three full spans higher than she

[5] *Party-coloured string.*—The equipage of the old heathen sorceresses. See Lucian's false prophet.

was when she began to hood herself with her apron. What meaneth this restless wagging of her slouchy chaps? What can be the signification of the uneven shrugging of her hulchy shoulders? To what end does she quaver with her lips, like a monkey in the dismembering of a lobster? My ears through horror glow; ah! how they tingle! I think I hear the shrieking of Proserpina; the devils are breaking loose to be all here. O the foul, ugly, and deformed beasts! Let us run away! by the hook of God I am like to die for fear! I do not love the devils; they vex me, and are unpleasant fellows. Now let us fly, and betake us to our heels. Farewell, Gammer, thanks and gra'mercy for your goods! I will not marry, no, believe me, I will not. I fairly quit my interest therein, and totally abandon and renounce it from this time forward, even as much as at present. With this, as he endeavoured to make an escape out of the room, the old crone did anticipate his flight, and make him stop. The way how she prevented him was this. Whilst in her hand she held the spindle, she hurried out to a back-yard close by her lodge, where, after she had peeled off the bark of an old sycamore three several times, she very summarily, upon eight leaves which dropped from thence, wrote with the spindle-point some curt and briefly-couched verses, which she threw into the air, then said unto them, Search after them if you will; find them if you can; the fatal destinies of your marriage are written in them.

No sooner had she done thus speaking than she did withdraw herself unto her lurking-hole, where on the upper seat of the porch she tucked up her gown, her coats and smock, as high as her arm-pits, and gave them a full inspection of the nockandroe:[6]

[6] *The nockandroe.—Le cul, etc.*

which being perceived by Panurge, he said to Epistemon, God's bodikins, I see the sibyl's hole,[7] where many have perished, in seeing: let's fly this hole. She suddenly then bolted the gate behind her, and was never since seen any more. They jointly ran in haste after the fallen and dispersed leaves, and gathered them at last, though not without great labour and toil, for the wind had scattered them amongst the thornbushes of the valley. When they had ranged them each after other in their due places, they found out their sentence, as it is metrified in this octastic:

Thy fame upheld,[8]
Even so, so;
And she with child
Of thee: No.
Thy good end
Suck she shall,
And flay thee, friend,
But not all.

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[7] *The Sibyl's hole.*—Virgil, Æneid, l. 6, v. 10.

'Horrendæque procul secreta Sibyllæ,
Antrum immane petit.'

[8] *Thy fame upheld, Even so, so.* These two Lilliputian lines are wrong in the English, and should run thus, as the reader will see presently:

Thy fame will be shell'd,
By her, I trow, etc.

T'esgoussera
De renom.
Engroissera,
De toy non.
Te suggera
Le bon bout.
T'escorchera,
Mais non tout.

These are the eight verses, which must be read in this order. They were traced on so many sycamore leaves.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL AND PANURGE DID DIVERSELY EXPOUND THE VERSES OF THE SIBYL OF PANZOUST

THE leaves being thus collected, and orderly disposed, Epistemon and Panurge returned to Pantagruel's court, partly well pleased, and other part discontented: glad for their being come back, and vexed for the trouble they had sustained by the way, which they found to be craggy, rugged, stony, rough, and ill adjusted. They made an ample and full relation of their voyage unto Pantagruel; as likewise of the estate and condition of the sibyl. Then having presented to him the leaves of the sycamore, they showed him the short and twattle verses that were written in them. Pantagruel, having read and considered the whole sum and substance of the matter, fetched from his heart a deep and heavy sigh, then said to Panurge, You are now, forsooth, in a good taking, and have brought your hogs to a fine market. The prophecy of the sibyl doth explain and lay out before us the very same predictions which have been denoted, foretold, and presaged to us by the decree of the Virgilian lots, and the verdict of your own proper dreams; to wit, that you shall be very much disgraced, shamed, and discredited by your wife: for that she will make you a cuckold, in prostituting herself to others, being big with child by another than you,—will steal from you a great deal of your goods, and will beat you, scratch and bruise you, even to plucking the skin in a part from off you; will leave the print of her blows in some member of your body. You understand as much, answered Panurge, in the veritable interpretation

and expounding of recent prophecies, as a sow in the matter of spicery.[1] Be not offended, Sir, I beseech you, that I speak thus boldly; for I find myself a little in choler, and that not without cause, seeing it is the contrary that is true. Take heed, and give attentive ear unto my words. The old wife said, That as the bean is not seen till first it be unhusked, and that its swad or hull be shaled, and peeled from off it, so it is that my virtue and transcendant worth will never come by the mouth of fame to be blazed abroad, proportionable to the height, extent, and measure of the excellency thereof, until preallably I get a wife, and make the full half of a married couple. How many times have I heard you say, that the function of a magistrate, and office of dignity, discovereth the merits, parts, and endowments of the person so advanced and promoted, and what is in him! That is to say, we are then best able to judge aright of the deservings of a man, when he is called to the management of affairs: for, when before he lived in a private condition, we could have no more certain knowledge of him, than of a bean within his husk. And thus stands the first article explained: otherwise could you imagine, that the good fame, repute, and estimation of an honest man should depend upon the tail of a whore?

Now to the meaning of the second article! My wife will be with child, here lies the prime felicity of marriage, but not of me. Copsody, that I do believe indeed! It will be of a pretty little infant. O how heartily I shall love it! I do already dote upon it; for it will be my dainty feedle-darling, my

[1] *As a sow in the matter of spicery.*—The proverb which speaks ironically of a sow's taste for spicery, has its analogue in English —'He knows no more of the business than a sow of tossing a pancake.'

genteel dilly-minion. From thenceforth no vexation, care, or grief shall take such deep impression in my heart, how hugely great or vehement soever it otherwise appear, but that it shall vanish forthwith, at the sight of that my future babe, and at the hearing of the chat and prating of its childish gibberish. And blessed be the old wife. By my truly, I have a mind to settle some good revenue or pension upon her, out of the readiest increase of the lands of my Salmigondinois; not an inconstant, and uncertain rent-seek, like that of witless, giddy-headed bachelors, but sure and fixed, of the nature of the well-paid incomes of regenting doctors. If this interpretation doth not please you, think you my wife will bear me in her flanks, conceive with me, and be of me delivered, as women use in childbed to bring forth their young ones; so as that it may be said, Panurge is a second Bacchus, he hath been twice born; he is re-born, as was Hippolytus,—as was Proteus, one time of Thetis, and secondly, of the mother of the philosopher Apollonius,[2] as were the two Palici,[3] near the flood Simæthos in Sicily. His wife was big of child with him. In him is renewed and begun again the palintokis[4] of the Megarians, and the palingenesis[5] of Democritus. Fie upon such errors! To hear stuff of that nature rends mine ears.

The words of the third article are: She will suck

[2] *The mother, etc.*—See Philostratus, l. i. c. iii. of Apollonius' life.

[3] *The two Palici.*—The two Palici or Palisci: twin sons of Jupiter and of the nymph Thalia, or Ætna, who, for fear of Juno, desired the earth to open and hide her; her prayer was granted, and in due time twin boys issued from the earth who were worshipped in the neighbourhood of Mount Ætna, near Palice.

[4] *The palintokis.*—See Plutarch, *on Greek Affairs*, question 18.

[5] *The palingenesis.*—*i.e.*, Second birth. See Cicero, *de Finibus*, lib. i.

me at my best end. Why not? That pleaseth me right well. You know the thing; I need not tell you, that it is my intercrural pudding with one end. I swear and promise, that, in what I can, I will preserve it sappy, full of juice, and as well victualled for her use as may be. She shall not suck me, I believe, in vain, nor be destitute of her allowance; there shall her justum both in peck and lippy be furnished to the full eternally. You expound this passage allegorically, and interpret it to theft and larceny. I love the exposition, and the allegory pleaseth me; but not according to the sense whereto you stretch it. It may be, that the sincerity of the affection which you bear me moveth you to harbour in your breasts those refractory thoughts concerning me, with a suspicion of my adversity to come. We have this saying from the learned, That a marvellously fearful thing is love, and that true love is never without fear. But, Sir, according to my judgment, you do understand both of and by yourself, that here stealth signifieth nothing else, no more than in a thousand other places of Greek and Latin, old and modern writings, but the sweet fruits of amorous dalliance, which Venus liketh best when reaped in secret, and culled by fervent lovers filchingly. Why so? I prithee tell. Because, when the feat of the loose coat skirmish happeneth to be done underhand and privily, between two well-disposed, athwart the steps of a pair of stairs, lurkingly, and in covert, behind a suit of hangings, or close hid and trussed upon an unbound faggot, it is more pleasing to the Cyprian goddess, and to me also,—I speak this without prejudice to any better, or more sound opinion,—than to perform that culbutizing art, after the Cynic manner, in the view of the clear sunshine, or in a rich tent, under a

precious stately canopy, within a glorious and sublime pavilion, or yet on a soft couch betwixt rich curtains of cloth of gold, without affrightment, at long intermediate respites, enjoying of pleasures and delights a bellyful, all at great ease, with a huge fly-flap fan of crimson satin, and a bunch of feathers of some East Indian ostrich, serving to give chase unto the flies all round about; whilst, in the interim, the female picks her teeth with a stiff straw, picked even then from out of the bottom of the bed she lies on. If you be not content with this my exposition, are you of the mind that my wife will suck and sup me up, as people used to gulp and swallow oysters out of the shell? or as the Cilician women, according to the testimony of Dioscorides,[6] were wont to do the grain of Alkermes? Assuredly that is an error. Who seizeth on it, doth neither gulch up, nor swill down, but takes away what hath been packed up, catcheth, snatcheth, and plies the play of hey-pass, repass.

The fourth article doth imply, that my wife will flay me, but not all. O the fine word! You interpret this to beating strokes and blows. Speak wisely. Will you eat a pudding? Sir, I beseech you to raise up your spirits above the low-sized pitch of earthly thoughts unto that height of sublime contemplation, which reacheth to the apprehension of the mysteries and wonders of dame Nature. And here be pleased to condemn yourself, by a renouncing of those errors which you have committed very grossly, and somewhat perversely, in expounding the prophetic sayings of the holy sibyl. Yet put the case (albeit I yield not to it), that, by the instigation of the devil, my wife should go about to wrong me, make me a cuckold down to my very breech, disgrace me otherways, steal my goods from me, yea,

[6] *Dioscorides.*—L. iv. c. xliii.

and lay violently her hands upon me;—she nevertheless should fail of her attempts, and not attain to the proposed end of her unreasonable undertakings. The reason which induceth me hereto, is totally grounded on this last point, which is extracted from the profoundest privacies of a monastic pantheology, as good Friar Arthur Wagtail told me once upon a Monday morning, as we were (if I have not forgot) eating a bushel of trotter-pies; and I remember well it rained hard. God give him the good morrow! The women at the beginning of the world, or a little after, conspired to flay the men quick, because they found the spirit of mankind inclined to domineer it, and bear rule over them upon the face of the whole earth; and, in pursuit of this their resolution, promised, confirmed, swore, and covenanted amongst themselves by the pure faith they owe to the nocturnal Sanct Rogero. But O the vain enterprises of women! O the great fragility of that sex feminine! They did begin to flay the man, or peel him[7] (as says Catullus), at that member which of all the body they loved best, to wit, the nervous and cavernous cane, and that above five thousand years ago; yet have they not of that small part alone flayed any more till this hour but the head. In mere despite whereof the Jews snip off that parcel of the skin in circumcision, choosing far rather to be called clipyards, rascals, than to be flayed by women, as are other nations. My wife, according to this female covenant, will flay it to me, if it be not so already. I heartily grant my consent thereto, but will not give her

[7] *Peel him.*—Catullus, Epigr. lviii., speaking to Cœlius of his faithless, false-hearted Lesbia—

> 'Nunc in quadriviis, et angiportis,
> *Glubit* magnanimos Remi nepotes.'

leave to flay it to all. Nay, truly will I not, my noble king!

Yea! quoth Epistemon, but you say nothing of her most dreadful cries and exclamations, when she and we both saw the laurel-bough burn without yielding any noise or crackling. You know it is a very dismal omen, an inauspicious sign, unlucky indice, and token formidable, bad, disastrous, and most unhappy, as is certified by Propertius, Tibullus, the quick philosopher Porphyrius, Eustathius on the Iliads of Homer, and by many others. Verily, verily, quoth Panurge, brave are the allegations which you bring me, and testimonies of two-footed calves. These men were fools, as they were poets; and dotards, as they were philosophers; full of folly, as they were of philosophy.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW PANTAGRUEL PRAISETH THE COUNSEL OF DUMB MEN

PANTAGRUEL, when this discourse was ended, held for a pretty while his peace, seeming to be exceeding sad and pensive, then said to Panurge, The malignant spirit misleads, beguileth and seduceth you. I have read, that in times past, the surest and most veritable oracles were not those which either were delivered in writing, or uttered by word of mouth in speaking. For many times, in their interpretation, right witty, learned and ingenious men have been deceived through amphibologies, equi-

voques, and obscurity of words, no less than by the brevity of their sentences. For which cause Apollo, the god or vaticination, was surnamed Λοξίας.[1] Those which were represented then by signs and outward gestures, were accounted the truest and the most infallible. Such was the opinion of Heraclitus. And Jupiter did himself in this manner give forth in Ammon frequently predictions. Nor was he single in this practice; for Apollo did the like amongst the Assyrians. His prophesying thus unto those people moved them to paint him with a large long beard, and clothes beseeming an old settled person, of a most posed, staid, and grave behaviour; not naked, young, and beardless, as he was pourtrayed most usually amongst the Grecians. Let us make trial of this kind of fatidicency; and go you, take advice of some dumb person without any speaking. I am content, quoth Panurge. But, says Pantagruel, it were requisite that the dumb you consult with be such as have been deaf from the hour of their nativity, and consequently dumb, for none can be so lively, natural, and kindly dumb, as he who never heard.

How is it, quoth Panurge, that you conceive this matter? If you apprehend it so, that never any spoke who had not before heard the speech of others, I will from that antecedent bring you to infer very logically a most absurd and paradoxical conclusion. But let it pass; I will not insist on it. You do not then believe what Herodotus wrote of two children, who at the special command and appointment of Psammeticus, King of Egypt, having been kept in a petty country cottage, where they were nourished and entertained in a perpetual silence, did at last, after a certain long space of time,

[1] Λοξίας.—See the Saturnalia of Macrobius, l. i. c. xvii.

pronounce this word Bec; which in the Phrygian language singnifieth Bread. Nothing less, quoth Pantagruel, do I believe, that it is a mere abusing of our understandings to give credit to the words of those who say that there is any such thing as a natural language. All speeches have had their primary origin from the arbitrary institutions, accords and agreements of nations in their respective condescendments to what should be noted and betokened by them. An articulate voice, according to the dialecticians, hath naturally no signification at all; for that the sense and meaning thereof did totally depend upon the good will and pleasure of the first deviser and imposer of it. I do not tell you this without a cause, for Bartholus, *Lib.* 5, *de Verb. Oblig.*, very seriously reporteth, that even in his time there was in Eugubia one named Sir Nello de Gabrielis, who, although he, by a sad mischance, became altogether deaf, understood, nevertheless, every one that talked in the Italian dialect howsoever he expressed himself; and that only by looking on his external gestures, and casting an attentive eye upon the divers motions of his lips and chaps. I have read, I remember also, in a very literate and eloquent author,[2] that Tyridates, King of Armenia, in the days of Nero, made a voyage to Rome, where he was received with great honour and solemnity, and with all manner of pomp and magnificence. Yea, to the end there might be a sempiternal amity and correspondence preserved betwixt him and the Roman Senate, there was no remarkable thing in the whole city which was not shown unto him. At his departure the Emperor bestowed upon him many

[2] *A very literate, etc.*—Lucian, in his Dialogue of Dancing. See Suetonius, Pliny, and Tacitus, on this Armenian king's visiting Nero.

ample donatives of an inestimable value: and besides, the more entirely to testify his affection towards him, heartily entreated him to be pleased to make choice of any whatsoever thing in Rome was most agreeable to his fancy; with a promise juramentally confirmed, that he should not be refused of his demand. Thereupon, after a suitable return of thanks for a so gracious offer, he required a certain Jack-pudding, whom he had seen to act his part most egregiously upon the stage, and whose meaning, albeit he knew not what it was he had spoken, he understood perfectly enough by the signs and gesticulations which he had made. And for this suit of his, in that he asked nothing else, he gave this reason,—That in the several wide and spacious dominions which were reduced under the sway and authority of his sovereign government, there were sundry countries and nations much differing from one another in language, with whom, whether he was to speak unto them, or give any answer to their requests, he was always necessitated to make use of divers sorts of truchmen and interpreters. Now, with this man alone, sufficient for supplying all their places, will that great inconveniency hereafter be totally removed; seeing he is such a fine gesticulator, and in the practice of chirology an artist so complete, expert and dexterous, that with his very fingers he doth speak. Howsoever, you are to pitch upon such a dumb one as is deaf by nature, and from his birth; to the end that his gestures and signs may be the more vividly and truly prophetic, and not counterfeit by the intermixture of some adulterate lustre and affectation. Yet whether this dumb person shall be of the male or female sex is in your option, lieth at your discretion, and altogether dependeth on your own election.

I would more willingly, quoth Panurge, consult with and be advised by a dumb woman, were it not that I am afraid of two things. The first is,—That the greater part of women, whatever it be that they see, do always represent unto their fancies, think and imagine, that it hath some relation to the sugared entering of the goodly ithyphallos, and graffing in the cleft of the overturned tree the quick-set imp of the pin of copulation. Whatever signs, shows, or gestures we shall make, or whatever our behaviour, carriage or demeanour shall happen to be in their view and presence, they will interpret the whole in reference to the act of androgynation, and the culbutizing exercise; by which means we shall be abusively disappointed of our designs, in regard that she will take all our signs for nothing else but tokens and representations of our desire to entice her unto the lists of a Cyprian combat, or catsenconny skirmish. Do you remember what happened at Rome[3] two hundred and threescore years after the foundation thereof? A young Roman gentleman encountering by chance at the foot of Mount Celion with a beautiful Latin lady named Verona, who from her very cradle upwards had always been both deaf and dumb, very civilly asked her, not without a chironomatic Italianising of his demand, with various jactitation of his fingers, and other gesticulations, as yet customary amongst the speakers of that country, What senators,[4] in her descent from the top of the hill, she had met with going up thither. For you are to conceive, that

[3] *What happened, etc.*—The ground-work and substance of this story is taken from Guevara, ch. xxxvii. of the original Spanish of the fabulous life he has given the world of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

[4] *What Senators.*—It is in the original, What hour of the day it was by the clock of the Tarpeian rock.

he, knowing no more of her deafness than dumbness, was ignorant of both. She in the meantime, who neither heard nor understood so much as one word of what he said, straight imagined, by all that she could apprehend in the lovely gesture of his manual signs, that what he then required of her was, what herself had a great mind to, even that which a young man doth naturally desire of a woman. Then was it, that by signs, which in all occurrences of venereal love are incomparably more attractive, valid and efficacious than words, she beckoned to him to come along with her to her house; which when he had done, she drew him aside to a privy room, and then made a most lively alluring sign unto him, to show that the game did please her. Whereupon, without any more advertisement, or so much as the uttering of one word on either side, they fell to, and brinquardised it lustily.

The other cause of my being averse from consulting with dumb women is,—That to our signs they would make no answer at all, but suddenly fall backwards in a divaricating posture, to intimate thereby unto us the reality of their consent to the supposed motion of our tacit demands. Or if they should chance to make any counter-signs responsory to our propositions, they would prove so foolish, impertinent, and ridiculous, that by them ourselves should easily judge their thoughts to have no excursion beyond the duffling academy. You know very well how at Brignoles, when the religious nun,[5]

[5] *When the religious nun, etc.*—This story was publicly told (though not with so much additional circumstance as Rabelais tells it) by a Dominican friar, a contemporary of Erasmus. He told it to his auditory, in order to divert them after a melancholy sermon he had been preaching to them on a Good Friday. See Erasmus in his colloquy intituled *Icthyophagia*, and l. i. of his De Arte Concionandi.

sister Fatbum, was made big with child by the young Stiffly-stand-to't, her pregnancy came to be known, and she, cited by the abbess, and in a full convention of the convent, accused of incest. Her excuse was, —That she did not consent thereto, but that it was done by the violence and impetuous force of the Friar Stiffly-stand-to't. Hereto the abbess very austerely replying, Thou naughty wicked girl, why didst thou not cry—a rape! a rape! then should all of us have run to thy succour, her answer was,— That the rape was committed in the dortor, where she durst not cry, because it was a place of sempiternal silence. But, quoth the abbess, thou roguish wench! why didst not thou then make some sign to those that were in the next chamber beside thee? To this she answered, That with her buttocks she made a sign unto them as vigorously as she could, yet never one of them did so much as offer to come to her help and assistance. But, quoth the abbess, thou scurvy baggage! why didst not thou tell it me immediately after the perpetration of the fact, that so we might orderly, regularly, and canonically have accused him? I would have done so, had the case been mine, for the clearer manifestation of mine innocency. I truly, madam, would have done the like with all my heart and soul, quoth sister Fatbum; but that fearing I should remain in sin, and in the hazard of eternal damnation, if prevented by a sudden death, I did confess myself to the father friar before he went out of the room, who, for my penance, enjoined me not to tell it, or reveal the matter unto any. It were a most enormous and horrid offence, detestable before God and the angels, to reveal a confession. Such an abominable wickedness would have possibly brought down fire from heaven, wherewith to have burnt the whole nunnery, and sent us

all headlong to the bottomless pit, to bear company with Corah, Dathan, and Abiram.

You will not, quoth Pantagruel, with all your jesting, make me laugh. I know that all the monks, friars, and nuns, had rather violate and infringe the highest of the commandments of God, than break the least of their provincial statutes. Take you therefore Goatsnose, a man very fit for your present purpose; for he is, and hath been, both dumb and deaf from the very remotest infancy of his childhood.

CHAPTER XX

HOW GOATSNOSE BY SIGNS MAKETH ANSWER TO PANURGE

Goatsnose being sent for, came the day thereafter to Pantagruel's court; at his arrival to which Panurge gave him a fat calf, the half of a hog, two puncheons of wine, one load of corn, and thirty franks of small money: then having brought him before Pantagruel, in presence of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, he made this sign unto him. He yawned a long time, and in yawning made, without his mouth, with the thumb of his right hand, the figure of the Greek letter *Tau*, by frequent reiterations. Afterwards he lifted up his eyes heavenwards, then turned them in his head like a she-goat in the painful fit of an abortive birth, in doing whereof he did cough and sigh exceeding heavily. This done, after that he had made demonstration of the want of his codpiece, he from under his shirt took his placket-racket in a

full gripe, making it therewith clack very melodiously betwixt his thighs: then, no sooner had he with his body stooped a little forwards, and bowed his left knee, but that immediately thereupon holding both his arms on his breast, in a loose saint-like posture, the one over the other, he paused awhile. Goatsnose looked wistly upon him, and having heedfully enough viewed him all over, he lifted up into the air his left hand, the whole fingers whereof he retained fist-ways closed together, except the thumb and the fore-finger, whose nails he softly joined and coupled to one another. I understand, quoth Pantagruel, what he meaneth by that sign. It denotes marriage, and withal the number thirty, according to the profession of the Pythagoreans. You will be married. Thanks to you, quoth Panurge, in turning himself towards Goatsnose, my little sewer, pretty master's mate, dainty baily, curious serjeant-marshal, and jolly catchpole leader. Then did he lift higher up than before his said left hand, stretching out all the five fingers thereof, and severing them as wide from one another as he possibly could get done. Here, says Pantagruel, doth he more amply and fully insinuate unto us, by the token which he showeth forth of the quinary number, that you shall be married. Yea, that you shall not only be affianced, betrothed, wedded, and married, but that you shall furthermore cohabit, and live jollily and merrily with your wife; for Pythagoras called five the nuptial nnmber, which, together with marriage, signifieth the consummation of matrimony, because it is composed of a ternary, the first of the odd, and binary, the first of the even numbers, as of a male and female knit and united together.[1] In very deed it was the fashion of old in

[1] *As of a male, etc.*—See Plutarch in his Questions concerning Roman Affairs.

the city of Rome at marriage festivals to light five wax tapers, nor was it permitted to kindle any more at the magnific nuptials of the most potent and wealthy; nor yet any fewer at the penurious weddings of the poorest and most abject of the world. Moreover in times past, the heathen, or paynims, implored the assistance of five deities, or of one, helpful, at least, in five several good offices to those that were to be married. Of this sort were the nuptial Jove; Juno, president of the feast; the fair Venus; Pitho, the goddess of eloquence and persuasion; and Diana, whose aid and succour was required to the labour of child-bearing. Then shouted Panurge, O the gentle Goatsnose, I will give him a farm near Cinais, and a windmill hard by Mirebalais! Hereupon the dumb fellow sneezeth with an impetuous vehemency, and huge concussion of the spirits of the whole body, withdrawing himself in so doing with a jerking turn towards the left hand. By the body of a fox new slain, quoth Pantagruel, what is that? This maketh nothing for your advantage; for he betokeneth thereby that your marriage will be inauspicious and unfortunate. This sneezing, according to the doctrine of Terpsion,[2] is the Socratic demon. If done towards the right side, it imports and portendeth, that boldly, and with all assurance, one may go whither he will, and do what he listeth, according to what deliberation he shall be pleased to have thereupon taken: his entries in the beginning, progress in his proceedings, and success in the events, and issues, will be all lucky, good, and happy. The quite contrary thereto is thereby implied and presaged, if it be done towards the left.[3]

[2] *Terpsion.*—See Plutarch, in his treatise of Socrates' Dæmon.

[3] *Towards the left.*—This was the doctrine of the Greeks, but

You, quoth Panurge, do take always the matter at the worst, and continually, like another Davus, cast in new disturbances and obstructions; nor ever yet did I know this old paltry Terpsion worthy of citation, but in points only of cozenage and imposture. Nevertheless, quoth Pantagruel, Cicero hath written I know not what[4] to the same purpose in his Second Book of Divination.

Panurge, then turning himself towards Goatsnose, made this sign unto him. He inverted his eyelids upwards, wrenched his jaws from the right to the left side, and drew forth his tongue half out of his mouth. This done, he posited his left hand wholly open, the mid-finger wholly excepted, which was perpendicularly placed upon the palm thereof, and set it just in the room where his codpiece had been. Then did he keep his right hand altogether shut up in a fist, save only the thumb, which he straight turned backwards directly under the right arm-pit, and settled it afterwards on that most eminent part of the buttocks, which the Arabs call Al-Katim. Suddenly thereafter he made this interchange; he held his right hand after the manner of the left, and posited it on the place wherein his codpiece sometime was, and retaining his left hand in the form and fashion of the right, he placed it upon his Al-Katim. This altering of hands did he reiterate nine several times; at the last whereof he reseated his eyelids into their own first natural position. Then doing the like also with his jaws and tongue,

that of the Romans was clean contrary. See Cicero, l. ii. De Divinatione.

[4] *I know not what, etc.*—*Quæ si suscipiamus*, says Cicero there, 'pedis offensio nobis, et abruptio corrigiæ, et sternutamenta erunt observanda.' Which, from his principles, does not suppose that any reasons can be grounded on sneezing at all, much less upon sneezing either on the right or left hand.

he did cast a squinting look upon Goatsnose, didder-ing and shivering his chaps, as apes use to do now-adays, and rabbits, whilst, almost starved with hunger, they are eating oats in the sheaf.

Then was it that Goatsnose, lifting up into the air his right hand wholly open and displayed, put the thumb thereof, even close unto its first articu-lation, between the two third joints of the middle and ring fingers, pressing about the said thumb thereof very hard with them both, and, whilst the remainent joints were contracted and shrunk in towards the wrist, he stretched forth with as much straightness as he could the fore and little fingers. That hand, thus framed and disposed of, he laid and posited upon Panurge's navel, moving withal con-tinually the aforesaid thumb, and bearing up, support-ing, or under-propping that hand upon the above-specified fore and little fingers, as upon two legs. Thereafter did he make in this posture his hand by little and little, and by degrees and pauses, succes-sively to mount from athwart the belly to the stomach, from whence he made it to ascend to the breast, even upwards to Panurge's neck, still gaining ground, till, having reached his chin, he had put within the concave of his mouth his afore-mentioned thumb: then fiercely brandishing the whole hand which he made to rub and grate against his nose, he heaved it further up, and made the fashion, as if with the thumb thereof he would have put out his eyes. With this Panurge grew a little angry and went about to withdraw, and rid himself from this ruggedly untoward dumb devil. But Goatsnose, in the meantime, prosecuting the intended purpose of his prognosticatory reponse, touched very rudely, with the above-mentioned shaking thumb, now his eyes, then his forehead, and, after that, the borders

and corners of his cap. At last, Panurge cried out, saying, Before God! master-fool, if you do not let me alone, or that you will presume to vex me any more, you shall receive from the best hand I have a mask, wherewith to cover your rascally scoundrel face, you paltry shitten varlet. Then said Friar John, He is deaf and doth not understand what thou sayest unto him. Bulli-ballock, make sign to him of a hail of fisticuffs upon the muzzle.

What the devil, quoth Panurge, means this busy restless fellow? What is it, that this polypragmonetic Aliboron [5] to all the fiends of hell doth aim at? He hath almost thrust out mine eyes, as if he had been to poach them in a skillet of butter and eggs. By God! *da jurandi* I will feast you with flirts and raps on the snout, interlarded with a double row of bobs and finger fillipings! Then did he leave him in giving him by way of salvo a volley of farts for his farewell. Goatsnose, perceiving Panurge thus to slip away from him, got before him, and, by mere strength enforcing him to stand, made this sign unto him. He let fall his right arm toward his knee on the same side as low as he could, and, raising all the fingers of that hand into a close fist, passed his dexter thumb betwixt the foremost and mid-fingers thereto belonging. Then scrubbing and swingeing a little with his left hand alongst, and upon the uppermost in the very bough of the elbow of the said dexter arm, the whole cubit thereof, by leisure, fair and softly, at these thumpatory warnings, did raise and elevate itself even to the elbow, and above it; on a sudden, did he then let it fall down

[5] *Aliboron.*—*i.e.*, a meddling fool. This sobriquet, which La Fontaine has bestowed on the ass in many of his fables, seems derived from the name of Oberon, King of Fairy Land, who plays an important rôle in the romances of the middle ages.

as low as before, and after that, at certain intervals and such spaces of time raising and abasing it, he made a show thereof to Panurge. This so incensed Panurge, that he forthwith lifted his hand, to have stricken the dumb roister, and given him a sound whirret on the ear, but that the respect and reverence which he carried to the presence of Pantagruel restrained his choler, and kept his fury within bounds and limits. Then said Pantagruel, If the bare signs now vex and trouble you, how much more grievously will you be perplexed and disquieted with the real things, which by them are represented and signified. All truths agree, and are consonant with one another. This dumb fellow prophesieth and foretelleth that you will be married, cuckolded, beaten and robbed. As for the marriage, quoth Panurge, I yield thereto, and acknowledge the verity of that point of his prediction; as for the rest I utterly abjure and deny it; and believe, Sir, I beseech you, if it may please you so to do, that in the matter of wives and horses[6] never any man was predestinated to a better fortune than I.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW PANURGE CONSULTETH WITH AN OLD FRENCH POET, NAMED RAMINAGROBIS

I NEVER thought, said Pantagruel, to have encountered with any man so headstrong in his apprehensions, or in his opinions so wilful, as I have

[6] *In the matter of wives and horses, etc.*—Alluding to a proverb, That there's more deceit in women and horses than in any other creatures whatever.

found you to be, and see you are. Nevertheless, the better to clear and extricate your doubts, let us try all courses, and leave no stone unturned, nor wind unsailed by. Take good heed to what I am to say unto you. The swans, which are fowls consecrated to Apollo, never chant but in the hour of their approaching death,[1] especially in the Meander flood, which is a river that runneth along some of the territories of Phrygia. This I say, because Ælianus and Alexander Myndius[2] write, that they had seen several swans in other places die, but never heard any of them sing or chant before their death. However, it passeth for current that the imminent death of a swan is presaged by his foregoing song, and that no swan dieth until preallably he have sung.

After the same manner poets, who are under the protection of Apollo, when they are drawing near their latter end, do ordinarily become prophets, and by the inspiration of that god sing sweetly, in vaticinating things which are to come. It hath been likewise told me frequently, that old decrepit men upon the brinks of Charon's banks do usher their decease with a disclosure, all at ease, to those that are desirous of such informations, of the determinate and assured truth of future accidents and contingencies. I remember also that Aristophanes, in a certain comedy of his, calleth the old folks Sibyls, Εἰθ' γέρων Σιβυλλιᾶ. For as when, being

[1] *The hour of their approaching death.*—See the Phædo of Plato, cap. 77, where Socrates beautifully compares his farewell discourse to the song of the dying swan.

[2] *Alexander Myndius.*—See Athenæus, l. ix. c. 25; Ovid, Heroid. Epist. vii. Dido to Æneas—

'Sic, ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.'

upon a pier by the shore, we see afar off mariners, seafaring men, and other travellers alongst the curled waves of azure Thetis within their ships, we then consider them in silence only, and seldom proceed any further than to wish them a happy and prosperous arrival: but, when they do approach near to the haven, and come to wet their keels within their harbour, then both with words and gestures we salute them, and heartily congratulate their access safe to the port wherein we are ourselves;—just so the angels, heroes, and good demons, according to the doctrine of the Platonics, when they see mortals drawing near unto the harbour of the grave, as the most sure and calmest port of any, full of repose, ease, rest, tranquillity, free from the troubles and solicitudes of this tumultuous and tempestuous world; then is it that they with alacrity hail and salute them, cherish and comfort them, and, speaking to them lovingly, begin even then to bless them with illuminations, and to communicate unto them the abstrusest mysteries of divination. I will not offer here to confound your memory by quoting antique examples of Isaac, of Jacob, of Patroclus towards Hector, of Hector towards Achilles, of Polymnestor towards Agamemnon, of Hecuba, of the Rhodian renowned by Posidonius, of Calanus[3] the Indian towards Alexander the Great, of Orodes[4] towards Mezentius, and of many others. It shall suffice for the present, that I commemorate unto you the learned and valiant knight and cavalier, William of Bellay, late Lord of Langey, who died on the Hill of Tarara, the 10th of January, in the climacteric year of his age, and of our supputation 1543, according to the Roman

[3] *Calanus.*—See Plutarch in Alexander's life.

[4] *Orodes.*—See l. x. of the Æneid.

account. The last three or four hours of his life he did employ in the serious utterance of a very pithy discourse, whilst with a clear judgment, and spirit void of all trouble, he did foretell several important things, whereof a great deal is come to pass, and the rest we wait for. Howbeit, his prophecies did at that time seem unto us somewhat strange, absurd, and unlikely; because there did not then appear any sign of efficacy enough to engage our faith to the belief of what he did prognosticate. We have here, near to the town of Villaumere, a man that is both old and a poet, to wit, Raminagrobis,[5] who to his second wife espoused my Lady Broadsow,[6] on whom he begot the fair Basoche. It hath been told me he is a-dying, and so near unto his latter end, that he is almost upon the very last moment, point, and article thereof. Repair thither as fast as you can, and be ready to give an attentive ear to what he shall chant unto you. It may be, that you shall obtain from him what you desire, and that Apollo will be pleased by his means to clear your scruples. I am content, quoth Panurge. Let us go thither, Epistemon, and that both instantly and in all haste, least otherwise his death prevent our coming. Wilt thou come along with us, Friar John? Yes, that I will, quoth Friar John, right heartily to do thee a courtesy, my billy-ballocks; for I love thee with the best of my milt and liver.

Thereupon, incontinently, without any further

[5] *Raminagrobis.*—See Duchat on the etymology and meaning of Raminagrobis, by which Rabelais understood Guillaume Cretin, a famous poet in the reigns of King Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I.

[6] *Lady Broadsow.*—*La grande Gourre. Gorre* is a sow. It is also applied to a debauched woman. The citizens of Paris bestowed the name on Isabella of Bavaria.

lingering, to the way they all three went, and quickly thereafter—for they made good speed—arriving at the poetical habitation, they found the jolly old man, albeit in the agony of his departure from this world, looking cheerfully, with an open countenance, splendid aspect, and behaviour full of alacrity. After that Panurge had very civilly saluted him, he in a free gift did present him with a gold ring, which he even then put upon the medical finger of his left hand, in the collet or bezle whereof was enchased an oriental sapphire, very fair and large. Then, in imitation of Socrates, did he make an oblation unto him of a fair white cock; which was no sooner set upon the tester of his bed, than that with a high-raised head and crest, lustily shaking his feather-coat, he crowed stentoriphonically loud. This done, Panurge very courteously required of him, that he would vouchsafe to favour him with the grant and report of his sense and judgment touching the future destiny of his intended marriage. For answer hereto, when the honest old man had forthwith commanded pen, paper, and ink to be brought unto him, and that he was at the same call conveniently served with all the three, he wrote these following verses:

Take, or not take her,
Off, or on:
Handy-dandy is your lot.
When her name you write, you blot.

'Tis undone, when all is done,
Ended e'er it was begun:
Hardly gallop if you trot,
Set not forward when you run,
Nor be single, though alone,
Take, or not take her.

Before you eat begin to fast ;
For what shall be was never past.
Say, unsay, gainsay, save your breath :
Then wish at once her life and death.
Take, or not take her.[7]

These lines he gave out of his own hands unto them, saying unto them, Go, my lads, in peace,—the great God of the highest heavens be your guardian and preserver ; and do not offer any more to trouble or disquiet me with this or any other business whatsoever. I have this same very day, which is the last both of May and of me, with a great deal of labour, toil, and difficulty, chased out of my house a rabble of filthy, unclean, and plaguily pestilentious rake-hells, black beasts, dusk, dun, white, ash-coloured, speckled, and a foul vermin of other hues, whose obtrusive importunity would not permit me to die at my own ease : for by fraudulent and deceitful pricklings, ravenous, harpy-like graspings, waspish stingings, and such-like unwelcome approaches, forged in the shop of I know not what kind of insatiabilities, they went about to withdraw, and call me out of those sweet thoughts, wherein I was already beginning to repose myself, and acquiesce in the contemplation and vision, yea, almost in the very touch and taste of the happiness and felicity which the good God hath prepared for his faithful saints and elect in the other life, and state of immortality. Turn out of their courses, and eschew them, step forth of their ways, and do not resemble them ; meanwhile, let me be no more troubled by you, but leave me now in silence, I beseech you.

[7] *Take, or not take her.*—This rondeau will be found at the end of Cretin's works. It was addressed by him to Christopher de Refuge, who had consulted him on his intended marriage.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW PANURGE PATROCINATES AND DEFENDETH THE ORDER OF THE BEGGING FRIARS

PANURGE, at his issuing forth of Raminagrobis' chamber, said, as if he had been horribly affrighted, By the virtue of God, I believe that he is an heretic;—the devil take me, if I do not! he doth so villainously rail at the mendicant friars and Jacobins, who are the two hemispheres of the Christian world; by whose gyronomonic circumbilivaginations, as by two celivagous filopendulums, all the autonomatic metagrobolism of the Romish church, when tottering and emblustricated with the gibble-gabble gibberish of this odious error and heresy, is homocentrically poised. But what harm, in the devil's name, have these poor devils the Capuchins and Minims done unto him? Are not these beggarly devils sufficiently wretched already? Who can imagine that these poor snakes, the very extracts of Ichthyophagy, are not thoroughly enough besmoked and besmeared with misery, distress, and calamity? Dost thou think, Friar John, by thy faith, that he is in the state of salvation? He goeth, before God, as surely damned to thirty thousand baskets full of devils, as a pruning-bill to the lopping of a vine branch. To revile with opprobrious speeches the good and courageous props and pillars of the church,—is that to be called a poetical fury? I cannot rest satisfied with him, he sinneth grossly, and blasphemeth against the true religion. I am very much offended at his scandalising words and contumelious obloquy. I do not care a straw, quoth Friar John, for what he hath said; for although

everybody should twit and jerk them, it were but a just retaliation, seeing all persons are served by them with the like sauce; therefore do I pretend no interest therein. Let us see nevertheless what he hath written. Panurge very attentively read the paper which the old man had penned, then said to his two fellow-travellers, The poor drinker doteth. Howsoever, I excuse him, for that I believe he is now drawing near to the end, and final closure of his life. Let us go make his epitaph. By the answer which he hath given us, I am not, I protest, one jot wiser than I was. Hearken here, Epistemon, my little bully, dost not thou hold him to be very resolute in his responsory verdicts? He is a witty, quick, and subtle sophister. I will lay an even wager, that he is a miscreant apostate. By the belly of a stalled ox! how careful he is not to be mistaken in his words. He answered but by disjunctives, therefore can it not be true which he saith; for the verity of such like propositions is inherent only in one of its two members. O the cozening prattler that he is! I wonder if Santiago of Bressure be one of these cogging shirks. Such was of old, quoth Epistemon, the custom of the grand vaticinator and prophet Tiresias, who used always, by way of a preface, to say openly and plainly at the beginning of his divinations and predictions,—That what he was to tell would either come to pass or not.[1] And such is truly the style of all prudently presaging prognosticators. He was nevertheless, quoth Panurge, so unfortunately misadventurous in the lot of his own destiny, that Juno thrust out both his eyes.

Yes, answered Epistemon, and that merely out of a spite and spleen for having pronounced his

[1] *Or not.*—Horace's Sat. l. ii. sat. v.

'Quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.'

award more veritably than she, upon the question which was merrily proposed by Jupiter. But, quoth Panurge, what arch-devil is it, that hath possessed this Master Raminagrobis, that so unreasonably, and without any occasion, he should have so snappishly and bitterly inveighed against these poor honest fathers, Jacobins, minors, and minims? It vexeth me grievously, I assure you; nor am I able to conceal my indignation. He hath transgressed most enormously; his soul[2] goeth infallibly to thirty thousand panniers full of devils. I understand you not, quoth Epistemon, and it disliketh me very much, that you should so absurdly and perversely interpret that of the friar mendicants, which by the harmless poet was spoken of black beasts, dun, and other sorts of other coloured animals. He is not in my opinion guilty of such a sophistical and fantastic allegory, as by that phrase of his to have meaned the begging brothers. He in downright terms speaketh absolutely and properly of fleas, punies, hand worms, flies, gnats, and other such like scurvy vermin, whereof some are black, some dun, some ash-coloured, some tawny, and some brown and dusky, all noisome, molesting, tyrannous, cumbersome, and unpleasant creatures, not only to sick and diseased folks, but to those also who are of a sound, vigorous, and healthful temperament and constitution. It is not unlike, that he may have the ascarids, and the lumbrics, and worms within the entrails of his body. Possibly doth he suffer, as it is frequent and usual amongst the Egyptians, together with all those who inhabit the Erythræan confines, and dwell along the shores and coasts of the Red Sea, some sour prickings, and smart stingings in his arms and legs of those little speckled

[2] *His soul.—Son asne*, his ass, in the original. See this taken notice of elsewhere.

dragons, which the Arabians call *meden*.[3] You are to blame for offering to expound his words otherwise, and wrong the ingenious poet, and outrageously abuse and miscall the said fraters, by an imputation of baseness undeservedly laid to their charge. We still should, in such like discourses of fatiloquent soothsayers, interpret all things to the best. Will you teach me, quoth Panurge, how to discern flies among milk, or show your father the way how to beget children? He is, by the virtue of God,[4] an arrant heretic, a resolute formal heretic; I say, a rooted riveted combustible heretic, one as fit to burn as the little wooden clock at Rochel.[5] His soul goeth to thirty thousand carts-full of devils. Would you know whither? Cocks-body, my friend, straight under Proserpina's close-stool, to the very middle of the self-same infernal pan, within which, she, by an excrementitious evacuation, voideth the fecal stuff of her stinking clysters, and that just upon the left side of the great cauldron of three fathom height, hard by the claws[6] and talons of Lucifer, in the very darkest of the passage which leadeth towards the black chamber of Demogorgon. O the villain!

[3] *Meden.—Venæ medini.* A distemper so called from the town of Medina, where it is common. Avicenna speaks of it.

[4] *By the virtue of God.*—This oath, in the original, is, by the virtue of an ox: *par la vertu beuf.*

[5] *The little wooden clock at Rochel.*—Rabelais alludes to the clockmaker of Rochelle named *Clavele*, who was burnt as a heretic, together with a wooden clock which he had invented.

[6] *Hard by the claws, etc.*—The Book of Conformities relates that a certain devil, who had taken the shape of one Madam Zanteza of Ravenna, had told Messire James, a Bolonian priest, by way of secrecy, that Francis d'Assize was in Lucifer's place in heaven. (See Wier. Dæmonolog.) Raminagrobis had been raving against the monks, and particularly the Franciscans. With an eye to the story above, Rabelais places him in hell, below Proserpine, and within the reach of Lucifer's claws.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW PANURGE MAKETH A MOTION OF A RETURN TO RAMINAGROBIS

Let us return, quoth Panurge, not ceasing, to the uttermost of our abilities, to ply him with wholesome admonitions, for the furtherance of his salvation. Let us go back for God's sake, let us go in the name of God. It will be a very meritorious work, and of great charity in us to deal so in the matter, and provide so well for him,[1] that albeit he come to lose both body and life, he may at least escape the risk and danger of the eternal damnation of his soul. We will by our holy persuasions bring him to a sense and feeling of his escapes, induce him to acknowledge his faults, move him to a cordial repentance of his errors, and stir up in him such a sincere contrition of heart for his offences, as will prompt him with all earnestness to cry mercy, and to beg pardon at the hands of the good fathers, as well of the absent, as of such as are present. Whereupon we will take instrument formally and authentically extended, to the end he be not, after his decease, declared an heretic, and condemned, as were the hobgoblins of the provost's wife of Orleans,[2] to the undergoing of such punishments, pains, and tortures, as are due to, and inflicted on those that inhabit the horrid cells of the infernal regions: and withal incline, instigate, and persuade

[1] *Provide so well for him.*—In this chapter Panurge's tender mercies would do credit to a general of the Inquisition.

[2] *The Provost's wife of Orleans.*—The cordeliers of Orleans, in 1534, noised abroad that the spirit of Louise de Mareau, wife of the provost of the town, reappeared in their church. The fraud was unmasked and punished.

him to bequeath, and leave in legacy (by way of an amends and satisfaction for the outrage and injury done to those good religious fathers, throughout all the convents, cloisters, and monasteries of this province), many pittances,[3] a great deal of mass-singing, store of obits, and that sempiternally, on the anniversary day of his decease, every one of them all to be furnished with a quintuple allowance, and that the great borrachoe, replenished with the best liquor, trudge apace along the tables, as well of the young duckling monkitoes, lay-brothers, and lowermost degree of the abbey-lubbards, as of the learned priests, and reverend clerks,—the very meanest of the novices and mitiants unto the order being equally admitted to the benefit of those funerary and obsequial festivals, with the aged rectors, and professed fathers. This is the surest ordinary means whereby from God he may obtain forgiveness.

Ho, ho, I am quite mistaken, I digress from the purpose, and fly out of my discourse, as if my spirits were a wool-gathering. The devil take me if I go thither! Virtue God! the chamber is already full of devils. O what a swingeing, thwacking noise is now amongst them! O the terrible coil that they keep! Hearken, do you not hear the rustling, thumping bustle of their strokes and blows, as they scuffle one with another, like true devils indeed, who shall gulp up the Raminagrobis soul, and be the first bringer of it, whilst it is hot, to Monsieur Lucifer? Beware, and get you hence: for my part I will not go thither. The devil roast me if I go! Who knows but that these hungry mad devils may in the

[3] *Pittances.*—The word originally comes foom the people's piety in giving to the poor mendicants in their neighbourhood wherewithal to subsist. *Du Cange* under the word *pietancia*, and *Menage* under the word *pittance*.

haste of their rage, and fury of their impatience, take a *quid* for a *quo*, and instead of Raminagrobis, snatch up poor Panurge frank and free? Though formerly when I was deep in debt they always failed. Get you hence! I will not go thither. Before God! the very bare apprehension thereof is like to kill me. To be in the place where there are greedy, famished, and hunger-starved devils; amongst factious devils—amidst trading and trafficking devils—O the Lord preserve me! Get you hence, I dare pawn my credit on it, that no Jacobin, Cordelier, Carmelite, Capuchin, Theatin, or Minim, will bestow any personal presence at his interment. The wiser they, because he hath ordained nothing for them in his latter will and testament. The devil take me, if I go thither. If he be damned, to his own loss and hindrance be it. What the deuce moved him to be so snappish and depravedly bent against the good fathers of the true religion? Why did he cast them off, reject them, and drive them quite out of his chamber, even in that very nick of time when he stood in greatest need of the aid, suffrage, and assistance of their devout prayers and holy admonitions? Why did not he by testament leave them, at least, some jolly lumps and cantles of substantial meat, a parcel of cheek-puffing victuals, and a little belly-timber, and provision for the guts of these poor folks, who have nothing but their life in this world? Let him go thither who will; the devil take me if I go; for, if I should, the devil would not fail to snatch me up. Cancro! Ho, the pox! Get you hence, Friar John, art thou content that thirty thousand wainload of devils should get away with thee at this same very instant? If thou be, at my request do these three things. First, give me thy purse; for besides that thy money is marked with crosses, and

the cross is an enemy to charms, the same may befall to thee which not long ago happened to John Dodin, collector of the excise of Coudray, at the ford of Védé, when the soldiers broke the planks. This monied fellow, meeting at the very brink of the bank of the ford with Friar Adam Crankcod,[4] a Franciscan Observatin of Mirebeau, promised him a new frock, provided that, in the transporting of him over the water, he would bear him upon his neck and shoulders, after the manner of carrying dead goats; for he was a lusty, strong-limbed sturdy rogue. The condition being agreed upon, Friar Crankcod trusseth himself up to his very ballocks, and layeth upon his back, like a fair little Saint Christopher, the load of the said supplicant Dodin,[5] and so carried him gaily and with a good will (as Æneas bore his father Anchises through the conflagration of Troy), singing in the meanwhile a pretty Ave Maris Stella. When they were in the very deepest place of all the ford, a little above the master-wheel of the water-mill, he asked if he had any coin about him. Yes, quoth Dodin, a whole bag full; and that he needed not to mistrust his ability in the performance of the promise, which he had made unto him, concerning a new frock. How? quoth Friar Crankcod, thou knewest well enough, that by the express rules, canons, and injunctions of our order, we are forbidden to carry about us any kind of money.[6] Thou art truly

[4] *Adam Crankcod.*—In the original it means strictly Adam Beanflap; for *Couscoil*, in Upper Languedoc, signifies a bean shell or cod. By this coined name, Rabelais intends a monk who by his nudities represented the first man, before the fall.

[5] *Dodin.*—This story is taken from the Latin Epigrams of Nicolas Barthelemy, printed at Paris in 1532.

[6] *To carry about us any money.*—Erasmus, in his Praise of Folly: 'Rursum alios qui pecuniæ contactum ceu aconitum horreant, nec à mulierum contactû temperantes.' A passage which the

unhappy, for having made me in this point to commit a heinous trespass. Why didst thou not leave thy purse with the miller? Without fail thou shalt presently receive thy reward for it; and if ever hereafter I may but lay hold on thee within the limits of our chancel at Mirebeau, thou shalt have the *miserere* even to the *vitulos*.[7] With this, suddenly discharging himself of his burden, he throws me down your Dodin headlong. Take example by this Dodin, my dear friend, Friar John, to the end that the devils may the better carry thee away at thine own ease. Give me thy purse. Carry no manner of cross upon thee. Therein lieth an evident and manifestly apparent danger. For, if you have any silver coined with a cross upon it, they will cast thee down headlong upon some rocks, as the eagles use to do with the tortoises for the breaking of their shells, as the bald pate of the poet Æschylus[8] can sufficiently bear witness. Such a fall would hurt thee very sore, my sweet bully, and I would be sorry for it. Or otherwise they will let thee fall, and tumble down into the high-swollen waves of some capacious sea, I know not where; but, I warrant thee, far enough hence, as Icarus fell; which from thy name would afterwards get the denomination of the Funnelian Sea.

Secondly, Be out of debt. For the devils carry a great liking to those that are out of debt. I have sore felt the experience thereof in mine own particular; for now the lecherous varlets are always wooing

painter Holbein hath illustrated with the print of a Franciscan friar groping a young wench's bubbies with his left hand, while he is so scrupulous as to tell over some money with a bodkin's point in the other hand.

[7] *The miserere even to the vitulos.*—The scourgings which the monks inflicted on themselves during the chanting of the Psalms.

[8] *Æschylus.*—The poet was killed by the descent of a tortoise, which an eagle let fall on his bald pate, mistaking it for a rock.

me, courting me, and making much of me, which they never did when I was all to pieces. The soul of one in debt is insipid, dry, and heretical altogether.

Thirdly, with thy cowl and domino de grobis, return to Raminagrobis; and in case, being thus qualified, thirty thousand boats full of devils forthwith come not to carry thee quite away, I shall be content to be at the charge of paying for the pint and faggot. Now, if for the more security thou wouldst have some associate to bear thee company, let not me be the comrade thou searchest for; think not to get a fellow-traveller of me,—nay, do not. I advise thee for the best. Get you hence; I will not go thither; the devil take me if I go! Notwithstanding all the fright that you are in, quoth Friar John, I would not care so much as might possibly be expected I should, if I once had but my sword in my hand. Thou hast verily hit the nail on the head, quoth Panurge, and speakest like a learned doctor, subtle and well-skilled in the art of devilry. At the time when I was a student in the University of Toulouse,[9] that same reverend father in the devil, Picatrix,[10] rector of the Diabological Faculty, was wont to tell us, that the devils did naturally fear the bright glancing of swords, as much as the splendour and light of the sun. In confirmation of the verity whereof, he related this story, that Hercules, at his descent into hell to all the devils of those regions, did not by half so much terrify them with his club and lion's skin, as afterwards Æneas did with his clear shining armour upon him and his sword in his

[9] *Toulouse.*—In the original it is, when I went to school at Tollette, by which is meant Toledo, in Spain.

[10] *Picatrix.*—The pseudonym of a Spanish monk, author of a book on demonology, collected from the writings of two hundred and twenty-four Arabic magicians.

hand well furbished and unrusted, by the aid, counsel, and assistance of the Sibylla Cumana. That was perhaps the reason why the seigneur John James Trivolse,[11] whilst he was a-dying at Chartres, called for his cutlass, and died with a drawn sword in his hand, laying about him alongst and athwart around the bed, and everywhere within his reach, like a stout, doughty, valorous, and knight-like cavalier; by which resolute manner of fence he scared away and put to flight all the devils that were then lying in wait for his soul at the passage of his death. When the Massorets and Cabalists are asked,—Why it is that none of all the devils do at any time enter into the terrestrial paradise? their answer has been, is, and will be still,—That there is a cherubim standing at the gate thereof with a flame-like glistering sword in his hand. Although, to speak in the true diabological sense or phrase of Toledo, I must needs confess and acknowlege, that veritably the devils cannot be killed, or die by the stroke of a sword: I do nevertheless avow and maintain, according to the doctrine of the said Diabology,[12] that they may suffer a solution of continuity (as if with thy shable thou shouldest cut athwart the flame of a burning fire, or the gross opacous exhalations of a thick and obscure smoke), and cry out, like very devils, at their sense and feeling of this dissolution, which in real

[11] *John James Trivolse.*—See Mezeray in 1518; also Guicciardini's Italian Wars. This lord made his own epitaph. . . . Here resteth one that never rested before, John James Trivolse. And the reason of his thus flourishing and pushing with his sword on his right hand and left, just before he died, was probably, that his epitaph might not be charged with a lie. (He was a brave man, and accordingly Moreri speaks well of him.) His name in Italian, for he was a Milanese, was *Giovanni Iacomo di Trivulcio.*

[12] *The doctrine, etc.*—Cælius Rhodiginus tells us, this doctrine had a great many defenders in his time.

deed I must aver and affirm is devilishly painful, smarting, and dolorous.

When thou seest the impetuous shock of two armies, and vehement violence of the push in their horrid encounter with one another, dost thou think, Ballockasso, that so horrible a noise as is heard there, proceedeth from the voice and shouts of men? the dashing and jolting of harness? the clattering and clashing of armies? the hacking and slashing of battle-axes? the justling and crashing of pikes? the bustling and breaking of lances? the clamour and shrieks of the wounded? the sound and din of drums? the clangour and shrillness of trumpets? the neighing and rushing in of horses? with the fearful claps and thundering of all sorts of guns, from the double cannon to the pocket pistol inclusively? I cannot goodly deny but that in these various things which I have rehearsed there may be somewhat occasionative of the huge yell and tintamarre of the two engaged bodies. But the most fearful and tumultuous coil and stir, the terriblest and most boisterous garboil and hurry, the chiefest rustling black sanctus of all, and most principal hurly-burly, springeth from the grievously plangorous howling and lowing of devils, who, pell-mell, in a hand-over-head confusion, waiting for the poor souls of the maimed and hurt soldiery, receive unawares some strokes with swords, and so by those means suffer a solution of, and division in, the continuity of their aërial and invisible substances: as if some lackey, snatching at the lard-slices stuck in a piece of roast meat on the spit, should get from Mr Greasyfist [13] a good rap on the knuckles with a

[13] *Greasyfist.—Maistre Hordoux*, in the original, from the Latin *horridus*, or else from *hors*, out, away, begone, from his driving out of the kitchen such as incommode him in his culinary affairs,

cudgel. They cry out and shout like devils, even as Mars did, when he was hurt by Diomedes at the siege of Troy, who, as Homer testifieth of him, did then raise his voice more horrifically loud, and sonoriferously high, than ten thousand men together would have been able to do. What maketh all this for our present purpose? I have been speaking here of well-furbished armour and bright-shining swords. But so is it not, Friar John, with thy weapon; for by a long discontinuance of work, cessation from labour, desisting from making it officiate, and putting it into that practice wherein it had been formerly accustomed, and, in a word, for want of occupation, it is, upon my faith, become more rusty than the key-hole of an old powdering-tub. Therefore it is expedient that you do one of these two things, either furbish your weapon bravely, and as it ought to be, or otherwise have a care, that, in the rusty case it is in, you do not presume to return to the house of Raminagrobis. For my part, I vow I will not go thither. The devil take me if I go.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW PANURGE CONSULTETH WITH EPISTEMON

HAVING left the town of Villaumere, as they were upon their return towards Pantagruel, Panurge, in addressing his discourse to Epistemon, spoke thus: My most ancient friend and gossip, thou seest the

whether man or beast. Thus, adds M. Duchat, by way of joke, when a young schoolboy is bid to decline *hordicus*, the lad no sooner comes to the genitive case, but he finds he must get away. (*Hordici, hors d'ici.*)

perplexity of my thoughts, and knowest many remedies for the removal thereof; art thou not able to help and succour me? Epistemon, thereupon taking the speech in hand, represented unto Panurge, how the open voice and common fame of the whole country did run upon no other discourse, but the derision and mockery of his new disguise; whereof his counsel unto him was, that he would in the first place be pleased to make use of a little hellebore, for the purging of his brain of that peccant humour, which through that extravagant and fantastic mummery of his had furnished the people with a too just occasion of flouting and gibing, jeering and scoffing him, and that next he would resume his ordinary fashion of accoutrement, and go apparelled as he was wont to do. I am, quoth Panurge, my dear gossip Epistemon, of a mind and resolution to marry, but am afraid of being a cuckold, and to be unfortunate in my wedlock. For this cause have I made a vow to young St Francis,—who at Plessis le Tours is much reverenced of all women, earnestly cried unto by them, and with great devotion; for he was the first founder of the confraternity of good men,[1] whom they naturally covet, affect, and long for,—to wear spectacles in my cap, and to carry no codpiece in my breeches, until the present inquietude and perturbation of my spirits be fully settled.

Truly, quoth Epistemon, that is a pretty jolly vow, of thirteen to a dozen. It is a shame to you,

[1] *Good men.*—The *Bons Hommes*, who were instituted by Francis de Paul, surnamed the younger, in contradistinction to Francis d'Assisis, are the same as the Minims: but here Rabelais speaks of leprous persons, who have large talents for venereal exercises. Formerly lepers were called *bons hommes*, and are still called so in Germany.

and I wonder much at it, that you do not return unto yourself, and recall your senses from this their wild swerving and straying abroad, to that rest and stillness which becomes a virtuous man. This whimsical conceit of yours brings me to the remembrance of a solemn promise made by the shag-haired Argives,[2] who, having in their controversy against the Lacedæmonians for the territory of Thyrea, lost the battle, which they hoped should have decided it for their advantage, vowed to carry never any hair on their heads, till preallably they had recovered the loss of both their honour and lands. As likewise to the memory of the vow of a pleasant Spaniard called Michael Doris, who vowed to carry in his hat a piece of the skin of his leg, till he should be revenged of him who had struck it off. Yet do not I know which of these two deserveth most to wear a green and yellow hood with a hare's ears tied to it, either the aforesaid vain-glorious champion, or that Enguerrant,[3] who, having forgot the art and manner of writing histories, set down by the Samosatian philosopher,[4] maketh a most tediously long narrative and relation thereof. For, at the first reading of such a profuse discourse, one would think it had been broached for the introducing of a story of great importance and moment, concerning the waging of some formidable war, or the notable change and mutation of potent states and

[2] *Argives.*—See Herodotus, l. i. c. 82.

[3] *Enguerrant.*—*Monstrelet*, in the second chapter of his Chronicle, relates the story, which takes up several pages without coming to the point, by making the parties spend four years in going to and fro, and not doing anything at all but rail and wrangle. The Spaniard was an Arragonese, named Michael d'Oris, the Englishman was one Sir John Pendergrass.

[4] *Samosatian philosopher.*—Lucian of Samosata, who lived in the first age of the Christian era.

kingdoms; but, in conclusion, the world laugheth at the capricious champion, at the Englishman who had affronted him, as also at their scribbler, Enguerrant, more driveling at the mouth than a mustard-pot. The jest and scorn thereof is not unlike to that of the mountain of Horace, which by the poet was made to cry out and lament most enormously, as a woman in the pangs and labour of child-birth, at which deplorable and exorbitant cries and lamentations the whole neighbourhood being assembled in expectation to see some marvellous monstrous production, could at last perceive no other but the paltry ridiculous mouse.

Your mousing, quoth Panurge, will not make me leave my musing, why folks should be so frumpishly disposed, seeing I am certainly persuaded that some flout, who merit to be flouted at; yet, as my vow imports, so will I do. It is now a long time since, by Jupiter! we did swear faith and amity to one another. Give me your advice, Billy, and tell me your own opinion freely, should I marry or no? Truly, quoth Epistemon, the case is hazardous, and the danger so eminently apparent, that I find myself too weak and insufficient to give you a punctual and peremptory resolution therein; and if ever it was true, that judgment is difficult in matters of the medicinal art,[5] what was said by Hippocrates of Lango, it is certainly so in this case. True it is, that in my brain there are some rolling fancies, by means whereof somewhat may be pitched upon of a seeming efficacy to the disentangling your mind of those dubious apprehensions wherewith it is perplexed; but they do not thoroughly satisfy me.

[5] *Judgment, etc.*—In this aphorism, which is the first of lib. I., Hippocrates begins with declaring, it was a difficult thing for him to fix and settle his opinion, in matters relating to medicine.

Some of the Platonic sect[6] affirm, that whosoever is able to see his proper Genius, may know his own destiny. I understand not their doctrine, nor do I think that you adhere to them; there is a palpable abuse. I have seen the experience of it in a very curious gentleman of the country of Estangourre.[7] This is one of the points. There is yet another not much better. If there were any authority now in the oracles of Jupiter Ammon; of Apollo in Lebadia, Delphos, Delos, Cyrra, Patara, Tegyres, Preneste, Lycia, Colophon, or in the Castilian Fountain; near Antiochia in Syria, between the Branchidians; of Bacchus in Dodona; of Mercury in Phares, near Patras; of Apis in Egypt; of Serapis in Canope; of Faunus in Menalia, and Albunea, near Tivoli; of Tiresias in Orchomenus; of Mopsus in Cilicia; of Orpheus in Lesbos, and of Trophonius in Leucadia; I would in that case advise you, and possibly not, to go thither for their judgment concerning the design and enterprise you have in hand. But you know that they are all of them become as dumb as so many fishes, since the advent of that Saviour King, whose coming to this world hath made all oracles and prophecies to cease; as the approach of the sun's radiant beams expelleth goblins, bugbears, hob-thrushes, broams, screech-owl mates, night-walking spirits, and tenebrions. These now are gone; but although they were as yet in continuance and in the same power, rule, and request that formerly they were, yet would not I counsel you to be too credulous in putting any trust

[6] *Some of the Platonic sect, etc.*—See Jamblicus de Mysteriis, sect. ix. c. iii.

[7] *Estangourre.*—Corruptly for East-angle (East-England) one of the kingdoms in the heptarchy of England, under the Saxon kings.

in their responses. Too many folks have been deceived thereby. It stands, furthermore, upon record, how Agrippina did charge the fair Lollia with the crime of having interrogated the oracle of Apollo Clarius, to understand if she should be at any time married to the Emperor Claudius; for which cause she was at first banished, and thereafter put to a shameful and ignominious death.

But, saith Panurge, let us do better; the Ogygian Islands are not far distant from the haven of Sammalo. Let us, after that we shall have spoken to our King, make a voyage thither. In one of these four isles, to wit that which hath its primest aspect towards the sun setting, it is reported, and I have read in good antique and authentic authors, that there reside many soothsayers, fortune-tellers, vaticinators, prophets, and diviners of things to come; that Saturn inhabiteth that place bound with fair chains of gold, and within the concavity of a golden rock,[8] being nourished with divine ambrosia and nectar, which are daily in great store and abundance transmitted to him from the heavens, by I do not well know what kind of fowls,—it may be that they are the same ravens which in the deserts are said to have fed St Paul, the first hermit,—he very clearly foretelleth unto every one, who is desirous to be certified of the condition of his lot, what his destiny will be, and what future chance the fates have ordained for him; for the Parcæ, or Weird Sisters, do not twist, spin, or draw out a thread, nor yet doth Jupiter perpend, project, or deliberate anything, which the good old celestial father knoweth not to the full, even whilst he is asleep. This will be a very summary abbreviation

[8] *Golden rock.*—See Plutarch, in his discourse of the face which appears in the moon's orb.

of our labour, if we but hearken unto him a little upon the serious debate and canvassing of this my perplexity. That is, answered Epistemon, a gullery too evident, a plain abuse and fib too fabulous. I will not go, not I, I will not go.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW PANURGE CONSULTETH WITH HER TRIPPA

Nevertheless, quoth Epistemon, continuing his discourse, I will tell you what you may do, if you believe me, before we return to our king. Hard by here, in the Brown-wheat [Bouchart] Island, dwelleth Her Trippa.[1] You know how by the arts of astrology, geomancy, chiromancy, metopomancy, and others of a like stuff and nature, he foretelleth all things to come; let us talk a little, and confer with him about your business. Of that, answered Panurge, I know nothing: but of this much concerning him I am assured, that one day, and that not long since, whilst he was prating to the great king,[2] of celestial, sublime, and transcendant things,

[1] *Her Trippa.*—The author of the English notes upon Rabelais (Mr Motteux), printed by way of preface to these volumes, will have it (and with a great deal of reason) that, by Her Trippa, Rabelais designs Henry Cornelius Agrippa, a German, who, with some, passes for a magician. And indeed, in his book of the Vanity of the Sciences, and his four books of Occult Philosophy, he has treated of most of these kinds of divinations, here brought together by Rabelais in this chapter. [The fourth book is spurious. It was Englished by R. Turner, 4to. 1655.]

[2] *The great king.*—This must be Francis I., to whose mother Agrippa was physician.

the lacqueys and footboys of the court, upon the upper steps of stairs between two doors, jummed, one after another, as often as they listed, his wife; who is passable fair, and a pretty snug hussy. Thus he who seemed very clearly to see all heavenly and terrestrial things without spectacles, who discoursed boldly of adventures passed, with great confidence opened up present cases and accidents, and stoutly professed the presaging of all future events and contingencies, was not able with all the skill and cunning that he had, to perceive the bumbasting of his wife, whom he reputed to be very chaste; and hath not till this hour got notice of anything to the contrary. Yet let us go to him, seeing you will have it so; for surely we can never learn too much. They on the very next ensuing day came to Her Trippa's lodging. Panurge, by way of donative, presented him with a long gown lined all through with wolf-skins, with a short sword mounted with a gilded hilt, and covered with a velvet scabbard, and with fifty good single angels; then in a familiar and friendly way did he ask of him his opinion touching the affair. At the very first Her Trippa, looking on him very wistly in the face, said unto him, Thou hast the metoposcopy, and physiognomy of a cuckold,—I say, of a notorious and infamous cuckold. With this, casting an eye upon Panurge's right hand in all the parts thereof, he said, This rugged draught which I see here, just under the mount of Jove, was never yet but in the hand of a cuckold. Afterwards, he with a white lead pen swiftly and hastily drew a certain number of divers kinds of points, which by rules of geomancy he coupled and joined together, then said, Truth itself is not truer, than that it is certain thou wilt be a cuckold a little after thy marriage. That being

done, he asked of Panurge the horoscope of his nativity; which was no sooner by Panurge tendered unto him, than that, erecting a figure, he very promptly and speedily formed and fashioned a complete fabric of the houses of heaven, in all their parts, whereof when he had considered the situation and the aspects in their triplicities, he fetched a deep sigh, and said, I have clearly enough already discovered unto you the fate of your cuckoldry, which is unavoidable, you cannot escape it. And here have I got new and further assurance thereof, so that I may now hardily pronounce, and affirm without any scruple or hesitation at all, that thou wilt be a cuckold; that furthermore, thou wilt be beaten by thine own wife, and that she will purloin, filch, and steal of thy goods from thee; for I find the seventh house, in all its aspects, of a malignant influence, and every one of the planets threatening thee with disgrace, according as they stand seated towards one another, in relation to the horned signs of Aries, Taurus, and Capricorn. In the fourth house I find Jupiter in a decadence, as also in a tetragonal aspect to Saturn, associated with Mercury. Thou wilt be soundly peppered, my good honest fellow, I warrant thee. I will be? answered Panurge. A plague rot thee, thou old fool, and doting sot, how graceless and unpleasant thou art! When all cuckolds shall be at a general rendezvous, thou shouldst be their standard-bearer. But whence comes this ciron-worm betwixt these two fingers? This Panurge said, putting the fore finger of his left hand betwixt the fore and mid finger of the right, which he thrust out towards Her Trippa, holding them open after the manner of two horns, and shutting into his fist his thumb with the other fingers. Then, in turning to Epistemon, he said,

Lo here the true Olus of Martial,[3] who addicted and devoted himself wholly to the observing the miseries, crosses, and calamities of others, whilst his own wife, in the interim, did keep an open bawdy-house. This varlet is poorer than ever was Irus, and yet he is proud, vaunting, arrogant, self-conceited, overweening, and more insupportable than seventeen devils; in one word, Πτωχαλάζων,[4] which term of old was applied to the like beggarly strutting coxcombs. Come, let us leave this madpash bedlam, this hair-brained fop, and give him leave to rave and dose his bellyful, with his private and intimately acquainted devils; who, if they were not the very worst of all infernal fiends, would never have deigned to serve such a knavish, barking cur as this is. He hath not learnt the first precept of philosophy, which is, *Know thyself;* for, whilst he braggeth and boasteth, that he can discern the least mote in the eye of another, he is not able to see the huge block that puts out the sight of both his eyes. This is such another Polypragmon, as is by Plutarch described. He is of the nature of the Lamian witches, who in foreign places, in the houses of strangers, in public and amongst the common people, had a sharper and more piercing inspection into their affairs than any lynx; but at home, in their own proper dwelling-mansions, were blinder than mold-warps, and saw nothing at all. For their custom was, at their return from abroad, when they were by themselves in private, to take their eyes out of their head, from whence they were as easily removable, as a pair

[3] *Olus of Martial.*—Lib. vii. epigr. x. 'Ole quid ad te.'

[4] Πτωχαλάζων. A ptochalazon, *i.e.*, a proud beggar, from πτωχὸς poor, and ἀλάζων, haughty. See Plutarch in his treatise of Curiosity. Irus was the beggar who kept watch on the suitors of Penelope.

of spectacles from their nose, and to lay them up into a wooden slipper, which for that purpose did hang behind the door of their lodging.

Panurge had no sooner done speaking, when Her Trippa took into his hand a tamarisk branch. In this, quoth Epistemon, he doth very well, right, and like an artist, for Nicander calleth it the Divinatory tree. Have you a mind, quoth Her Trippa, to have the truth of the matter yet more fully and amply disclosed unto you by pyromancy, by aeromancy, whereof Aristophanes in his Clouds maketh great estimation, by hydromancy, by leucanomancy, of old in prime request amongst the Assyrians, and thoroughly tried, by Hermolaus Barbarus? Come hither, and I will show thee in this platter full of fair fountain water, thy future wife, lechering and sercroupierising it with two swaggering ruffians, one after another. Yea, but have a special care, quoth Panurge, when thou comest to put thy nose within mine arse, that thou forget not to pull off thy spectacles. Her Trippa, going on in his discourse, said, By catoptromancy, likewise held in such account by the Emperor Didius Julianus, that by means thereof he ever and anon foresaw all that which at any time did happen or befall unto him. Thou shalt not need to put on thy spectacles, for in a mirror thou wilt see her as clearly and manifestly nebrundiated, and billibodring it, as if I should show it in the fountain of the temple of Minerva, near Patras. By coscinomancy, most religiously observed of old amidst the ceremonies of the ancient Romans. Let us have sieve and shears, and thou shalt see devils. By alphitomancy, cried up by Theocritus in his Pharmaceutria. By alentomancy, mixing the flower of wheat with oatmeal. By astragalomancy, whereof I have the plots and models all at hand ready for the purpose.

By tiromancy, whereof we make some proof in a great Brehemont cheese, which I here keep by me. By giromancy, if thou shouldest turn round circles, thou mightest assure thyself from me, that they would fall always on the wrong side. By sternomancy, which maketh nothing for thy advantage, for thou hast an ill-proportioned stomach. By libanomancy, for the which we shall need but a little frankincense. By gastromancy, which kind of ventral fatiloquency was for a long time together used in Ferrara by Lady Giacoma Rodogina, the Engastrimythian prophetess. By cephalomancy, often practised amongst the High Germans, in their boiling of an ass's head upon burning coals. By ceromancy, where, by the means of wax dissolved into water, thou shalt see the figure, portrait, and lively representation of thy future wife, and of her fredinfredaliatory belly-thumping blades. By capnomancy, O the gallantest and most excellent of all secrets! By axionomancy; we want only a hatchet and a jet-stone to be laid together upon a quick fire of hot embers. O how bravely Homer was versed in the practice hereof towards Penelope's suitors! By onymancy, for that we have oil and wax. By tephromancy, thou wilt see the ashes thus aloft dispersed, exhibiting thy wife in a fine posture. By botanomancy, for the nonce I have some few leaves in reserve. By sicomancy; O divine art in fig-tree leaves! By icthyomancy, in ancient times so celebrated, and put in use by Tiresias and Polydamas, with the like certainty of event as was tried of old at the Dina-ditch, within that grove consecrated to Apollo, which is in the territory of the Lycians. By choeromancy, let us have a great many hogs, and thou shalt have the bladder of one of them. By cheromancy, as the bean is found in the cake at the

Epiphany vigil. By anthropomancy, practised by the Roman Emperor, Heliogabalus. It is somewhat irksome, but thou wilt endure it well enough, seeing thou art destinated to be a cuckold. By a sibylline stitchomancy. By onomatomancy. How do they call thee? Chaw-turd,[5] quoth Panurge. Or yet by alectryomancy. If I should here with a compass draw a round, and in looking upon thee, and considering thy lot, divide the circumference thereof into four and twenty equal parts, then form a several letter of the alphabet upon every one of them; and lastly, posit a barleycorn or two upon each of these so disposed letters, I durst promise upon my faith and honesty, that if a young virgin cock be permitted to range alongst and athwart them, he should only eat the grains which are set and placed upon these letters, A. C.U.C.K.O.L.D. T.H.O.U. S.H.A.L.T. B.E. And that as fatidically, as under the Emperor Valens, most perplexedly desirous to know the name of him who should be his successor to the empire, the cock vaticinating and alectryomantic, ate up the pickles that were deposited on the letters Θ.E.O.Δ.[6] T.H.E.O.D. Or, for the more certainty, will you have a trial of your fortune by the art of aruspiciny? By augury? Or by extispiciny? By turdispiciny, quoth Panurge. Or yet by the mystery of necromancy? I will, if you please, suddenly set up

[5] *Chaw-turd.—Maschemerde* in the original; an epithet for physicians, tantamount to the scatophagos, which Aristophanes bestows on Æsculapius.

[6] Θ.E.O.Δ.—For a proof, that the name ought not to be written at length, as in the Dutch Rabelais, Zonaras and Cedrenus, from whom Rabelais takes the story, affirm that the cock touched no other letters but the Θ.E.O.Δ. Besides, it was not Theodorus, but Theodosius that succeeded Valens. Ammianus Marcellinus pretends with Sozomenus, that the exploration on this occasion was by dactyliomancy.

again and revive some one lately deceased, as Apollonius of Tyane did to Achilles, and the Pythoness in the presence of Saul; which body, so raised up and re-quickened, will tell us the sum of all you require of him: no more nor less than, at the invocation of Erictho, a certain defunct person foretold to Pompey the whole progress and issue of the fatal battle fought in the Pharsalian fields? Or, if you be afraid of the dead, as commonly all cuckolds are, I will make use of the faculty of sciomancy.[7]

Go, get thee gone, quoth Panurge, thou frantic ass, to the devil, and be buggered, filthy bardachio that thou art, by some Albanian, for a steeple-crowned hat.[8] Why the devil didst not thou counsel me as well to hold an emerald, or the stone of a hyena under my tongue? Or to furnish and provide myself with tongues of whoops, and hearts of green frogs? Or to eat the liver and milt of some dragon? To the end that by those means I might, at the chanting and chirping of swans and other fowls, understand the substance of my future lot and destiny, as did of old the Arabians[9] in the country of Mesopotamia? Fifteen brace of devils seize upon the body and soul of this horned renegado, miscreant, cuckold, the enchanter, witch, and sorcerer of Antichrist; away to all the devils of hell? Let us return towards our King, I am sure he will not be well pleased with us, if he once come to get notice that we have been in the kennel of this muffled

[7] *Sciomancy.*—Divination by the shades of the dead.

[8] *Steeple-crowned hat.*—A head-gear with which the hapless wretches who swelled the Autos-da-Fe of the Holy Inquisition were decorated.

[9] *Of old the Arabians.*—See Philostratus, l. i. c. xii. of Apollonius' life. [All this may be found in Freake's translation of Agrippa's *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*, 4to, 1651.]

devil.[10] I repent my being come hither. I would willingly dispense with a hundred nobles,[11] and fourteen yeomen, on condition that he, who not long since[12] did blow in the bottom of my breeches, should instantly with his squirting spittle inluminate his moustaches. O Lord God now! how the villain hath besmoked me with vexation and anger, with charms and witchcraft, and with a terrible coil and stir of infernal and Tartarian devils! The devil take him! Say *Amen*, and let us go drink. I shall not have any appetite for my victuals, how good cheer soever I make these two days to come,—hardly these four.

[10] *This muffled devil.*—It should be ragged, home-spun devil; he was slanderous as the devil, but at the bottom a mere ninny-hammer. M. Duchat observes, that the Lyons edition and some others have swelled this chapter with nine or ten sorts of divinations; which, as well as those which Rabelais touches upon may be seen in the five books, De Sapientiâ, published by Cardan, just as the third book of Pantagruel came out. Now, since among others, the cephalomancy, attributed to the Germans in those editions, is described in l. iv. of Cardan's De Sapientiâ, I know not but he may be Her Trippa. Add to this the epithets given him by Panurge, viz., ragged, etc.

[11] *A hundred nobles.*—Edward III., King of England, who first coined the rose-nobles, gave a hundred of them to one Gobin Agace of Picardy, for showing him a ford, where he might cross the river Somme, which parted his army from that of France. This coin was called noble, on account of the excellence of its gold, and was usually disposed of as a reward for a piece of good news brought, or some important service done.

[12] *Not long since.*—He had for some time left off wearing breeches or codpiece.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW PANURGE CONSULTETH WITH FRIAR JOHN OF THE FUNNELS

PANURGE was indeed very much troubled in mind, and disquieted at the words of Her Trippa, and therefore as he passed by the little village of Huymes, after he had made his address to Friar John, in pecking at, rubbing and scratching his own left ear, he said unto him, Keep me a little jovial and merry, my dear and sweet bully, for I find my brains altogether metagrabolized and confounded, and my spirits in a most dunsical puzzle at the bitter talk of this devilish, hellish, damned fool. Hearken, my dainty cod.[1]

Mellow c.	Calfeted c.	Renowned c.
Lead-coloured c.	Raised c.	Matted c.
Knurled c.	Odd c.	Genetive c.
Suborned c.	Steeled c.	Gigantal c.
Desired c.	Stale c.	Oval c.
Stuffed c.	Orange-tawny c.	Claustral c.
Speckled c.	Embroidered. c	Viril c.
Finely-metalled c.	Glazed c.	Stayed c.

[1] *My dainty cod.*—(See note 27, book iv., prolog.) Rabelais seems in these two chapters, and again in ch. xxviii., to have no other design in this profusion of epithets, but to show that he thoroughly understood, not only the French tongue, but was also capable of enriching it with a great number of words from the Latin, Greek, Arabic, and all the sciences. It may not be amiss to observe, that of the epithets in this chapter, and the next but one, the principal, which may be called honourable, relate to Friar John, who was a young man, and whom Panurge had a mind to cajole; whereas those which are applied to Panurge, set him out to us an old fusty bachelor.

Arabian-like c.
Trussed up grey-hound-like c.
Mounted c.
Sleeked c.
Diapred c.
Spotted c.
Master c.
Seeded c.
Lusty c.
Jupped c.
Milked c.
Boxwood c.
Latten c.
Unbridled c.
Hooked c.
Researched c.
Encompassed c
Strouting out c.
Jolly c.
Lively c.
Gerundive c.
Franked c.
Polished c.
Poudered Beef c.
Positive c.
Spared c.
Bold c.
Lascivious c.
Gluttonous c.
Resolute c.
Cabbage-like c.
Courteous c.
Fertil c.
Whizzing c.
Neat c.
Interlarded c.
Burger-like c.
Impoudered c.
Ebonized c.
Brasiliated c.
Organised c.
Passable c.
Trunkified c.
Furious c.
Packed c.
Hooded c.
Varnished c.
Digestive c.
Active c.
Vital c.
Magistral c.
Monarchal c.
Subtil c.
Hammering c.
Clashing c.
Tingling c.
Usual c.
Exquisite c.
Trim c.
Succulent c.
Factious c.
Clammy c.
Fat c.
High-prized c.
Requisite c.
Laycod c.
Hand-filling c.
Insuperable c.
Agreeable c.
Formidable c.
Profitable c.
Massive c.
Manual c.
Absolute c.
Well-set c.
Gemel c.
Turkish c.
Burning c.
Thwacking c.
Urgent c.
Handsome c.
Prompt c.
Fortunate c.
Household c.
Pretty c.
Astrolabian c.
Algebraical c.
Venust c.
Aromatising c.
Trixy c.
Paillard c.
Gaillard c.
Broaching c.
Addle c.
Syndicated c.
Boulting c.
Snorting c.
Pilfering c.
Shaking c.
Bobbing c.
Chiveted c.
Fumbling c.
Topsyturvying c.
Raging c.
Piled up c.
Filled up c.
Manly c.

Common c.
Brisk c.
Quick c.
Barelike c.
Partitional c.
Patronymic c.
Cockney c.
Auromercuriated c.
Robust c.
Appetizing c.
Succourable c.
Redoubtable c.
Affable c.
Memorable c.
Palpable c.
Barbable c.
Tragical c.
Transpontine c.
Compt c.
Repaired c.
Soft c.
Wild c.
Renewed c.
Quaint c.
Starting c.
Fleshy c.
Auxiliary c.
New vamped c.
Improved c.
Malling c.
Sounding c.
Battled c.
Burly c.
Seditious c.
Wardian c.
Protective c.

Notable c.
Musculous c.
Subsidiary c.
Satyric c
Repercussive c.
Convulsive c.
Restorative c.
Masculinating c.
Incarnative c.
Sigillative c.
Sallying c.
Plump c.
Thundering c.
Lechering c.
Fulminating c.
Sparkling c.
Ramming c.
Lusty c.
Rumbling c.
Thumping c.
Bumping c.
Cringeling c.
Berumpling c.
Jogging c.
Nobbing c.
Touzing c.
Tumbling c.
Fambling c.
Overturning c.
Shooting c.
Culeting c.
Jagged c.
Pinked c.
Arsiversing c.
Polished c.
Slasht c.

Idle c.
Membrous c.
Strong c.
Twin c.
Belabouring c.
Gentle c.
Stirring c.
Confident c.
Nimble c.
Roundheaded c.
Figging c.
Helpful c.
Spruce c.
Plucking c.
Ramage c.
Fine c.
Fierce c.
Brawny c.
Affected c.
Grappled c.
Stuffed c.
Well-fed c.
Flourished c.
Fallow c.
Sudden c.
Grasp-full c.
Swillpow c.
Crushing c.
Creaking c.
Dilting c.
Ready c.
Vigorous c.
Sculking c.
Superlative c.
Clashing c.
Wagging c.

Twinkling c.	Hamed c.	Scriplike c.
Able c.	Leisurely c.	Encremastered c.
Algoristical c.	Cut c.	Bouncing c.
Odoriferous c.	Smooth c.	Levelling c.
Pranked c.	Depending c.	Fly-flap c.
Jocund c.	Independent c.	Perinæ-tegminal c.
Routing c.	Lingering c.	Squat couching c.
Purloining c.	Rapping c.	Short-hung c.
Frolic c.	Reverend c.	The hypogastrian c.
Wagging c.	Nodding c.	Witness-bearing c.
Ruffling c.	Disseminating c.	Testigerous c.
Jumbling c.	Affecting c.	Instrumental c.

My harcabuzing cod, and buttock-stirring ballock, Friar John, my friend, I do carry a singular respect unto thee, and honour thee with all my heart. Thy counsel I hold for a choice and delicate morsel, therefore have I reserved it for the last bit. Give me thy advice freely, I beseech thee, Should I marry, or no? Friar John very merrily, and with a sprightly cheerfulness, made this answer to him, Marry, in the devil's name! Why not? What the devil else shouldst thou do, but marry? Take thee a wife and furbish her harness to some tune. Swinge her skin-coat, as if thou wert beating on a stock-fish; and let the repercussion of thy clapper from her resounding metal make a noise, as if a double peal of chiming-bells were hung at the cremasters of thy ballocks. As I say, marry, so do I understand, that thou shouldst fall to work, as speedily as may be: yea, my meaning is, that thou oughtest to be so quick and forward therein, as on this same very day, before sun-set, to cause proclaim thy banns of matrimony, and make provision of bedsteads. By the blood of a hog's-pudding, till when wouldst thou delay the acting of a husband's

part? Dost thou not know, and is it not daily told unto thee, that the end of the world approacheth? We are nearer it by three poles, and half a fathom, than we were two days ago. The Antichrist is already born, at least it is so reported by many. The truth is, that hitherto the effects of his wrath have not reached further than to the scratching of his nurse and governesses. His nails are not sharp enough as yet, nor have his claws attained to their full growth,—he is little.

'Crescat; nos qui vivimus, multiplicemur.'

It is written so, and it is holy stuff, I warrant you: the truth whereof is like to last as long as a sack of corn may be had for a penny, and a puncheon of pure wine for threepence. Wouldst thou be content to be found with thy genitories full in the day of judgment? *Dum venerit judicare?* Thou hast, quoth Panurge, a right clear, and neat spirit, Friar John, my metropolitan cod; thou speakst in very deed pertinently, and to purpose. That belike was the reason which moved Leander of Abydos, in Asia, whilst he was swimming through the Hellespontic Sea, to make a visit to his sweetheart, Hero of Sestus, in Europe, to pray unto Neptune, and all the other marine gods, thus:

'Now, whilst I go, have pity on me,
And at my back-returning drown me.'[2]

He was loath, it seems, to die with his cods overgorged. He was to be commended: therefore do I promise, that from henceforth no malefactor shall by justice be executed within my jurisdiction of Salmigondinois, who shall not, for a day or two at

[2] *Now, etc.*—'Parcite, dum propero: mergite, dum redeo;' says Martial, lib. *De Spectaculis*, Epig. xxv.

least before, be permitted to culbut, and foraminate, onocrotalwise,[3] so that there remain not in all his vessels, to write a Greek Υ. Such a precious thing should not be foolishly cast away. He will perhaps therewith beget a male, and so depart the more contentedly out of this life, that he shall have left behind him one for one.

CHAPTER XXVII[1]

HOW FRIAR JOHN MERRILY AND SPORTINGLY COUNSELLETH PANURGE

By Saint Rigomé,[2] quoth Friar John, I do advise thee to nothing, my dear friend Panurge, which I would not do myself, were I in thy place. Only have a special care, and take good heed thou solder well together the joints of the double-backed and two-bellied beast, and fortify thy nerves so strongly, that there be no discontinuance in the knocks of the venerean thwacking, else thou art lost, poor soul. For, if there pass long intervals betwixt the priapising feats, and that thou make an intermission of too large a time, that will befal thee which betides the nurses, if they desist from giving suck to children,—

[3] *Onocrotalwise.*—M. Duchat says that under the name of onocrotals, Panurge means the begging friars, who, besides, live mostly on fish, and have a hoarse, rough voice. *Onocrotalos* comes from ὄνος, an ass, and κρόταλος, a hoarse, rough, harsh sound.

[1] This is not a new chapter in M. Duchat's edition, but a continuation of chap. xxvi.

[2] *By St Rigomé.*—Rigomarus is a saint particularly worshipped in Poitou, where they keep one of his arms, and usually swear by it.

they lose their milk; and if continually thou do not hold thy aspersory tool in exercise, and keep thy mentul going, thy lacticinian nectar will be gone, and it will serve thee only as a pipe to piss out at, and thy cods for a wallet of lesser value than a beggar's scrip. This is a certain truth I tell thee, friend, and doubt not of it; for myself have seen the sad experiment thereof in many, who cannot now do what they would, because before they did not what they might have done. *Ex desuetudine amittuntur privilegia* — Non-usage oftentimes destroys one's right—say the learned doctors of the law; therefore, my billy, entertain as well as possibly thou canst, that hypogastrian lower sort of troglodytic people, that their chief pleasure may be placed in the case of sempiternal labouring. Give order that henceforth they live not, like idle gentleman, idly upon their rents and revenues, but that they may work for their livelihood, by breaking ground within the Paphian trenches. Nay truly! answered Panurge, Friar John, my left ballock, I will believe thee, for thou dealest plain with me, and fallest downright square upon the business, without going about the bush with frivolous circumstances and unnecessary reservations. Thou with the splendour of a piercing wit hast dissipated all the louring clouds of anxious apprehensions and suspicions, which did intimidate and terrify me: therefore the heavens be pleased to grant to thee, at all she-conflicts, a stiff-standing fortune. Well, then, as thou hast said, so will I do, I will, in good sooth, marry,—in that point there shall be no failing, I promise thee,—and shall have always by me pretty girls clothed with the name of my wife's waiting-maids, that lying under thy wings thou mayest be night protector of their sisterhood, when thou comest to see me.

Let this serve for the first part of the sermon. Hearken, quoth Friar John, to the oracle of the bells of Varenes.[3] What say they? I hear and understand them, quoth Panurge; their sound is, by my thirst, more uprightly fatidical, than that of Jove's great kettles in Dodona. Hearken! *Take thee a wife, take thee a wife, and marry, marry, marry: for if thou marry, thou shalt find good therein; here in a wife thou shalt find good; so marry, marry.* I will assure thee, that I shall be married:—all the elements invite and prompt me to it. Let this word be to thee a brazen wall, by diffidence not to be broken through. As for the second part of this our doctrine, —thou seemest in some measure to mistrust the readiness of my paternity, in the practising of my placket-racket within the Aphrodisian tennis-court at all times fitting, as if the stiff god of gardens were not favourable to me. I pray thee, favour me so much as to believe, that I still have him at a beck, attending always my commandments, docile, obedient, vigorous, and active in all things, and everywhere, and never stubborn or refractory to my will or pleasure. I need no more, but to let go the reins, and slacken the leash, which is the belly-point, and when the game is shown unto him, say, Hey, Jack, to thy booty! he will not fail even then to flesh himself upon his prey, and tuzzle it to some purpose. Hereby you may perceive, although my future wife were as unsatiable and gluttonous in her voluptuousness, and the delights of venery, as ever was the Empress Messalina, or yet the Marchioness of Oincester,[4] in England, yet I desire thee to give

[3] *The oracle of the bells of Varenes.*—Friar John here quotes from a sermon (*De Viduitate, serm.* 3) of Jean Raulin, contemporary and rival of the famous preachers Maillard and Menot.

[4] *Marchioness of Oincester.*—As there never was such a title as

credit to it, that I lack not for what is requisite to overlay the stomach of her lust, but have wherewith aboundingly to please her. I am not ignorant that Solomon said,—who indeed of that matter speaketh clerk-like and learnedly,—as also how Aristotle after him declared for a truth, That, for the greater part, the lechery of a woman [5] is ravenous and unsatisfiable. Nevertheless, let such as are my friends, who read those passages, receive from me for a most real verity, that I for such a Gill have a fit Jack; and that, if women's things cannot be satiated, I have an instrument indefatigable,—an implement as copious in the giving, as can, in craving, be their *vade mecums*. Do not here produce ancient examples of the paragons of paillardice, and offer to match with my testiculatory ability the Priapæan prowess of the fabulous fornicators Hercules,[6] Proculus Cæsar,[7]

this in England, nor any Marchioness of Winchester (the nearest sound to it) in the time of Rabelais, it is difficult to know what lady he means in this place. Duchat thinks it might be the cant name of some famous prostitute. [See *Troilus and Cressida*, scene the last :—

Pandarus.—'Some two months hence, my will shall here be made;
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some gallèd Goose of Winchester would hisse.'

The allusion is to the brothels at Bankside, Southwark, which were the property of the Bishop of Winchester. As a venereal sore was thus entitled by Taylor the Water-poet (*Works*, 1630, I. 105), it is more than probable that a prostitute may have been called a Marchioness of Winchester.]

[5] *The lechery of a woman.*—It is, in the original, *l'estre des femmes*. In Languedoc they call everything thingumy, that they must not name—*estre*.

[6] *Hercules.*—Diodorus Siculus, l. v. c. ii. of his Antiquities, relates that Hercules, in the vigour of his youth, got King Thespius' fifty daughters with child in one night.

[7] *Proculus Cæsar.*—He boasted that of a hundred Sarmatian maids, that were brought to him at one time, he devirginated ten

and Mahomet, who in his Alchoran[8] doth vaunt, that in his cods he had the vigour of threescore bully ruffians; but let no zealous Christian trust the rogue, —the filthy ribald rascal is a liar. Nor shalt thou need to urge authorities, or bring forth the instance of the Indian prince, of whom Theophrastus, Plinius, and Athenæus testify, that, with the help of a certain herb, he was able, and had given frequent experiments thereof, to toss his sinewy piece of generation in the act of carnal concupiscence above threescore and ten times[9] in the space of four-and-twenty hours. Of that I believe nothing, the number is supposititous, and too prodigally foisted in. Give no faith unto it, I beseech thee, but prithee trust me in this, and thy credulity therein shall not be wronged; for it is true, and *probatum est*, that my pioneer of nature,—the sacred ithyphallian champion,—is of all stiff-intruding blades the primest. Come hither, my ballockette, and hearken. Didst thou ever see the monk of Castre's cowl? When in any house it was laid down, whether openly in the view of all, or covertly out of the sight of any, such was the ineffable virtue thereof for excitating and stirring up the people of both sexes unto lechery, that the whole inhabitants and indwellers, not only of that, but likewise of all the circumjacent places thereto,

the first night; and that within a fortnight afterwards, there was not one of all the rest which he had not made a woman. See Agrippa, *De Vanit. Scient.*, chap. lxiii.

[8] *Mahomet . . . in his Alchoran, etc.*—I know not whether any but Peter Belon has seen a certain Arabian book entitled Mahomet's Good Customs: but according to that book, which says Mahomet had eleven wives, he never was above an hour in doing them all over, one after another. See Brantôme's *Dames Galantes*, tom. I. p. 378.

[9] *Threescore and ten times.*—See Theophrastus, l. ii. c. c. Pliny, l. xxvi. c. ix. and Athenæus, l. i. c. 12.

within three leagues around it, did suddenly enter into rut, both beasts and folks, men and women, even to the dogs and hogs, rats and cats.

I swear to thee, that many times heretofore I have perceived, and found in my codpiece a certain kind of energy, or efficacious virtue, much more irregular, and of a greater anomaly, than what I have related. I will not speak to thee either of house or cottage, nor of church or market, but only tell thee, that once at the representation of the Passion, which was acted at Saint Maxents, I had no sooner entered within the pit of the theatre, but that forthwith, by the virtue and occult property of it, on a sudden all that were there, both players and spectators, did fall into such an exorbitant temptatio of lust, that there was not angel, man, devil, nor deviless, upon the place, who would not then have bricollitched it with all their heart and soul. The prompter forsook his copy, he who played St Michael's part came down from his perch,[10] the devils issued out of hell, and carried along with them most of the pretty girls that were there, yea, Lucifer got out of his fetters;—in a word, seeing the huge disorder, I disparked myself forth of that inclosed place, in imitation of Cato the Censor, who perceiving, by reason of his presence, the Floralian festivals out of order, withdrew himself.[11]

[10] *Came down from his perch.—La Volerie.* In the early theatres the volerie was the space set apart for the angels, at the upper part of the stage, and was depicted by a cloud, as in like manner hell was represented by an enormous dragon's throat.

[11] *Withdrew himself.*—See Valerius Maximus, l. ii. c. 10.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW FRIAR JOHN COMFORTETH PANURGE IN THE DOUBTFUL MATTER OF CUCKOLDRY

I UNDERSTAND thee well enough, said Friar John; but time makes all things plain. The most durable marble or porphyry is subject to old age and decay. Though for the present thou possibly be not weary of the exercise, yet is it like, I will hear thee confess a few years hence, that thy cods hang dangling downwards for want of a better truss. I see thee waxing a little hoar-headed already. Thy beard, by the distinction of grey, white, tawny and black, hath, to my thinking, the resemblance of a map of the terrestrial globe, or geographical chart. Look attentively upon, and take inspection of what I shall show unto thee. Behold there Asia. Here are Tygris and Euphrates. Lo there Africa. Here is the mountain of the Moon,—yonder thou mayest perceive the fenny marsh of Nilus. On this side lieth Europe. Dost thou not see the Abbey of Theleme? This little tuft, which is altogether white, is the Hyperborean Hills. By the thirst of my throple, friend, when snow is on the mountains, I say the head and the chin, there is not then any considerable heat to be expected in the valleys and low countries of the codpiece. By the kibes of thy heels, quoth Panurge, thou dost not understand the topics.[1] When snow is on the tops of the hills, lightning, thunder, tempest, whirlwinds, storms, hurricanes, and all the devils of hell rage in the valleys. Wouldst thou see the experience thereof

[1] *Topics.*—Places, or books, of logical invention.

go to the territory of the Swiss, and earnestly perpend with thyself there the situation of the lake of Wunderberlich,[2] about four leagues distant from Berne, on the Syonside of the land. Thou twittest me with my grey hairs, yet considerest not how I am of the nature of leeks, which with a white head carry a green, fresh, straight and vigorous tail. The truth is, nevertheless (why should I deny it?) that I now and then discern in myself some indicative signs of old age. Tell this, I prithee, to nobody, but let it be kept very close and secret betwixt us two; for I find the wine much sweeter now, more savoury to my taste, and unto my palate of a better relish than formerly I was wont to do; and withal, besides mine accustomed manner, I have a more dreadful apprehension than I ever heretofore have had, of lighting on bad wine. Note and observe that this doth argue and portend I know not what of the west and occident of my time, and signifieth that the south and meridian of mine age is past. But what then, my gentle companion? That doth but betoken that I will hereafter drink so much the more. That is not, the devil hale it, the thing that I fear; nor is it there where my shoe pinches. The thing that I doubt most, and have greatest reason to dread and suspect, is, that through some long absence of our King Pantagruel (to whom I must needs bear company, should he go to all the devils of Barathrum), my future wife shall make me a cuckold. This is, in truth, the long and short of it. For I am by

[2] *Lake of Wunderberlich.*—If, as it is more than probable, this is Pilate's lake, of which Vadianus on Pomponius Mela has written some things very like what is said here, it must be in reference to the wonderful things related of this lake that the Swiss have given it the surname of Wunderberlich, or admirable. Rabelais was deceived in taking this German adjective for the name of the lake itself.

all those whom I have spoken to, menaced and threatened with a horned fortune; and all of them affirm, it is the lot to which from heaven I am predestinated. Every one, answered Friar John, that would be a cuckold, is not one. If it be thy fate to be hereafter of the number of that horned cattle, then may I conclude with an Ergo, thy wife will be beautiful, and Ergo, thou wilt be kindly used by her. Likewise with this Ergo, thou shalt be blessed with the fruition of many friends and well-willers. And finally with this other Ergo, thou shalt be saved, and have a place in paradise. These are monachal topics and maxims of the cloister.[3] Thou mayst take more liberty to sin. Thou shalt be more at ease than ever. There will be nevertheless left for thee nothing diminished, but thy goods shall increase notably. And if so be it was preordinated for thee, wouldst thou be so impious as not to acquiesce in thy destiny? Speak, thou jaded cod.[4]

Faded c.	Kneaded-with-cold-water c.	Grim c.
Mouldy c.		Wasted c.
Musty c.	Appealant c.	Inflamed c.
Paltry c.	Swagging c.	Unhinged c.
Senseless c.	Withered c.	Scurvy c.
Foundered c.	Broken-reined c.	Straddling c.
Distempered c.	Defective c.	Putrified c.
Bewrayed c.	Crestfallen c.	Maimed c.

[3] *Monachal topics, etc.*—We have before seen Panurge using the topics, or logical inventions, to Friar John; and here we have Friar John, in his turn, doing the like to him, in displaying the claustral maxims, which are such as show how little the state of married people is regarded by men of his character.

[4] *Speak, thou jaded cod.*—This parody of the Roman Liturgies, like the preceding one in chap. xxvi., is variously arranged in different editions, with such additions and suppressions as the caprice of his editors has dictated.

Inveigled c.
Dangling c.
Stupid c.
Seedless c.
Soaked c.
Louting c.
Discouraged c.
Surfeited c.
Peevish c.
Translated c.
Forlorn c.
Unsavoury c.
Worm-eaten c.
Overtoiled c.
Miserable c.
Steeped c.
Whore-hunting c.
Deteriorated c.
Chill c.
Scrupulous c.
Crazed c.
Tasteless c.
Hacked c.
Flaggy c.
Scrubby c.
Drained c.
Haled c.
Lolling c.
Drenched c.
Burst c.
Stirred up c.
Mitred c.
Pedlingly furnished c.
Rusty c.
Exhausted c.

Felled c.
Fleeted c.
Cloyed c.
Squeezed c.
Reasty c.
Pounded c.
Loose c.
Coldish c.
Pickled c.
Churned c.
Filiped c.
Singlified c.
Begrimed c.
Wrinkled c.
Fainted c.
Extenuated c.
Chopped c.
Pinked c.
Cup-glassified c.
Fruitless c.
Riven c.
Pursy c.
Fusty c.
Jadish c.
Fistulous c.
Languishing c.
Maleficiated c.
Hectic c.
Worn out c.
Ill-favoured c.
Duncified c.
Macerated c.
Paralytic c.
Degraded c.
Benumbed c.
Bat-like c.

Overlechered c.
Druggerly c.
Mitified c.
Goat-ridden c.
Weakened c.
Ass-ridden c.
Puff-pasted c.
St Anthonified c.
Untriped c.
Blasted c.
Cut off c.
Beveraged c.
Scarified c.
Dashed c.
Slashed c.
Infeebled c.
Sorrowful c.
Murdered c.
Matachin-like c.
Besotted c.
Customerless c.
Minced c.
Exulcerated c.
Patched c.
Stupefied c.
Annihilated c.
Spent c.
Foiled c.
Anguished c.
Disfigured c.
Disabled c.
Forceless c.
Censured c.
Cut c.
Rifled c.
Undone c.

Perplexed c.
Unhelved c.
Fizzled c.
Leprous c.
Bruised c.
Spadonic c.
Boughty c.
Mealy c.
Wrangling c.
Gangreened c.
Crustrissen c.
Ragged c.
Quelled c.
Braggadochio c.
Beggarly c.
Trepanned c.
Bedusked c.
Emasculated c.
Corked c.
Transparent c.
Vile c.
Antidated c.
Abandoned c.
Confounded c.
Loutish c.
Borne down c.
Sparred c.
Abashed c.
Unseasonable c.
Oppressed c.
Grated c.
Falling away c.
Small cut c.
Disordered c.
Latticed c.
Ruined c.

Fart-shotten c.
Sunburnt c.
Pacified c.
Blunted c.
Rankling tasted c.
Rooted out c.
Costive c.
Hailed-on c.
Cuffed c.
Buffeted c.
Whirreted c.
Robbed c.
Neglected c.
Lame c.
Confused c.
Unsavoury c.
Overthrown c.
Boulted c.
Trod under c.
Desolate c.
Declining c.
Stinking c.
Proud c.
Fractured c.
Melancholy c.
Coxcombly c.
Base c.
Bleaked c.
Detested c.
Diaphanous c.
Unworthy c.
Checked c.
Mangled c.
Turned over c.
Harried c.
Flawed c.

Corrected c.
Slit c.
Skittish c.
Spungy c.
Botched c.
Dejected c.
Jagged c.
Pining c.
Deformed c.
Mischieved c.
Cobbled c.
Imbased c.
Ransacked c.
Despised c.
Mangy c.
Abased c.
Supine c.
Mended c.
Dismayed c.
Harsh c.
Beaten c.
Barred c.
Troubled c.
Scornful c.
Dishonest c.
Reproved c.
Cocketed c.
Filthy c.
Shred c.
Chawed c.
Short-winded c.
Branchless c.
Chapped c.
Failing c.
Deficient c.
Lean c.

Exasperated c.
Rejected c.
Belammed c.
Febricitant c.
Perused c.
Emasculated c.
Roughly handled c.
Examined c.
Cracked c.
Wayward c.
Hagled c.
Gleaning c.
Ill-favoured c.
Pulled c.
Drooping c.
Faint c.
Parched c.
Paltry c.
Cankered c.
Void c.
Vexed c.
Bestunk c.
Crooked c.
Brabling c.
Rotten c.
Anxious c.
Clouted c.
Tired c.
Flayed c.
Bald c.
Tossed c.
Flapping c.
Cleft c.
Meagre c.
Dumpified c.
Suppressed c.

Froward c.
Ugly c.
Drawn c.
Riven c.
Distasteful c.
Hanging c.
Broken c.
Limber c.
Effeminate c.
Kindled c.
Evacuated c.
Grieved c.
Carking c.
Disorderly c.
Empty c.
Disquieted c.
Desisted c.
Confounded c.
Hooked c.
Divorous c.
Wearied c.
Sad c.
Cross c.
Vain-glorious c.
Poor c.
Brown c.
Shrunken c.
Abhorred c.
Hairless c.
Flamping c.
Hooded c.
Wormy c.
Besysted c.
Faulty c.
Bemealed c.
Mortified c.

Consumed c.
Used c.
Puzzled c.
Allayed c.
Spoiled c.
Clagged c.
Palsy-strucken c.
Amazed c.
Bedunsed c.
Extirpated c.
Banged c.
Stripped c.
Hoary c.
Winnowed c.
Decayed c.
Disastrous c.
Unhandsome c.
Stummed c.
Barren c.
Wretched c.
Feeble c.
Cast down c.
Stopped c.
Kept under c.
Stubborn c.
Ground c.
Retchless c.
Weather-beaten c.
Frumpled c.
Stale c.
Corrupted c.
Beflowered c.
Amated c.
Blackish c.
Underlaid c.
Lothing c.

Hagged c.
Jawped c.
Havocked c.
Astonished c.
Dulled c.
Slow c.
Plucked up c.
Constipated c.
Blown c.
Blockified c.
Pommeled c.
All-to-be-mauled c.
Fallen away c.
Unlucky c.
Sterile c.
Beshitten c.
Appeased c.
Caitif c.
Woful c.
Unseemly c.
Heavy c.
Weak c.
Prostrated c.
Uncomely c.
Naughty c.
Laid flat c.
Suffocated c.
Held down c.
Barked c.
Scurvy c.
Bescabbed c.
Torn c.
Subdued c.
Sneaking c.
Bare c.
Swart c.
Smutched c.
Raised up c.
Chopped c.
Flirted c.
Blained c.
Blotted c.
Sunk in c.
Ghastly c.
Unpointed c.
Beblistered c.
Wizened c.
Beggar-plated c.
Douf c.
Clarty c.
Lumpish c.
Abject c.
Side c.
Choked up c.
Backward c.
Prolix c.
Spotted c.
Crumpled c.
Ill-filled c.
Bobbed c.
Mated c.
Tawny c.
Whealed c.
Besmeared c.
Hollow c.
Pantless c.
Guizened c.
Demiss c.
Refractory c.
Rensy c.
Frowning c.
Limping c.
Ravelled c.
Rammish c.
Gaunt c.
Beskimmered c.
Scraggy c.
Lank c.
Swashing c.
Moyling c.
Swinking c.
Harried c.
Tugged c.
Tawed c.
Misused c.
Adamitical c.

Balockatso to the devil! my dear friend Panurge, seeing it is so decreed by the gods, wouldst thou invert the course of the planets, and make them retrograde? Wouldst thou disorder all the celestial spheres? blame the intelligences, blunt the spindles, join the wherves, slander the spinning quills, re-

proach the bobbins, revile the clew-bottoms, and finally ravel and untwist all the threads of both the warp and the weft of the weird Sister-Parcæ? What a pox to thy bones dost thou mean, stony cod? Thou wouldst, if thou couldst, a great deal worse than the giants of old intended to have done. Come hither, billicullion. Whether wouldst thou be jealous without a cause, or be a cuckold and know nothing about it?[5] Neither the one nor the other, quoth Panurge, would I choose to be. But if I can get an inkling of the matter, I will provide well enough, or there shall not be one stick of wood within five hundred leagues about me, whereof to make a cudgel. In good faith, Friar John, I speak now seriously unto thee, I think it will be my best not to marry. Hearken to what the bells do tell me, now that we are nearer to them! *Do not marry, marry not, not, not, not, not; marry, marry not, not, not, not, not. If thou marry, thou wilt miscarry, carry, carry; thou wilt repent it, resent it, sent it! If thou marry, thou a cuckold, a cou-cou-cuckold thou shalt be.* By the worthy wrath of God, I begin to be angry. This campanalian oracle fretteth me to the guts—a March hare was never in such a chaff as I am. O how I am vexed! You monks and friars of the cowl-pated and hood-polled fraternity, have you no remedy nor salve against this malady of graffing horns in heads? Hath nature so abandoned humankind, and of her help left us so destitute, that married men cannot know how to sail through the seas of this mortal life, and be safe from the whirlpools, quicksands, rocks, and banks, that lie alongst the coast of Cornwall.

I will, said Friar John, show thee a way, and

[5] *Know nothing about it.*—This problem is borrowed from Hugh le Maronnier, a poet of the thirteenth century.

teach thee an expedient, by means whereof thy wife shall never make thee a cuckold without thy knowledge, and thine own consent. Do me the favour, I pray thee, quoth Panurge, my pretty soft downy cod; now tell it, Billy, tell it, I beseech thee. Take, quoth Frair John, Hans Carvel's ring[6] upon thy finger, who was the King of Melinda's chief jeweller. Besides that this Hans Carvel had the reputation of being very skilful and expert in the lapidary's profession, he was a studious, learned, and ingenious man, a scientific person, full of knowledge, a great philosopher, of sound judgment, of a prime wit, good sense, clear-spirited, an honest creature, courteous, charitable, a giver of alms, and of a jovial humour, a boon companion, and a merry blade, if ever there was any in the world. He was somewhat gorbellied, had a little shake in his head, and was in effect unwieldy of his body. In his old age he took to wife the bailiff of Concordat's daughter, young, fair, jolly, gallant, spruce, frisk, brisk, neat, feat, smirk, smug, compt, quaint, gay, fine, trixy, trim, decent, proper, graceful, handsome, beautiful, comely, and kind—a little too much—to her neighbours and acquaintances.

Hereupon it fell out, after the expiring of a scantling of weeks, that Master Carvel became as jealous as a tiger, and entered into a very profound suspicion, that his new-married gixy did keep a buttock-stirring with others. To prevent which inconveniency, he did tell her many tragical stories of the total ruin of several kingdoms by adultery;

[6] *Hans Carvel's ring.*—This story appears among the facetiæ of Poggius (*Visio Francisci Philelphi*); in the fifth satire of Ariosto; in the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* of Louis XI.; it has been used by Celio Malespini (*Ducento novelle*); by the author of the *Mensa Philosophica*; by La Fontaine; and by Prior.

did read unto her the legend of chaste wives;[7] then made some lectures to her in the praise of the choice virtue of pudicity, and did present her with a book in commendation of conjugal fidelity, wherein the wickedness of all licentious women was odiously detested; and withal he gave her a chain enriched with pure oriental sapphires. Notwithstanding all this, he found her always more and more inclined to the reception of her neighbour copes-mates, so that day by day his jealousy increased. In sequel whereof, one night as he was lying by her, whilst in his sleep the rambling fancies of the lecherous deportments of his wife did take up the cellules of his brain, he dreamt that he encountered with the devil, to whom he had discovered to the full the buzzing of his head, and suspicion that his wife did tread her shoe awry. The devil, he thought, in this perplexity, did for his comfort give him a ring, and therewithal did kindly put it on his middle finger, saying, Hans Carvel, I give thee this ring,—whilst thou carriest it upon that finger, thy wife shall never carnally be known by any other than thyself, without thy special knowledge and consent. Gramercy, quoth Hans Carvel, my Lord Devil, I renounce Mahomet, if ever it shall come off my finger! The devil vanished, as is his custom, and then Hans Carvel, full of joy awaking, found that his middle-finger was as far as it could reach within the what-do-you-call-it of his wife. I did forget to tell thee how his wife, as soon as she had felt the finger there, said, in recoiling her buttocks, Off, yes, nay, tut, pish, tush, aye, lord, that is not the thing which should be put up in that place. With this Hans Carvel thought that some pilfering fellow was about

[7] *The legend of chaste wives.*—Doubtless the treatise of Jacques de Bergame, '*Sur les femmes illustres.*'

to take the ring from him. Is not this an infallible and sovereign antidote? Therefore, if thou wilt believe me, in imitation of this example never fail to have continually the ring of thy wife's commodity upon thy finger. When that was said, their discourse and their way ended.

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW PANTAGRUEL CONVOCATED TOGETHER A THEOLOGIAN, PHYSICIAN, LAWYER, AND PHILOSOPHER, FOR EXTRICATING PANURGE OUT OF THE PERPLEXITY WHEREIN HE WAS

No sooner were they come into the royal palace, but they, to the full, made report unto Pantagruel of the success of their expedition, and showed him the response of Raminagrobis. When Pantagruel had read it over and over again, the oftener he perused it being the better pleased therewith, he said, in addressing his speech to Panurge, I have not as yet seen any answer framed to your demand, which affordeth me more contentment. For in this his succinct copy of verses, he summarily, and briefly, yet fully enough expresseth, how he would have us to understand, that every one, in the project and enterprise of marriage, ought to be his own carver, sole arbitrator of his proper thoughts, and from himself alone take counsel in the main and peremptory closure of what his determination should be, in either his assent to, or dissent from it. Such always hath been my opinion to you, and when at

first you spoke thereof to me, I truly told you this same very thing; but tacitly you scorned my advice, and would not harbour it within your mind. I know for certain, and therefore may I with the greater confidence utter my conception of it, that philauty, or self-love, is that which blinds your judgment and deceiveth you.

Let us do otherways, and that is this. Whatever we are, or have, consisteth in three things—the soul, the body, and the goods. Now, for the preservation of these three, there are three sorts of learned men ordained, each respectively to have care of that one which is recommended to his charge. Theologues are appointed for the soul, physicians for the welfare of the body, and lawyers for the safety of our goods. Hence it is, that it is my resolution to have on Sunday next with me at dinner a divine, a physician, and a lawyer, that with those three assembled thus together, we may in every point and particle confer at large of your perplexity. By Saint Picot! answered Panurge, we never shall do any good that way, I see it already. And you see yourself how the world is vilely abused, as when with a fox-tail one claps another's breech, to cajole him. We give our souls to keep to the theologues, who for the greater part are heretics. Our bodies we commit to the physicians, who never themselves take any physic. And then we entrust our goods to the lawyers, who never go to law against one another. You speak like a courtier,[1] quoth Pantagruel. But the first point of your assertion is to be denied; for we daily see how good theologues make it their chief business, their whole and sole employment, by their deeds, their words, and writings, to extirpate

[1] *You speak like a courtier.*—Courtiers despise men of letters, because they themselves are illiterate.

errors and heresies out of the hearts of men, and in their stead profoundly plant the true and lively faith. The second point you spoke of I commend; for in truth the professors of the art of medicine give so good order to the prophylactic, or conservative part of their faculty, in what concerneth their proper healths, that they stand in no need of making use of the other branch, which is the curative, or therapeutic, by medicaments. As for the third, I grant it to be true, for learned advocates and counsellors at law are so much taken up with the affairs of others in their consultations, pleadings, and such-like patrocinations of those who are their clients, that they have no leisure to attend any controversies of their own. Therefore, on the next ensuing Sunday, let the divine be our godly Father Hippothadeus,[2] the physician our honest Master Rondibilis,[3] and our legist our friend Bridlegoose.[4] Nor will it be (to my thinking) amiss, that we enter into the Pythagoric field, and choose for an assistant to the three aforenamed doctors our ancient faithful acquaintance, the philosopher Trouillogan;[5] especially seeing a perfect philosopher, such as is Trouillogan, is able positively to resolve all whatsoever doubts you can propose. Carpalim, have you a care to have

[2] *Father Hippothadeus* or Parathodeus.—M. Esmangart conjectures him to be Guillaume Parvi, a doctor of the Sorbonne, confessor of Louis XII., and Bishop of Senlis.

[3] *Master Rondibilis.*—According to tradition this will be Guillaume Rondelet, a famous physician of Montpellier, who employed himself in writing a history of fishes.

[4] *Bridlegoose.*—Several commentators suppose this to be the celebrated and learned André Tiraqueau, Lieutenant of the bailliages of Fontenay-le-Comte.

[5] *The philosopher Trouillogan.*—Probably Peter Ramus (or Peter Gallaud), whom Rabelais takes occasion to flout at anew, in the prologue to Book iv. Trouillogan,—a man who, for want of thought, is continually twisting and twirling his gloves (*gans*).

them here all four on Sunday next at dinner, without fail.

I believe, quoth Epistemon, that throughout the whole country, in all the corners thereof, you could not have pitched upon such other four. Which I speak not so much in regard of the most excellent qualifications and accomplishments wherewith all of them are endowed for the respective discharge and management of each his own vocation and calling (wherein without all doubt or controversy, they are the paragons of the land and surpass all others), as for that Rondibilis is married now, who before was not,—Hippothadeus was not before, nor is yet,—Bridlegoose was married once, but is not now,—and Trouillogan is married now, who wedded was to another wife before. Sir, if it may stand with your good liking, I will ease Carpalim of some parcel of his labour, and invite Bridlegoose myself, with whom I of a long time have had a very intimate familiarity, and unto whom I am to speak on the behalf of a pretty hopeful youth who now studieth at Toulouse, under the most learned, virtuous Doctor Boissoné.[6] Do what you deem most expedient, quoth Pantagruel, and tell me, if my recommendation can in anything be steadable for the promoval of the good of that youth, or otherwise serve for bettering of the dignity and office of the worthy Boissoné, whom I do so love and respect for one of the ablest and most sufficient in his way that anywhere are extant. Sir, I will use therein my best endeavours, and heartily bestir myself about it.

[6] *Doctor Boissonné.*—Professor of jurisprudence, and councillor of the Parliament of Toulouse; author of several treatises.

CHAPTER XXX

HOW THE THEOLOGUE, HIPPOTHADEUS, GIVETH COUNSEL TO PANURGE IN THE MATTER AND BUSINESS OF HIS NUPTIAL ENTERPRISE

The dinner on the subsequent Sunday was no sooner made ready, than that the aforenamed invited guests gave thereto their appearance, all of them, Bridlegoose only excepted, who was the deputy-governor of Fonsbeton. At the ushering in of the second service, Panurge, making a low reverence, spake thus: Gentlemen, the question I am to propound unto you shall be uttered in very few words; Should I marry or no? If my doubt herein be not resolved by you, I shall hold it altogether insolvable, as are the *Insolubilia de Alliaco*;[1] for all of you are elected, chosen and culled out from amongst others, every one in his own condition and quality, like so many picked peas on a carpet.

The Father Hippothadeus, in obedience to the bidding of Pantagruel, and with much courtesy to the company, answered, exceeding modestly, after this manner, My friend, you are pleased to ask counsel of us; but first you must consult with yourself. Do you find any trouble or disquiet in your body by the importunate stings and pricklings of the flesh? That I do, quoth Panurge, in a hugely strong and almost irresistible measure. Be not offended, I beseech you, good father, at the freedom of my expression. No, truly, friend, not I, quoth Hippothadeus, there is no reason why I should be dis-

[1] *Insolubilia de Alliaco.*—Peter d'Ailly; one of whose *Insolubilia* was: *An porcus, qui ad venalitium agitur, ab homine an à funiculo teneatur?*

pleased therewith. But in this carnal strife and debate of yours, have you obtained from God the gift and special grace of continency? In good faith not, quoth Panurge. My counsel to you in that case, my friend, is that you marry, quoth Hippothadeus; for you should rather choose to marry once, than to burn still in fires of concupiscence. Then, Panurge, with a jovial heart and a loud voice, cried out, That is spoke gallantly, without circumbili-vaginating about and about, and never hitting it in its central point. Gramercy, my good father! In truth I am resolved now to marry, and without fail I shall do it quickly. I invite you to my wedding. By the body of a hen! we shall make good cheer, and be as merry as crickets. You shall wear the bridegroom's colours, and, if we eat a goose, my wife shall not roast it for me.[2] I will entreat you to lead up the first dance of the bride's maids, if it may please you to do me so much favour and honour. There resteth yet a small difficulty, a little scruple, yea, even less than nothing, whereof I humbly crave your resolution. Shall I be a cuckold, father, yea or no? By no means, answered Hippothadeus, will you be a cuckold, if it please God. O! the Lord help us now, quoth Panurge, whither are we driven to, good folks? To the Conditionals, which, according to the rules and precepts of the dialectic faculty, admit of all contradictions and impossibilities. If my Transalpine mule had wings, my Transalpine

[2] *My wife shall not roast it for me.*—In the farce of Patelin, the woollen-draper, whom Patelin promised to treat that very evening with a goose of his (Patelin's) wife's own roasting, was deceived by that imposter, who had not wherewithal to buy a goose. Here Panurge, to let Hippothadeus know that he would in good earnest regale him with a roasted goose, tells him, beforehand, that it shall not fare with his goose as with Patelin's.

mule would fly. If it please God, I shall not be a cuckold; but I shall be a cuckold, if it please Him. Good God! if this were a condition which I knew how to prevent, my hopes should be as high as ever, nor would I despair. But you here send me to God's privy council, to the closet of His little pleasures. You, my French countrymen, which is the way you take to go thither?

My honest father, I believe it will be your best not to come to my wedding. The clutter and dingle-dangle noise of marriage guests will but disturb you, and break the serious fancies of your brain. You love repose with solitude and silence; I really believe you will not come. And then you dance but indifferently, and would be out of countenance at the first entry. I will send you some good things to your chamber, together with the bride's favour, and there you may drink our health, if it may stand with your good liking. My friend, quoth Hippothadeus, take my words in the sense wherein I mean them, and do not misinterpret me. When I tell you,—if it please God,—do I to you any wrong therein? Is it an ill expression? Is it a blaspheming clause, or reserve any way scandalous unto the world? Do not we thereby honour the Lord God Almighty, Creator, Protector, and Conserver of all things? Is not that a mean, whereby we do acknowledge Him to be the sole giver of all whatsoever is good? Do not we in that manifest our faith, that we believe all things to depend upon His infinite and incomprehensible bounty? and that without Him nothing can be produced, nor after its production be of any value, force, or power, without the concurring aid and favour of His assisting grace? Is it not a canonical and authentic exception, worthy to be premised to all our undertakings? Is it not

expedient that what we propose unto ourselves be still referred to what shall be disposed of by the sacred will of God, unto which all things must acquiesce in the heavens as well as on the earth? Is not that verily a sanctifying of His holy name? My friend, you shall not be a cuckold, if it please God, nor shall we need to despair of the knowledge of His good will and pleasure herein, as if it were such an abstruse and mysteriously hidden secret, that for the clear understanding thereof it were necessary to consult with those of His celestial privy council, or expressly make a voyage unto the empyrean chamber, where order is given for the effectuating of His most holy pleasures. The great God hath done us this good, that He hath declared and revealed them to us openly and plainly, and described them in the Holy Bible. There will you find that you shall never be a cuckold, that is to say, your wife shall never be a strumpet, if you make choice of one of a commendable extraction, descended of honest parents, and instructed in all piety and virtue—such a one as hath not at any time haunted or frequented the company or conversation of those that are of corrupt and depraved manners, one loving and fearing God, who taketh a singular delight in drawing near to Him by faith, and the cordial observing of His sacred commandments—and finally, one who, standing in awe of the Divine Majesty of the Most High, will be loth to offend Him, and lose the favourable kindness of His grace, through any defect of faith, or transgression against the ordinances of His holy law, wherein adultery is most rigorously forbidden, and a close adherence to her husband alone most strictly and severely enjoined; yea, in such sort, that she is to cherish, serve, and love him above any thing, next to God, that meriteth to be beloved. In the

interim, for the better schooling of her in these instructions, and that the wholesome doctrine of a matrimonial duty may take the deeper root in her mind, you must needs carry yourself so on your part, and your behaviour is to be such, that you are to go before her in a good example, by entertaining her unfeignedly with a conjugal amity, by continually approving yourself in all your words and actions a faithful and discreet husband; and by living, not only at home and privately with your own household and family, but in the face also of all men, and open view of the world, devoutly, virtuously, and chastely, as you would have her on her side to deport and to demean herself towards you, as becomes a godly, loyal, and respectful wife, who maketh conscience to keep inviolable the tie of a matrimonial oath. For as that looking-glass is not the best which is most decked with gold and precious stones, but that which representeth to the eye the liveliest shapes of objects set before it, even so that wife should not be most esteemed who richest is, and of the noblest race, but she who, fearing God, conforms herself nearest unto the humour of her husband.

Consider how the moon doth not borrow her light from Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, or any other of the planets, nor yet from any of those splendid stars which are set in the spangled firmament, but from her husband only, the bright sun, which she receiveth from him more or less, according to the manner of his aspect and variously bestowed eradiations. Just so should you be a pattern to your wife in virtue, goodly zeal, and true devotion, that by your radiance in darting on her the aspect of an exemplary goodness, she, in your imitation, may outshine the luminaries of all other women. To this effect you

daily must implore God's grace to the protection of you both. You would have me then, quoth Panurge, twisting the whiskers of his beard on either side with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, to espouse and take to wife the prudent frugal woman described by Solomon. Without all doubt she is dead, and truly to my best remembrance I never saw her; the Lord forgive me! Nevertheless I thank you, father. Eat this slice of marchpane, it will help your digestion; then shall you be presented with a cup of claret hypocras, which is right healthful and stomachal. Let us proceed.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW THE PHYSICIAN RONDIBILIS COUNSELLETH PANURGE

Panurge, continuing his discourse, said, The first word which was spoken by him who gelded the lubbardly quaffing monks of Saussiniac,[1] after that he had unstoned Friar Cauldaureil, was this, Now for the rest. In like manner, I say, Now for the rest. Therefore, I beseech you, my good Master Rondibilis, should I marry or not? By the raking pace of my mule,[2] quoth Rondibilis, I know not what answer to make to this problem of yours.

[1] *Monks of Saussiniac.*—May not this be the story which Thevet (l. iii. c. 45, of his *Eminent Men*) relates of certain monks of the Abbey of Cluny, whom, because of their irregular, dissolute lives, their prior, Philip Burgoing, had all cut, one after another, in a place of the convent whither he had sent for them separately?

[2] *By the raking pace of my mule.*—In the original, *Par les ambles de mon mulet.* In Rondibilis, the author touches William Rondelet, a physician of Montpelier, a huge corpulent man

You say that you feel in you the pricking stings of sensuality, by which you are stirred up to venery. I find in our faculty of medicine, and we have founded our opinion therein upon the deliberate resolution and final decision of the ancient Platonics, that carnal concupiscence is cooled and quelled five several ways.

First, by the means of wine.[3] I shall easily believe that, quoth Friar John, for when I am well whittled with the juice of the grape, I care for nothing else, so I may sleep. When I say, quoth Rondibilis, that wine abateth lust, my meaning is, wine immoderately taken; for by intemperance proceeding from the excessive drinking of strong liquor there is brought upon the body of such a swill-down bouser, a chillness in the blood, a slackening in the sinews, a dissipation of the generative seed, a numbness and hebetation of the senses, with a perversive wryness and convulsion of the muscles; all which are great lets and impediments to the act of generation. Hence it is, that Bacchus, the god of bibbers, tipplers, and drunkards, is most commonly painted beardless, and clad in a woman's habit, as a person altogether effeminate, or like a libbed eunuch. Wine, nevertheless, taken moderately, worketh quite contrary effects, as is implied by the old proverb, which saith,—That Venus takes cold when not accompanied with Ceres and Bacchus. This opinion is of great antiquity, as appeareth by the testimony of Diodorus the Sicilian, and confirmed by Pausanias, and it is

(see De Thou). Rabelais makes him swear in this manner because there was nothing more valuable to him than the ambling of his mule, which might often have endangered his neck, had he put the beast upon a trot or a gallop.

[3] *By the means of wine.*—Scævola de St Marthe says, of Rondelet, that he drank nothing but water.

universally held amongst the Lampsacians, that Don Priapus was the son of Bacchus and Venus.

Secondly, The fervency of lust is abated by certain drugs, plants, herbs, and roots, which make the taker cold, maleficiated, unfit for, and unable to perform the act of generation; as hath been often experimented in the water-lily, Heraclea, Agnus-Castus, willow-twigs, hemp-stalks, woodbine, honey-suckle, tamarisk, chaste-tree, mandrake, bennet, keck-bugloss, the skin of a hippopotamus, and many other such, which, by convenient doses proportioned to the peccant humour and constitution of the patient, being duly and seasonably received within the body,—what by their elementary virtues on the one side, and peculiar properties on the other,—do either benumb, mortify, and beclumpse with cold the prolific semence, or scatter and disperse the spirits, which ought to have gone along with, and conducted sperm to the places destinated and appointed for its reception,—or lastly, shut up, stop, and obstruct the ways, passages, and conduits through which the seed should have been expelled, evacuated, and ejected. We have nevertheless of those ingredients, which, being of a contrary operation, heat the blood, bend the nerves, unite the spirits, quicken the senses, strengthen the muscles, and thereby rouse up, provoke, excite, and enable a man to the vigorous accomplishment of the feat of amorous dalliance. I have no need of those, quoth Panurge, God be thanked, and you, my good master. Howsoever, I pray you, take no exception or offence at these my words; for what I have said was not out of any ill will I did bear to you—the Lord he knows.

Thirdly, The ardour of lechery is very much subdued and checked by frequent labour and continual toiling. For by painful exercises and laborious

working, so great a dissolution is brought upon the whole body, that the blood, which runneth alongst the channels of the veins thereof, for the nourishment and alimentation of each of its members, hath neither time, leisure, nor power to afford the seminal resudation, or superfluity of the third concoction, which nature most carefully reserves for the conservation of the individual, whose preservation she more heedfully regardeth than the propagating of the species, and the multiplication of human kind. Whence it is, that Diana is said to be chaste, because she is never idle, but always busied about her hunting. For the same reason was a camp, or leaguer, of old called *Castrum*, as if they would have said *Castum;* because the soldiers, wrestlers, runners, throwers of the bar, and other such like athletic champions as are usually seen in a military circumvallation, do incessantly travail and turmoil, and are in a perpetual stir and agitation. To this purpose Hippocrates also writeth in his book, *De Aere, Aqua et Locis*, That in his time there was a people in Scythia, as impotent as eunuchs in the discharge of a venerean exploit; because that without any cessation, pause, or respite, they were never from off horseback, or otherwise assiduously employed in some troublesome and molesting drudgery.

On the other part, in opposition and repugnancy hereto, the philosophers say, That idleness is the mother of luxury. When it was asked Ovid,[4] Why Ægisthus became an adulterer? he made no other answer but this, Because he was idle. Who were able to rid the world of loitering and laziness, might

[4] *Ovid, etc.—De Remed. Amoris.*

'Quæritur Ægystus quare sit factus adulter:
In promptu causa est; desidiosus erat.'

easily frustrate and disappoint Cupid[5] of all his designs, aims, engines, and devices, and so disable and appal him that his bow, quiver, and darts should from thenceforth be a mere needless load and burthen to him: for that it could not then lie in his power to strike or wound any of either sex, with all the arms he had. He is not, I believe, so expert an archer, as that he can hit the cranes flying in the air, or yet the young stags skipping through the thickets, as the Parthians knew well how to do: that is to say, people moiling, stirring, and hurrying up and down, restless, and without repose. He must have those hushed, still, quiet, lying at a stay, lither, and full of ease, whom he is able to pierce with all his arrows. In confirmation hereof, Theophrastus being asked on a time, What kind of beast or thing he judged a toyish, wanton love to be? he made answer, That it was a passion of idle and sluggish spirits.[6] From which pretty description of tickling love-tricks, that of Diogenes' hatching was not very discrepant, when he defined lechery, The occupation of folks destitute of all other occupation. For this cause the Sicyonian sculptor, Canachus,[7] being desirous to give us to understand that sloth, drowsiness, negligence, and laziness were the prime guardians and governesses of ribaldry, made the statue of Venus, not standing, as other stone-cutters had used to do, but sitting.

Fourthly, The tickling pricks of incontinency are blunted by an eager study; for from thence proceedeth an incredible resolution of the spirits, that

[5] *Cupid, etc.*—*Encore* Ovid, '*De Remed. Amor.*' l. i. v. 139.

'Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus
Contemtæque jacent, et sine luce faces.'

[6] *That it was, etc.*—This apophthegm is Diogenes the Cynic's, not Diogenes Laertius'.

[7] *Canachus.*—See Pausanias' Corinthians.

oftentimes there do not remain so many behind as may suffice to push and thrust forwards the generative resudation to the places thereto appropriated, and therewithal inflate the cavernous nerve, whose office is to ejaculate the moisture for the propagation of human progeny. Lest you should think it is not so, be pleased but to contemplate a little the form, fashion, and carriage of a man exceeding earnestly set upon some learned meditation, and deeply plunged therein, and you shall see how all the arteries of his brains are stretched forth, and bent like the string of a cross-bow, the more promptly, dexterously, and copiously to suppeditate, furnish, and supply him with store of spirits, sufficient to replenish and fill up the ventricles, seats, tunnels, mansions, receptacles, and cellules of common sense,—of the imagination, apprehension, and fancy, — of the ratiocination, arguing, and resolution,—as likewise of the memory, recordation, and remembrance; and with great alacrity, nimbleness, and agility to run, pass, and course from the one to the other, through those pipes, windings, and conduits, which to skilful anatomists are perceivable at the end of the wonderful net, where all the arteries close in a terminating point: which arteries, taking their rise and origin from the left capsule of the heart, bring through several circuits, ambages, and anfractuosities, the vital spirits, to subtilise and refine them to the ætherial purity of animal spirits. Nay, in such a studiously musing person, you may espy so extravagant raptures of one, as it were, out of himself, that all his natural faculties for that time will seem to be suspended from each their proper charge and office, and his exterior senses to be at a stand. In a word, you cannot otherwise choose than think, that he is by an extraordinary ecstacy quite transported of what

he was, or should be; and that Socrates did not speak improperly, when he said, That philosophy was nothing else but a meditation upon death. This possibly is the reason why Democritus [8] deprived himself of the sense of seeing, prizing at a much lower rate the loss of his sight, than the diminution of his contemplations, which he frequently had found disturbed by the vagrant, flying-out strayings of his unsettled and roving eyes. Therefore is it, that Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, tutoress and guardianess of such as are diligently studious, and painfully industrious, is, and hath been still, accounted a virgin. The Muses, upon the same consideration, are esteemed perpetual maids: and the Graces, for the like reason, have been held to continue in a sempiternal pudicity.

I remember to have read,[9] that Cupid on a time being asked of his mother, Venus, why he did not assault and set upon the Muses, his answer was, That he found them so fair, so sweet, so fine, so neat, so wise, so learned, so modest, so discreet, so courteous, so virtuous, and so continually busied and employed,—one in the speculation of the stars,—another in the supputation of numbers,—the third in the dimension of geometrical quantities,—the fourth in the composition of heroic poems,—the fifth in the jovial interludes of a comic strain,—the sixth in the stately gravity of a tragic vein,—the seventh in the melodious disposition of musical airs,—the eighth in the completest manner of writing histories, and books on all sorts of subjects,—and the ninth in the mysteries, secrets, and curiosities of all

[8] *Democritus, etc.*—Vide Cicero, lib. v. Tusc. Questions, and Plutarch's Treatise of Curiosity.

[9] *To have read.*—In Lucian, in the dialogue entitled Venus and Cupid.

sciences, faculties, disciplines, and arts whatsoever, whether liberal or mechanic, that approaching near unto them he unbent his bow, shut his quiver, and extinguished his torch, through mere shame, and fear that by mischance he might do them some hurt or prejudice. Which done, he thereafter put off the fillet wherewith his eyes were bound, to look them in the face, and to hear their melody and poetic odes. There took he the greatest pleasure in the world, that many times he was transported with their beauty and pretty behaviour, and charmed asleep by the harmony; so far was he from assaulting them, or interrupting their studies. Under this article may be comprised what Hippocrates wrote in the afore-cited treatise concerning the Scythians; as also that in a book of his, entitled Of Breeding and Production, where he hath affirmed all such men to be unfit for generation, as have their parotid arteries cut—whose situation is beside the ears—for the reason given already, when I was speaking of the resolution of the spirits, and of that spiritual blood whereof the arteries are the sole and proper receptacles; and that likewise he doth maintain a large portion of the parastatic liquor to issue and descend from the brains and backbone.

Fifthly, by the too frequent reiteration of the act of venery. There did I wait for you, quoth Panurge, and shall willingly apply it to myself, whilst any one that pleaseth may, for me, make use of any of the four preceding. That is the very same thing, quoth Friar John, which Father Scyllino,[10] Prior

[10] *Father Scyllino.*—Rabelais' word is Fray Scyllino; fray means *frère, i.e.*, brother (not father). Scyllino, or, as some editions, and particularly this of M. Duchat has it, Scyllo, may come from Scilla, a sea-onion (squill). Boccace, in one of his novels, calls a certain monk Brother Onion (*Frater Cipolla*). Rabelais, in

of Saint Victor, at Marseilles, calleth by the name of maceration, and taming of the flesh. I am of the same opinion,—and so was the hermit of Saint Radegonde, a little above Chinon: for, quoth he, the hermits of Thebaide can no way more aptly or expediently macerate and bring down the pride of their bodies, daunt and mortify their lecherous sensuality, or depress and overcome the stubbornness and rebellion of the flesh, than by duffling and fanfreluching it five-and-twenty or thirty times a day. I see Panurge, quoth Rondibilis, neatly featured, and proportioned in all the members of his body, of a good temperament in his humours, well complexioned in his spirits, of a competent age, in an opportune time, and of a reasonably forward mind to be married. Truly, if he encounter with a wife of the like nature, temperament, and constitution, he may beget upon her children worthy of some transpontine monarchy;[11] and the sooner he marry, it will be the better for him, and the more conducible for his profit, if he would see and have his children in his own time well provided for. Sir, my worthy master, quoth Panurge, I will do it, do not you doubt thereof; and that quickly enough, I warrant you. Nevertheless, whilst you were busied in the uttering of your learned discourse, this flea which I have in mine ear hath tickled me more than ever. I retain you in the number of my festival guests, and promise you, that we shall not want for mirth, and good cheer enough, yea, over and above the

imitation of him, might have used the same appellation here (*Frere Oignon*, Brother Onion), but he chose rather that of Brother Sea-onion (Fray Scyllo), because he was a monk of Marseilles, a maritime city.

[11] *Transpontine monarchy.*—Beyond-sea. Some such monarchies were formed in the east, in the age of the Crusades.

ordinary rate. And, if it may please you, desire your wife to come along with you, together with her she-friends and neighbours—that is to be understood—and there shall be fair play.[12]

CHAPTER XXXII

HOW RONDIBILIS DECLARETH CUCKOLDRY TO BE NATURALLY ONE OF THE APPENDANCES OF MARRIAGE

THERE remaineth, as yet, quoth Panurge, going on in his discourse, one small scruple to be cleared. You have seen heretofore, I doubt not, in the Roman standards, S. P. Q. R. Si, Peu, Que, Rien. Shall not I be a cuckold? By the haven of safety![1] cried out Rondibilis, what is this you ask of me? If you shall be a cuckold? My noble friend, I am married, and you are like to be so very speedily; therefore be pleased, from my experiment in the matter, to write in your brain with a steel-pen this

[12] *And there shall be fair play.*—More correctly, 'And there shall be sport, but without rudeness,' *Et jeu sans villenie.* That is, you shall want for no diversion, in a civil way; and, as no one is ignorant of the proverb, *Jeu de main, jeu de villain*, I depend upon it you will all so far bear it in mind as not to towse my wife, or use any horse-play to her. The French proverb above is of great antiquity, and Brantôme in his 7th disc. of his *Dames Illustres*, p. 359, observes that Froissart relates that Jeanne of France, the first of the name, Queen of Naples, presented herself before the Pope at Fondi, confessed to him and showed him all her ware and *jeu sans villenie*, all the game without naughtiness.

[1] *By the haven of safety.*—In the original, *aure de grace*, a Languedocian exclamation used by the physician Rondibilis, who, it is likely, was used in this manner to call upon the Holy Ghost, and implore the aid of the Spirit of Grace.

subsequent ditton, 'There is no married man who doth not run the hazard of being made a cuckold.' Cuckoldry naturally attendeth marriage. The shadow doth not more naturally follow the body, than cuckoldry ensueth after marriage, to place fair horns upon the husbands' heads.

And when you shall happen to hear any man pronounce these words—he is married—if you then say he is, hath been, shall be, or may be a cuckold, you will not be accounted an unskilful artist in framing of true consequences. Tripes and bowels of all the devils! cries Panurge, what do you tell me? My dear friend, answered Rondibilis, as Hippocrates on a time was in the very nick of setting forwards from Lango to Polistillo,[2] to visit the philosopher Democritus, he wrote a familiar letter to his friend Dionysius, wherein he desired him, that he would, during the interval of his absence, carry his wife to the house of her father and mother, who were an honourable couple, and of good repute; because I would not have her at my home, said he, to make abode in solitude. Yet, notwithstanding this her residence beside her parents, do not fail, quoth he, with a most heedful care and circumspection, to pry into her ways, and to espy what places she shall go to with her mother, and who those be that shall repair unto her. Not, quoth he, that I do mistrust her virtue, or that I seem to have any diffidence of her pudicity, and chaste behaviour,—for of that I have frequently had good and real proofs,—but I must really tell you, she is a woman. There lies the suspicion.

[2] *From Lango to Polistillo.*—Lango is the ancient Cos, Hippocrates' country. Polistillo is the ancient Abdera, the philosopher Democritus' country. This letter of Hippocrates is fictitious. See Le Clerc's Hist. of Physic.

My worthy friend, the nature of women is set forth before our eyes, and represented to us by the moon in divers other things as well as in this, that they squat, skulk, constrain their own inclinations, and, with all the cunning they can, dissemble and play the hypocrite in the sight and presence of their husbands; who come no sooner to be out of the way, but that forthwith they take their advantage, pass the time merrily, desist from all labour, frolic it, gad abroad, lay aside their conterfeit garb, and openly declare and manifest the interior of their dispositions, even as the moon,[3] when she is in conjunction with the sun, is neither seen in the heavens, nor on the earth, but in her opposition, when remotest from him, shineth in her greatest fulness, and wholly appeareth in her brightest splendour whilst it is night. Thus women are but women.

When I say womankind, I speak of a sex so frail, so variable, so changeable, so fickle, inconstant, and imperfect, that, in my opinion, Nature, under favour, nevertheless, of the prime honour and reverence which is due unto her, did in a manner mistake the road which she had traced formerly, and stray exceedingly from that excellence of providential judgment, by the which she had created and formed all other things, when she built, framed, and made up the woman. And having thought upon it a hundred and five times, I know not what else to determine therein, save only that in the devising, hammering, forging, and composing of the woman, she hath had a much tenderer regard, and by a great deal more respectful heed, to the delightful consortship, and sociable delectation of the man, than to

[3] *Mion.*—Comparison taken from Plutarch, in his precepts on marriage.

the perfection and accomplishment of the individual womanishness or muliebrity. The divine philosopher Plato was doubtful in what rank of living creatures to place and collocate them, whether amongst the rational animals, by elevating them to an upper seat in the specifical classes of humanity; or with the irrational, by degrading them to a lower bench on the opposite side, of a brutal kind, and mere bestiality. For nature hath posited in a privy, secret, and intestine place of their bodies, a sort of member,[4] by some not impertinently termed an animal, which is not to be found in men. Therein sometimes are engendered certain humours, so saltish, brackish, clammy, sharp, nipping, tearing, prickling, and most eagerly tickling, that by their stinging acrimony, rending nitrosity, figging itch, wriggling mordicancy, and smarting salsitude (for the said member is altogether sinewy, and of a most quick and lively feeling), their whole body is shaken and ebrangled, their senses totally ravished and transported, the operations of their judgment and understanding utterly confounded, and all disordinate passions and perturbations of the mind thoroughly and absolutely allowed, admitted, and approved of; yea, in such sort, that if Nature had not been so favourable unto them as to have sprinkled their forehead with a little tincture of bashfulness and modesty, you should see them in a so frantic mood run mad after lechery,[5] and hie apace up and down

[4] *Member.*—The *uterus*, concerning which the old medical writers have placed upon record many strange superstitions.

[5] *Run mad after lechery, etc.*—It is, in the original, run for the codpiece-point, *courir l'aguillette*. Duchat remarks on this phrase and custom, that in Rabelais' time, and ever since, till about the year 1676, it was customary at Beaucaire, the eve of the great fair, to make the madams that came thither to trade, run races naked, and she that beat had for her prize a bun ile of cod-

with haste and lust, in quest of, and to fix some chamber-standard in their Paphian ground, that never did the Proëtides, Mimallonides, nor Lyæan Thyads deport themselves in the time of their Bacchanalian festivals more shamelessly, or with a so effronted and brazen-faced impudency, because this terrible animal is knit unto, and hath an union with all the chief and most principal parts of the body, as to anatomists is evident. Let it not here be thought strange that I should call it an animal, seeing therein I do no otherwise than follow and adhere to the doctrine of the academic and peripatetic philosophers. For if a proper motion be a certain mark and infallible token of the life and animation of the mover, as Aristotle writeth, and that any such thing as moveth of itself ought to be held animated, and of a living nature, then assuredly Plato with very good reason did give it the denomination of an animal, for that he perceived and observed in it the proper and self-stirring motions of suffocation, precipitation, corrugation, and of indignation, so extremely violent, that oftentimes by them is taken and removed from the woman all other sense and moving whatsoever, as if she were in a swounding lipothymy, benumbing syncope, epileptic, apoplectic palsy, and true resemblance of a pale-faced death.

Furthermore, in the said member there is a manifest discerning faculty of scents and odours very perceptible to women, who feel it fly from what is rank and unsavoury, and follow fragrant and aromatic

piece-points. Again at Toulouse, and other places, the common wenches are (or at least were in old time) enjoined to wear codpiece-points on one of their shoulders, to distinguish them from those that professed honesty. To conclude, *courir l'aguillette* or dinarily signifies to be troubled with a *furor uterinus*.

smells. It is not unknown to me how Cl. Galen striveth with might and main to prove that these are not proper and particular notions proceeding intrinsically from the thing itself, but accidentally, and by chance. Nor hath it escaped my notice, how others of that sect have laboured hardly, yea, to the utmost of their abilities, to demonstrate that it is not a sensitive discerning or perception in it of the difference of wafts and smells, but merely a various manner of virtue and efficacy, passing forth and flowing from the diversity of odoriferous substances applied near unto it. Nevertheless, if you will studiously examine, and seriously ponder and weigh in Critolaus' balance the strength of their reasons and arguments, you shall find that they, not only in this, but in several other matters also of the like nature, have spoken at random, and rather out of an ambitious envy to check and reprehend their betters, than for any design to make inquiry into the solid truth.

I will not launch my little skiff any further into the wide ocean of this dispute, only will I tell you that the praise and commendation is not mean and slender which is due to those honest and good women, who, living chastely and without blame, have had the power and virtue to curb, range, and subdue that unbridled, heady, and wild animal to an obedient, submissive, and obsequious yielding unto reason. Therefore here will I make an end of my discourse thereon, when I shall have told you, that the said animal being once satiated—if it be possible that it can be contented or satisfied —by that aliment which nature hath provided for it out of the epididymal store-house of man, all its former and irregular and disordered motions are at an end, laid and assuaged,—all its vehement

and unruly longings lulled, pacified, and quieted,—and all the furious and raging lusts, appetites, and desires thereof appeased, calmed, and extinguished. For this cause let it seem nothing strange unto you, if we be in a perpetual danger of being cuckolds, that is to say, such of us as have not wherewithal fully to satisfy the appetite and expectation of that voracious animal. Ods fish! quoth Panurge, have you no preventive cure in all your medicinal art for hindering one's head to be horny-graffed at home, whilst his feet are plodding abroad? Yes, that I have, my gallant friend, answered Rondibilis, and that which is a sovereign remedy, whereof I frequently make use myself; and that you may the better relish, it is set down and written in the book of a most famous author, whose renown is of a standing of two thousand years. Hearken and take good heed. You are, quoth Panurge, by cocks-hobby! a right honest man, and I love you with all my heart. Eat a little of this quince-pie;[6] it is very proper and convenient for the shutting up of the orifice of the ventricle of the stomach, because of a kind of astringent stypticity, which is in that sort of fruit, and is helpful to the first concoction. But what? I think I speak Latin before clerks. Stay till I give you somewhat to drink out of this Nestorian goblet. Will you have another draught of white hippocras? Be not afraid of the squinzy, no. There is neither squinanthus, ginger, nor grains in it; only a little choice

[6] *Quince-pie.*—See a receipt how to make it in Duchat; from *Platina, de honesta Voluptate*, l. viii. In brief, they took out the cores from the quinces, and then filled them with beef-marrow, seasoned with sugar, cinnamon, and a little salt. Then they made a pie of them, which being baked, or otherwise done at a slow fire, either loosened or bound up the body, according as they were eaten at the beginning or end of a meal.

cinnamon, and some of the best refined sugar, with the delicious white wine of the growth of that vine which was set in the slips of the great sorb-apple, above the walnut tree.

CHAPTER XXXIII

RONDIBILIS THE PHYSICIAN'S CURE OF CUCKOLDRY

At what time,[1] quoth Rondibilis, when Jupiter took a view of the state of his olympic house and family, and that he had made the calendar of all the gods and goddesses, appointing unto the festival of every one of them its proper day and season, establishing certain fixed places and stations for the pronouncing of oracles, and relief of travelling pilgrims, and ordaining victims, immolations, and sacrifices suitable and correspondent to the dignity and nature of the worshipped and adored deity. Did not he do, asked Panurge, therein, as Tinteville,[2] the bishop of Auxerre, is said once to have done? This noble prelate loved entirely the pure liquor of the grape, as every honest and judicious man doth; therefore was it that he had an especial care and regard to the bud of the vine tree, as to the

[1] *At what time, etc.*—This is exactly the character of Dr Rondeletius, who, being by nature a pleasant man, would be continually enlivening his lectures with such like stories as this, and that in the preceding chapter, etc.

[2] *Tinteville.*—He died at Rome the last day but one of April 1530, according to the Gallia Christiana, but alive and hearty the 20th of November the next year, according to Sebastian Rouillard, p. 602 of his History of Melun.

great-grandfather of Bacchus. But so it is, that for sundry years together, he saw a most pitiful havoc, desolation, and destruction made amongst the sprouts, shootings, buds, blossoms, and scions of the vines, by hoary frost, dank fogs, hot mists, unseasonable colds, chill blasts, thick hail, and other calamitous chances of foul weather, happening, as he thought, by the dismal inauspiciousness of the Holy Days of St George, St Mary, St Paul, St Eutropius, Holy Rood, the Ascension, and other festivals, in that time when the sun passeth under the sign of Taurus; and thereupon harboured in his mind this opinion, that the aforenamed saints were Saint Hail-flingers, Saint Frost-senders, Saint Fog-mongers, and Saint Spoilers of the vine-buds. For which cause he went about to have transmitted their feasts from the spring to the winter, to be celebrated between Christmas and Epiphany, so the mother of the three kings called it,[3] allowing them with all honour and reverence the liberty then to freeze, hail, and rain as much as they would; for that he knew that at such a time frost was rather profitable than hurtful to the vine-buds, and in their steads to have placed the festivals of St Christopher, St John the Baptist, St Magdalene, St Ann, St Domingo, and St Lawrence; yea, and to have gone so far as to collocate and transpose the middle of August in and to the beginning of May, because during the whole space of their solemnity there was so little danger of hoary frosts and cold mists, that

[3] *Between Christmas and Epiphany, so the mother of the three kings called it.*—This is quite murdered. It is in the original thus: Between Christmas and Tiphany, the mother of the three kings (as he called her). Tiphany, by an ignorant corruption for Epiphany (as the feast of the kings is called). Of this feast of Tiphany the vulgar have made a saint.

no artificers are then held in greater request, than the afforders of refrigerating inventions, makers of junkets, fit disposers of cooling shades, composers of green arbours, and refreshers of wine.

Jupiter, said Rondibilis, forgot the poor devil Cuckoldry, who was then in the court at Paris, very eagerly soliciting a piddling suit at law for one of his vassals and tenants. Within some few days thereafter, I have forgot how many, when he got full notice of the trick, which in his absence was done unto him, he instantly desisted from prosecuting legal processes in the behalf of others, full of solicitude to pursue after his own business, lest he should be fore-closed, and thereupon he appeared personally at the tribunal of the great Jupiter, displayed before him the importance of his preceding merits, together with the acceptable services, which in obedience to his commandments he had formerly performed; and therefore, in all humility, begged of him that he would be pleased not to leave him alone amongst all the sacred potentates, destitute and void of honour, reverence, sacrifices, and festival ceremonies. To this petition Jupiter's answer was excusatory, That all the places and offices of his house were bestowed. Nevertheless, so importuned was he by the continual supplications of Monsieur Cuckoldry, that he, in fine, placed him in the rank, list, roll, rubric, and catalogue, and appointed honours, sacrifices, and festival rites to be observed on earth in great devotion, and tendered to him with solemnity. The feast, because there was no void, empty, nor vacant place in all the calendar, was to be celebrated jointly with and on the same day that had been consecrated to the goddess Jealousy. His power and dominion should be over married folks, especially such as had hand-

some wives. His sacrifices were to be suspicion, diffidence, mistrust, a lowering pouting sullenness, watchings, wardings, researchings, plyings, explorations, together with the waylayings, ambushes, narrow observations, and malicious doggings of the husband's scouts and espials of the most privy actions of their wives. Herewithal every married man was expressly and rigorously commanded to reverence, honour, and worship him, to celebrate and solemnise his festival with twice more respect than that of any other saint or deity, and to immolate unto him, with all sincerity and alacrity of heart, the above-mentioned sacrifices and oblations, under pain of severe censures, threatenings, and comminations of these subsequent fines, mulcts, amercements, penalties, and punishments to be inflicted on the delinquents; that Monsieur Cuckoldry should never[4] be favourable nor propitious to them,—that he should never help, aid, supply, succour, nor grant them any subventitious furtherance, auxiliary, suffrage, or adminiculary assistance, —that he should never hold them in any reckoning, account, or estimation,—that he should never deign to enter within their houses, neither at the doors, windows, nor any other place thereof,—that he should never haunt nor frequent their companies or conversations, how frequently soever they should invocate him, and call upon his name,—and that not only he should leave and abandon them to rot alone with their wives in a sempiternal solitariness,

[4] *Should never, etc.*—All this is taken from Plutarch, except that here Rondibilis attributes to jealousy the same effects which in Plutarch are attributed to grief, in a certain discourse which a philosopher made to the Queen Arsinoe, to comfort her on the death of her son. See Plutarch in his consolation to Apollonius, on the death of his son.

without the benefits of the diversion of any copesmate or corrival at all, but should withal shun and eschew them, fly from them, and eternally forsake and reject them as impious heretics and sacrilegious persons, according to the accustomed manner of other gods, towards such as are too slack in offering up the duties and reverences which ought to be performed respectively to their divinities; as is evidently apparent in Bacchus towards negligent vine-dressers; in Ceres, against idle ploughmen and tillers of the ground; in Pomona, to unworthy fruiterers and costard-mongers; in Neptune, towards dissolute mariners and seafaring men; in Vulcan, towards loitering smiths and forgemen; and so throughout the rest. Now, on the contrary, this infallible promise was added, that unto all those who should make a Holy Day of the above-recited festival, and cease from all manner of worldly work and negotiation, lay aside all their own most important occasions, and be so retchless, heedless, and careless of what might concern the management of their proper affairs, as to mind nothing else but a suspicious espying and prying into the secret deportments of their wives, and how to coop, shut up, hold at under, and deal cruelly and austerely with them, by all the harshness and hardships that an implacable and every way inexorable jealousy can advise and suggest, conform to the sacred ordinances of the afore-mentioned sacrifices and oblations, he should be continually favourable to them, should love them, sociably converse with them, should be day and night in their houses, and never leave them destitute of his presence. Now I have said, and you have heard my cure.

Ha, ha, ha, quoth Carpalim, laughing, this is a remedy yet more apt and proper than Hans Carvel's

ring. The devil take me if I do not believe it! The humour, inclination, and nature of women is like the thunder, whose force in its bolt, or otherwise, burneth, bruiseth, and breaketh only hard, massive and resisting objects, without staying or stopping at soft, empty, and yielding matters. For it dasheth into pieces the steel sword, without doing any hurt to the velvet scabbard which insheatheth it. It crusheth also, and consumeth the bones, without wounding or endamaging the flesh, wherewith they are veiled and covered. Just so, it is, that women for the greater part never bend the contention, subtility, and contradictory disposition of their spirits, unless it be to do what is prohibited and forbidden. Verily, quoth Hippothadeus, some of our doctors aver for a truth, that the first woman of the world, whom the Hebrews call Eve, had hardly been induced or allured into the temptation of eating of the fruit of the tree of life,[5] if it had not been forbidden her so to do. And that you may give the more credit to the validity of this opinion, consider how the cautelous and wily tempter did commemorate unto her, for an antecedent to his enthymeme, the prohibition which was made to taste it; as being desirous to infer from thence, It is forbidden thee; therefore thou shouldst eat of it, else thou canst not be a woman.

[5] *Tree of life.*—Should not this be the tree of knowledge? My Bible tells me so, and so does Rabelais' text, *Le fruict de tout Sçavoir*; and yet it is in both editions of this translation, in Italic letters too *the Tree of Life.*

CHAPTER XXXIV

HOW WOMEN ORDINARILY HAVE THE GREATEST LONGING AFTER THINGS PROHIBITED[1]

When I was, quoth Carpalim, a whore-master[2] at Orleans, the whole heart of rhetoric, in all its tropes and figures, was not able to afford unto me a colour or flourish of greater force and value; nor could I by any other form or manner of elocution pitch upon a more persuasive argument for bringing young beautiful married ladies into the snares of adultery, through alluring and enticing them to taste with me of amorous delights, than with a lively sprightfulness to tell them in downright terms, and to remonstrate to them (with a great show of detestation of a crime so horrid), how their husbands were jealous. This was none of my invention. It is written, and we have laws, examples, reasons, and daily experiences confirmative of the same. If this belief once enter into their noddles, their husbands will infallibly be cuckolds; yea, by God, will they, without swearing, although they should do like Semiramis, Pasiphaë, Egesta, the women of the Isle Mandez, in Egypt, and other such like queanish flirting harlots, mentioned in the writings of Herodotus, Strabo, and such like puppies.[3]

[1] *How women, etc.*—This thirty-fourth chapter is adjoined to, and made part of the preceding by M. Duchat.

[2] *A whore-master.*—*Ruffien*, in French, does indeed signify this, but M. Duchat thinks it here means rather a student, one that from reading the rubrics of the law may be called (but he does not say is actually called) *ruffien*, (from *rufus*, red; as rubric, from *ruber*, red).

[3] *If this belief, etc.*—This whole period is exceedingly amiss in

Truly, quoth Ponocrates, I have heard it related,[4] and it hath been told me for a verity, that Pope John XXII., passing on a day through the Abbey of Toucherome,[5] was in all humility required and besought by the abbess, and other discreet mothers of the said convent, to grant them an indulgence, by means whereof they might confess themselves to one another, alleging, That religious women were subject to some petty secret slips and imperfections, which would be a foul and burning shame for them to discover and to reveal to men, how sacerdotal soever their function were: but that they would freelier, more familiarly, and with greater cheerfulness, open to each other their offences, faults, and escapes, under the seal of confession. There

both the English editions, as it is translated by Sir T. U. The original runs thus, 'Ayans ceste persuasion en leurs caboches, elles feront leurs maritz cocquz infailliblement par bieu (sans jurer), deussent elles faire ce que feirent Semiramis, Pasiphaë, Egesta, les femmes de l'Isle Mandez, en Egypte, blasonnées par Herodote, et Strabo, et aultres telles mastines.' The whole ought to have been translated thus (at least I think so): If this persuasion once gets possession of their pericraniums (or as Sir T. U. expresses it, If this belief once enter their noddles), they will infallibly make their husbands cuckolds (which is Rabelais' accurate way of expressing his sense, to make it correspond with the verb-active which comes after), yea, by *cod*, will they (without swearing), even though they were to do what was done by Semiramis, Pasiphaë, Egesta, the women of the Island of Mandez, in Egypt (blazoned by Herodotus and Strabo), *with other such like nasty bitches*.

[4] *I have heard, etc.*—This story is taken out of a volume intituled 'Sermones Discipuli de Tempore,' Serm. 50. The author of Controversies between the Masculine and Feminine Sexes had before inserted it in the 8th and 9th leaves of l. iii.

[5] *Abbey of Toucherome.*—By this word, *Touch-her-home*, Sir T. U. translates Abbaye de Coingnaufond, and very rightly as well as wittily, but the name of the Abbey in M. Duchat's edition is the true name, not a ludicrous one, and that is Fontevrault, according to the best editions.

is not anything, answered the Pope, fitting for you to impetrate of me, which I would not most willingly condescend unto: but I find one inconvenience. You know, confession should be kept secret, and women are not able to do so. Exceeding well, quoth they, most holy father, and much more closely than the best of men.

The said Pope on the very same day gave them in keeping a pretty box, wherein he purposely caused a little linnet to be put, willing them very gently and courteously to lock it up in some sure and hidden place, and promising them, by the faith of a Pope, that he should yield to their request, if they would keep secret what was enclosed within that deposited box: enjoining them withal, not to presume one way nor other, directly or indirectly, to go about the opening thereof, under pain of the highest ecclesiastical censure, eternal excommunication. The prohibition was no sooner made, but that they did all of them boil with a most ardent desire to know and see what kind of thing it was that was within it. They thought it long already, that the Pope was not gone, to the end they might jointly, with the more leisure and ease, apply themselves to the box-opening curiosity.

The holy father, after he had given them his benediction, retired and withdrew himself to the pontifical lodgings of his own palace. But he was hardly gone three steps from without the gates of their cloister, when the good ladies throngingly, and as in a huddled crowd, pressing hard on the backs of one another, ran thrusting and shoving who should be first at the setting open of the forbidden box, and descrying of the *Quod latitat* within.

On the very next day thereafter, the Pope made them another visit, of a full design, purpose, and

intention, as they imagined, to dispatch the grant of their sought and wished-for indulgence. But before he would enter into any chat or communing with them, he commanded the casket to be brought unto him. It was done so accordingly; but, by your leave, the bird was no more there. Then was it, that the Pope did represent to their maternities, how hard a matter and difficult it was for them to keep secrets revealed to them in confession, unmanifested to the ears of others, seeing for the space of four-and-twenty hours they were not able to lay up in secret a box, which he had highly recommended to their discretion, charge, and custody.

Welcome,[6] in good faith, my dear master, welcome! It did me good to hear you talk, the Lord be praised for all. I do not remember to have seen you before now,[7] since the last time that you acted at Montpellier with our ancient friends, Anthony Saporta,[8] Guy Bourguyer, Balthasar Noyer, Tolet,[9] John Quentin, Francis Robinet, John Perdrier, and Francis Rabelais, the moral comedy of him who had espoused and married a dumb wife. I was there, quoth Epistemon. The good honest man, her husband, was very earnestly urgent to have the fillet of her tongue untied, and would needs

[6] *Welcome.*—It is not said, by Rabelais, who it is that speaks here. It must, however, be Panurge; and his calling Carpalim, Monsieur Maître, induces M. Duchat still the more to think Carpalim was a student of law, that being the compellation by which such are distinguished.

[7] *I do not remember, etc.*—This is not a Scotchism, but an Irishism. Rabelais says, I have not seen you since you acted at Montpellier, etc.

[8] *Ant. Saporta.*—Professor of physic at Montpellier. He was of Spanish extraction.

[9] *Tolet.*—Peter Tolet, physician at the hospital of Lyons. He wrote upon the gout.

have her speak by any means. At his desire, some pains were taken on her, and partly by the industry of the physician, other part by the expertness of the surgeon, the encyliglotte which she had under her tongue being cut, she spoke, and spoke again ; yea, within a few hours she spoke so loud, so much, so fiercely, and so long, that her poor husband returned to the same physician for a receipt to make her hold her peace. There are, quoth the physician, many proper remedies in our art to make dumb women speak, but there are none that ever I could learn therein to make them silent. The only cure which I have found out is their husband's deafness.[10] The wretch became within few weeks thereafter, by virtue of some drugs, charms, or enchantments, which the physician had prescribed unto him, so deaf, that he could not have heard the thundering of nineteen hundred cannons at a salvo. His wife, perceiving that indeed he was as deaf as a door-nail, and that her scolding was but in vain, sith that he heard her not, she grew stark mad.

Some time after, the doctor asked for his fee of the husband ; who answered, That truly he was deaf, and so was not able to understand what the tenour of his demand might be. Whereupon the leech bedusted him with a little, I know not what, sort of powder ; which rendered him a fool immediately, so great was the stultificating virtue of that strange kind of pulverised dose. Then did this fool of a husband, and his mad wife, join together, and falling on the doctor and the surgeon, did so scratch, bethwack, and bang them, that they were left half dead upon the place, so furious were

[10] *Husband's deafness.*—'Utinam aut hic surdus aut hæc muta facta sit,' says Davus, in Terence's 'Andria.'

the blows which they received. I never in my lifetime laughed so much, as at the acting of that buffoonery.[11]

Let us come to where we left off, quoth Panurge. Your words, being translated from the clapper-dudgeons to plain English, do signify, that it is not very inexpedient that I marry, and that I should not care for being a cuckold. You have there hit the nail on the head. I believe, master doctor, that on the day of my marriage you will be so much taken up with your patients, or otherwise so seriously employed, that we shall not enjoy your company. Sir, I will heartily excuse your absence.

'Stercus et urina medici sunt prandia prima.
Ex aliis paleas, ex istis collige grana.'

You are mistaken, quoth Rondibilis, in the second verse of our distich; for it ought to run thus—

'Nobis sunt signa, vobis sunt prandia digna.'

If my wife at any time prove to be unwell, and ill at ease, I will look upon the water[12] which she shall have made in an urinal glass, quoth Rondibilis, grope her pulse, and see the disposition of her hypogaster, together with her umbilicary parts,—according to the prescript rule of Hippocrates, 2. Aph. 35,—before I proceed any further in the cure of her distemper. No, no, quoth Panurge, that will

[11] *Buffoonery.*—In the original, *Patelinage.* Epistemon found the farce as amusing as that of Patelin, a piece to which Rabelais is perpetually making allusion. Molière has more fully worked out this rough sketch of Rabelais, in several scenes of his *Médecin malgré lui.*

[12] *I will look upon her water.*—Rondelet wrote *de Urinis*, and is mightily for the physicians seeing people's water.

be but to little purpose. Such a feat is for the practice of us that are lawyers, who have the rubric, *De ventre inspiciendo.* Do not therefore trouble yourself about it, master doctor: I will provide for her a plaster of warm guts.[13] Do not neglect your more urgent occasions otherwhere, for coming to my wedding. I will send you some supply of victuals to your own house, without putting you to the trouble of coming abroad, and you shall always be my special friend. With this, approaching somewhat nearer to him, he clapped into his hand, without the speaking of so much as one word, four rose nobles.[14] Rondibilis did shut his fist upon them right kindly;[15] yet, as if it had displeased him to make acceptance of such golden presents, he in a start, as if he had been wroth, said He, he, he, he, he, there was no need of anything, I thank you nevertheless. From wicked folks I never get enough, and from honest people I refuse nothing. I shall be always, sir, at your command. Provided that I pay you well, quoth Panurge. That, quoth Rondibilis, is understood.

[13] *A plaster of warm guts.*—So Cotgrave interprets Rabelais' *Clystere barbarin.* Clyster, both in Greek and Latin, signifies as well the pipe as the potion.

[14] *Four rose nobles.*—Twenty livres Tournois, at the rate of a hundred sous each of those nobles, as they were valued by the ordinance of 1532.

[15] *Right kindly.*—It should be right hastily, for that is what Rabelais means by *les print très bien;* for, as L. Joubert, quoted by Tessier, says, Rondelet used to do everything in a hurry.

CHAPTER XXXV

HOW THE PHILOSOPHER TROUILLOGAN HANDLETH THE DIFFICULTY OF MARRIAGE

As this discourse was ended, Pantagruel said to the philosopher Trouillogan, Our loyal, honest, true, and trusty friend, the lamp from hand to hand is come to you. It falleth to your turn to give an answer, should Panurge, pray you, marry, yea, or no?[1] He should do both, quoth Trouillogan. What say you? asked Panurge. That which you have heard, answered Trouillogan. What have I heard? replied Panurge. That which I have said, replied Trouillogan. Ha, ha, ha, are we come to that pass? quoth Panurge. Let it go nevertheless, I do not value it at a rush, seeing we can make no better of the game. But howsoever tell me, should I marry or no? Neither the one nor the other, answered Trouillogan. The devil take me, quoth Panurge, if these odd answers do not make me dote, and may he snatch me presently away, if I do understand you. Stay awhile, until I fasten these spectacles of mine on this left ear, that I may hear you better. With this Pantagruel perceived at the door of the great hall, which was that day their dining-room, Gargantua's little dog, whose name was Kyne; for so was Toby's dog called, as is recorded. Then did he say to those who were there present, Our King is not far off,—let us all rise.

That word was scarcely sooner uttered, than that Gargantua[2] with his royal presence graced that

[1] *Yea or no.*—Compare this dialogue with Sganarelle's consultation with Marphurius in Molière's *Le Mariage Forcé*, act I. sc. 8.

[2] *Gargantua.*—This prince appears now upon the stage for the

banqueting and stately hall. Each of the guests arose to do their King that reverence and duty which became them. After that Gargantua had most affably saluted all the gentlemen there present, he said, Good friends, I beg this favour of you, and therein you will very much oblige me, that you leave not the places where you sate, nor quit the discourse you were upon. Let a chair be brought hither unto this end of the table, and reach me a cup full of the strongest and best wine you have, that I may drink to all the company. You are, in faith, all welcome, gentlemen. Now let me know what talk you were about. To this Pantagruel answered, that at the beginning of the second service Panurge had proposed a problematic theme, to wit, Whether he should marry, or not marry? that Father Hippothadeus and Doctor Rondibilis had already dispatched their resolutions thereupon; and that, just as his majesty was coming in, the faithful Trouillogan in the delivery of his opinion hath thus far proceeded, that when Panurge asked,—Whether he ought to marry, yea, or no?—at first he made this answer, Both together. When this same question was again propounded, his second answer was, Neither the one, nor the other. Panurge exclaimeth, that those answers are full of repugnancies and contradictions, protesting that he understands them not, nor what it is that can be meant by them. If I be not mistaken, quoth Gargantua, I understand it very well. The answer is not unlike to that which was once made by a philosopher[3] in ancient time, who being interrogated, if he had a

first time since his being conveyed to the Land of the Fairies, *i.e.*, enchanted, as is mentioned in l. ii.

[3] *A philosopher.*—Aristippus. He said this of Thaïs, the famous courtezan, whom he used to visit.

woman, whom they named him, to his wife? I have her, quoth he, but she hath not me,—possessing her, by her I am not possessed. Such another answer, quoth Pantagruel, was once made by a certain bouncing wench of Sparta,[4] who being asked, if at any time she had had to do with a man? No, quoth she, but sometimes men have had to do with me. Well, then, quoth Rondibilis, let it be a neuter in physic,—as when we say a body is neuter, when it is neither sick nor healthful,—and a mean in philosophy; that, by an abnegation of both extremes, and this, by the participation of the one and of the other. Even as when lukewarm water is said to be both hot and cold; or rather, as when time makes the partition, and equally divides betwixt the two, a while in the one, another while as long in the other opposite extremity. The holy apostle, quoth Hippothadeus, seemeth, as I conceive, to have more clearly explained this point, when he said, Those that are married, let them be as if they were not married; and those that have wives let them be as if they had no wives at all. I thus interpret, quoth Pantagruel, the having and not having of a wife. To have a wife, is to have the use of her in such a way as nature hath ordained, which is for the aid, society, and solace of man, and propagating of his race. To have no wife is not to be uxorious, play the coward, and be lazy about her, and not for her sake to distain the lustre of that affection which man owes to God; or yet for her to leave those offices and duties which he owes unto his country, unto his friends and kindred; or for her to abandon and forsake his precious studies, and other businesses of account, to wait still on her will, her beck, and her

[4] *Sparta.*—See Plutarch, in his precepts about matrimony.

buttocks. If we be pleased in this sense to take having and not having of a wife, we shall indeed find no repugnancy nor contradiction in the terms at all.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A CONTINUATION OF THE ANSWERS OF THE EPHECTIC AND PYRRHONIAN PHILOSOPHER TROUILLOGAN

You speak wisely, quoth Panurge, if the moon were green cheese. Such a tale once pissed my goose. I do not think but that I am let down into that dark pit, in the lowermost bottom whereof the truth was hid, according to the saying of Heraclitus.[1] I see no whit at all, I hear nothing, understand as little, my senses are altogether dulled and blunted; truly I do very shrewdly suspect that I am enchanted. I will now alter the former style of my discourse, and talk to him in another strain. Our trusty friend, stir not, nor imburse any; but let us vary the chance, and speak without disjunctives. I see already, that these loose and ill-joined members of an enunciation do vex, trouble, and perplex you.

Now go on, in the name of God! Should I marry?

TROUILLOGAN. There is some likelihood therein.

PANURGE. But if I do not marry?

TROUIL. I see in that no inconvenience.

[1] *Heraclitus.*—This is one of Rabelais' affected negligences, so familiar to him. He very well knew that this sentence was ascribed to Democritus. Nay, he says so somewhere, but he does not vouchsafe to remember it here.

PAN. You do not?

TROUIL. None, truly, if my eyes deceive me not.

PAN. Yea, but I find more than five hundred.

TROUIL. Reckon them.

PAN. This is an impropriety of speech, I confess; for I do no more thereby, but take a certain for an uncertain number, and posit the determinate term for what is indeterminate. When I say therefore five hundred, my meaning is, many.

TROUIL. I hear you.

PAN. Is it possible for me to live without a wife, in the name of all the subterranean devils?

TROUIL. Away with these filthy beasts.

PAN. Let it be then in the name of God; for my Salmigondinish people used to say, To lie alone, without a wife, is certainly a brutish life. And such a life also was it assevered to be by Dido, in her lamentations.

TROUIL. At your command.

PAN. By the pody cody, I have fished fair; where are we now? But will you tell me? Shall I marry?

TROUIL. Perhaps.

PAN. Shall I thrive or speed well withal?

TROUIL. According to the encounter.

PAN. But if in my adventure I encounter aright, as I hope I will, shall be I fortunate?

TROUIL. Enough.

PAN. Let us turn the clean contrary way, and brush our former words against the wool: what if I encounter ill?

TROUIL. Then blame not me.

PAN. But, of courtesy, be pleased to give me some advice. I heartily beseech you, what must I do?

TROUIL. Even what thou wilt.

PAN. Wishy washy; trolly, lolly.

TROUIL. Do not invocate the name of anything, I pray you.

PAN. In the name of God, let it be so! My actions shall be regulated by the rule and square of your counsel. What is it that you advise and counsel me to do?

TROUIL. Nothing.

PAN. Shall I marry?

TROUIL. I have no hand in it.

PAN. Then shall I not marry?

TROUIL. I cannot help it.

PAN. If I never marry, I shall never be a cuckold.

TROUIL. I thought so.

PAN. But put the case that I be married.

TROUIL. Where shall we put it?

PAN. Admit it be so then, and take my meaning in that sense.

TROUIL. I am otherwise employed.

PAN. By the death of a hog, and mother of a toad, O Lord, if I durst hazard upon a little fling at the swearing game, though privily and under thumb, it would lighten the burden of my heart, and ease my lights and reins exceedingly. A little patience, nevertheless, is requisite. Well, then, if I marry, I shall be a cuckold.

TROUIL. One would say so.

PAN. Yet if my wife prove a virtuous, wise, discreet, and chaste woman, I shall never be cuckolded.

TROUIL. I think you speak congruously.

PAN. Hearken.

TROUIL. As much as you will.

PAN. Will she be discreet and chaste? This is the only point I would be resolved in.

TROUIL. I question it.

PAN. You never saw her.

TROUIL. Not that I know of.

PAN. Why do you then doubt of that which you know not?

TROUIL. For a cause.

PAN. And if you should know her?

TROUIL. Yet more.

PAN. Page, my little pretty darling, take here my cap,—I give it to thee. Have a care you do not break the spectacles that are in it. Go down to the lower court. Swear there half-an-hour for me, and I shall in compensation of that favour swear hereafter for thee as much as thou wilt. But who shall cuckold me?

TROUIL. Somebody.

PAN. By the belly of the wooden horse at Troy, Master Somebody, I shall bang, belam thee, and claw thee well for thy labour.

TROUIL. You say so.

PAN. Nay, nay, let Nick in the dark cellar, who hath no white in his eye, carry me quite away with him, if, in that case, whensoever I go abroad from the palace of my domestic residence, I do not, with as much circumspection as they used to ring mares in our country to keep them from being sallied by stoned horses, clap a Bergamasco lock[2] upon my wife.

TROUIL. Talk better.

[2] *A Bergamasco lock.*—This precaution, which some Italians have thought proper to take with their wives, had like to have been introduced into France also, in the reign of Henry II., but several gallants of the court could not, without great dissatisfaction, behold the vast trade that was driven in these (*serrature*) padlocks by an Italian merchant, who had opened shop for that sort of ware at the fair of St Germain. Being threatened to be flung into the river if he continued that traffic, he was forced to pack up his merchandise, and vend no more of his Italian contrivances; and since that time nobody has dealt in that commodity in France.

PAN. It is *bien chien, chié chanté*, well cacked and cackled, shitten and sung in matter of talk. Let us resolve on somewhat.

TROUIL. I do not gainsay it.

PAN. Have a little patience. Seeing I cannot on this side draw any blood of you, I will try, if with the lancet of my judgment I be able to bleed you in another vein. Are you married, or are you not?

TROUIL. Neither the one nor the other, and both together.

PAN. O the good God help us! By the death of a buffle-ox, I sweat with the toil and travail that I am put to, and find my digestion broke off, disturbed, and interrupted; for all my phrenes, metaphrenes and diaphragms, back, belly, midriff, muscles, veins, and sinews, are held in a suspense, and for a while discharged from their proper offices, to stretch forth their several powers and abilities, for incornifistibulating,[3] and laying up into the hamper of my understanding your various sayings and answers.

TROUIL. I shall be no hinderer thereof.

PAN. Tush, for shame! Our faithful friend, speak, are you married?

TROUIL. I think so.

PAN. You were also married before you had this wife.

TROUIL. It is possible.

PAN. Had you good luck in your first marriage?

[3] *Incornifistibulating.*—By *cornifistibular*, the people in and about Toulouse mean troubled, afflicted with an uneasiness of mind: but here we have the proper signification of this word, and Rabelais seems to derive it from *cornu* (a horn), *fistula* (a whistle), and *stipula* (a stubble-pipe used by shepherds). I suppose our English words for those three things come from these Latin ones. So Rabelais uses that made-up word (*incornifistibulate*) to signify the beating anything into one's memory or head, as if it were done by a horn, a whistle, and a pipe.

TROUIL. It is not impossible.

PAN. How thrive you with this second wife of yours?

TROUIL. Even as it pleaseth my fatal destiny.

PAN. But what in good earnest? Tell me—do you prosper well with her?

TROUIL. It is likely.

PAN. Come on, in the name of God. I vow, by the burden of Saint Christopher, that I had rather undertake the fetching of a fart forth of the belly of a dead ass, than to draw out of you a positive and determinate resolution. Yet shall I be sure at this time to have a snatch at you, and get my claws over you. Our trusty friend, let us shame the devil of hell, and confess the verity. Were you ever a cuckold? I say you who are here, and not that other you, who playeth below in the tennis-court?

TROUIL. No, if it was not predestinated.

PAN. By the flesh, blood, and body, I swear, reswear, forswear, abjure, and renounce: he evades and avoids, shifts and escapes me,[4] and quite slips and winds himself out of my grips and clutches.

At these words Gargantua arose, and said, Praised be the good God in all things, but especially for bringing the world into that height of refinedness beyond what it was when I first became acquainted therewith, that now the most learned and most prudent philosophers are not ashamed to be seen entering in at the porches and frontispieces of the schools of the Pyrrhonian, Aporrhetic, Sceptic, and Ephetic sects. Blessed be the holy name of God! Veritably, it is like henceforth to be found an enterprise of much more easy undertaking, to catch lions by the neck, horses by the mane, oxen by the

[4] *Escapes me.—Il m'eschappe. Anguilla 'st: elabitur.* Plautus in *Pseudolo.*

horns, bulls by the muzzle, wolves by the tail, goats by the beard, and flying birds by the feet, than to entrap such philosophers in their words. Farewell, my worthy, dear, and honest friends.

When he had done thus speaking, he withdrew himself from the company. Pantagruel, and others with him, would have followed and accompanied him, but he would not permit them so to do. No sooner was Gargantua departed out of the banqueting-hall, than that Pantagruel said to the invited guests: Plato's Timæus, at the beginning always of a solemn festival convention, was wont to count those that were called thereto. We, on the contrary, shall, at the closure and end of this treatment, reckon up our number. One, two, three; where is the fourth? I miss my friend Bridlegoose. Was not he sent for? Epistemon answered,—That he had been at his house to bid and invite him, but could not meet with him; for that a messenger from the parliament of Myrelingois, in Myrelingues, was come to him,[5]

[5] *Was come to him.*—I shall give this period a literal and exact translation, for the sake of a note of M. Duchat's upon this place. 'An usher or tipstaff, from the parliament of Myrelingois, in Myrelingues, was come to summon him personally to appear, and, before the senators, to render the reason of a certain sentence by him pronounced.' This is all our author says: not a word of prevarication, etc. Now, M. Duchat observes, from Innocent Gentilet's Anti-Machiavel, Part iii. Max. xxxv.: 'In, and before, the reign of Louis XII. the magistrates (*non-souverains*), from whom there lay appeal, were not many in one and the same seat and degree of justice; nay, there was no more than one in each tribunal to administer justice; namely, a provost or ordinary judge in the first degree, and a lieutenant-general de bailly or senêchal in the second degree. But in the supreme courts of the parliaments and grand council there were several; not, however, in so great number as now.' Thus, adds M. Duchat, our judge Bridlegoose (*Bridoie*) was alone responsible for a sentence which he alone had passed: and thence it comes, that, in France, at this time, by the sentence of such and such a judge,

with a writ of summons, to cite and warn him personally to appear before the reverend senators of the High Court there, to vindicate and justify himself at the bar, of the crime of prevarication laid to his charge, and to be peremptorily instanced against him, in a certain decree, judgment, or sentence lately awarded, given, and pronounced by him: and that, therefore, he had taken horse, and departed in great haste from his own house, to the end, that without peril or danger of falling into a default, or contumacy, he might be the better able to keep the prefixed and appointed time.

I will, quoth Pantagruel, understand how that matter goeth. It is now above forty years that he hath been constantly the judge of Fonsbeton, during which space of time he hath given four thousand definitive sentences. Of two thousand three hundred and nine whereof, although appeal was made by the parties whom he had judicially condemned, from his inferior judicatory to the supreme court of the parliament of Myrelingois, in Myrelingues, they were all of them nevertheless confirmed, ratified, and approved of by an order, decree, and final sentence of the said sovereign court, to the casting of the appellants, and utter overthrow of the suits wherein they had been foiled at law, for ever and a day. That now, in his old age, he should be personally summoned, who in all the foregoing time of his life hath demeaned himself so unblameably in the discharge of the office and vocation he had been called unto, it cannot assuredly be that such a change hath happened without some notorious misfortune and disaster. I am resolved to help and assist him in equity and justice to the uttermost

is understood a certain sentence passed by the judge and counsellors of such or such a subaltern jurisdiction.

extent of my power and ability. I know the malice, despite, and wickedness of the world to be so much more nowadays exasperated, increased, and aggravated by what it was not long since, that the best cause that is, how just and equitable soever it be, standeth in great need to be succoured, aided, and supported. Therefore presently, from this very instant forth, do I purpose, till I see the event and closure thereof, most heedfully to attend and wait upon it, for fear of some under-hand tricky surprisal, cavilling pettifoggery, or fallacious quirks in law, to his detriment, hurt, or disadvantage.

Then dinner being done, and the tables drawn and removed, when Pantagruel had very cordially and affectionately thanked his invited guests for the favour which he had enjoyed of their company, he presented them with several rich and costly gifts, such as jewels, rings set with precious stones, gold and silver vessels, with a great deal of other sort of plate besides, and lastly, taking of them all his leave, retired himself into an inner chamber.

CHAPTER XXXVII

HOW PANTAGRUEL PERSUADED PANURGE TO TAKE COUNSEL OF A FOOL

When Pantagruel had withdrawn himself, he, by a little sloping window in one of the galleries, perceived Panurge in a lobby not far from thence, walking alone, with the gesture, carriage, and garb of a fond dotard, raving, wagging, and shaking his hands, dandling, lolling, and nodding with his head, like

a cow bellowing for her calf; and, having then called him nearer, spoke unto him thus: You are at this present, as I think, not unlike to a mouse entangled in a snare, who the more that she goeth about to rid and unwind herself out of the gin wherein she is caught, by endeavouring to clear and deliver her feet from the pitch whereto they stick, the fouler she is bewrayed with it, and the more strongly pestered therein. Even so is it with you. For the more that you labour, strive, and enforce yourself to disencumber and extricate your thoughts out of the implicating involutions and fetterings of the grievous and lamentable gins and springes of anguish and perplexity, the greater difficulty there is in the relieving of you, and you remain faster bound than ever. Nor do I know for the removal of this inconveniency any remedy but one.

Take heed: I have often heard it said in a vulgar proverb, The wise may be instructed by a fool. Seeing the answers and responses of sage and judicious men have in no manner of way satisfied you, take advice of some fool, and possibly by so doing you may come to get that counsel which will be agreeable to your own heart's desire and contentment. You know how by the advice and counsel and prediction of fools, many kings, princes, states, and commonwealths have been preserved, several battles gained, and divers doubts of a most perplexed intricacy resolved. I am not so diffident of your memory, as to hold it needful to refresh it with a quotation of examples; nor do I so far undervalue your judgment, but that I think it will acquiesce in the reason of this my subsequent discourse. As he who narrowly takes heed to what concerns the dexterous management of his private affairs, domestic businesses, and those adoes which are confined within

the strait-laced compass of one family,—who is attentive, vigilant, and active in the economic rule of his own house,—whose frugal spirit never strays from home,—who loseth no occasion whereby he may purchase to himself more riches, and build up new heaps of treasure on his former wealth,—and who knows warily how to prevent the inconveniencies of poverty, is called a worldly-wise man, though perhaps, in the second judgment of the intelligences which are above, he be esteemed a fool,—so, on the contrary, is he most like, even in the thoughts of celestial spirits, to be not only sage, but to presage events to come by divine inspiration, who laying quite aside those cares which are conducible to his body, or his fortunes, and, as it were departing from himself, rids all his senses of terrene affections, and clears his fancies of those plodding studies which harbour in the minds of thriving men. All which neglects of sublunary things are vulgarly imputed folly. After this manner, the son of Picus, King of the Latins, the great soothsayer Faunus, was called Fatuus by the witless rabble of the common people. The like we daily see practised amongst the comic players, whose dramatic rolls, in distribution of the personages, appoint the acting of the fool to him who is the wisest of the troop. In approbation also of this fashion the mathematicans allow the very same horoscope to princes and to sots. Whereof a right pregnant instance by them is given in the nativities of Æneas and Chorœbus; the latter of which two is by Euphorion said to have been a fool; and yet had with the former the same aspects, and heavenly genethliac influences.[1]

[1] *Genethliac influences.*—I am ignorant in what astrologer, unless perhaps in Cardan, Rabelais has found that Æneas and Chorœbus had one and the same horoscope, and that fools and kings are

I shall not, I suppose, swerve much from the purpose in hand, if I relate unto you what John André[2] said upon the return of a papal writ, which was directed to the mayor and burgesses of Rochelle, and after him by Panorme, upon the same Pontifical canon; Barbatias on the Pandects, and recently by Jason, in his councils, concerning Seyny John,[3] the noted fool of Paris, and Caillette's fore great-grandfather. The case is this:

At Paris, in the roast-meat cookery of the Petit-Chastelet, before the cook-shop of one of the roast-meat-sellers of that lane, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread, after he had by parcels kept it a while above the reek and steam of a fat goose on the spit, turning at a great fire, and found it so besmoked with the vapour, to be savoury; which the cook observing, took no notice, till after having

born under the same constellation. For want of proofs to verify these two articles, I shall only say that the second has a great resemblance with the proverb, 'Aut regem, aut fatuum, nasci oportere.' See Erasmus' Adages.

[2] *John André, etc.*—André was a celebrated Florentine canonist of the fourteenth century; Antoine Beccadelli, or Panormita, a famous littérateur and jurisconsult of Bologna, in the fourteenth century; André Barbatias, a Sicilian jurisconsult of the fifteenth century; Jason Maino, a famous lawyer of the University of Padua, favoured by Louis XII.

[3] *Seyny John.*—This Seyny John (or, as Rabelais has it, Seigni Joan), great-grandfather (bisaieul) to Caillette, was, in his time, known by the name of John the fool, and is here called by Rabelais, Seigni Joan or Johan, from Senex Johannes, to distinguish him from Johan, Fol de Madame, of whom Marot speaks in his epitaphs. Our author makes this Seigni Joan great-grandfather to the fool Caillette, because he was prior to him about a century; Caillette flourishing, or rather *drivelling*, about the year 1494. In the frontispiece of the Ship of Fools, printed in 1497, there is the picture of Seigni Joan, and that of Caillette; the latter as the patron of the new mode, and the former as head of those who still retain the old mode.

ravined his penny loaf, whereof no morsel had been unsmokified, he was about decamping and going away. But, by your leave, as the fellow thought to have departed thence shot-free, the master-cook laid hold upon him by the gorget, and demanded payment for the smoke of his roast meat. The porter answered, That he had sustained no loss at all,—that by what he had done there was no diminution made of the flesh,—that he had taken nothing of his, and that therefore he was not indebted to him in anything. As for the smoke in question, that, although he had not been there, it would howsoever have been evaporated: besides, that before that time it had never been seen nor heard, that roast-meat smoke was sold upon the streets of Paris. The cook hereto replied, That he was not obliged nor any way bound to feed and nourish for nought a porter whom he had never seen before, with the smoke of his roast meat, and thereupon swore, that if he would not forthwith content and satisfy him with present payment for the repast which he had thereby got, that he would take his crooked staves from off his back; which, instead of having loads thereafter laid upon them, should serve for fuel to his kitchen fires. Whilst he was going about so to do, and to have pulled them to him by one of the bottom rungs, which he had caught in his hand, the sturdy porter got out of his grip, drew forth his knotty cudgel, and stood to his own defence. The altercation waxed hot in words, which moved the gaping hoydens of the sottish Parisians to run from all parts thereabouts, to see what the issue would be of that babbling strife and contention. In the interim of this dispute, to very good purpose Seyny John, the fool and citizen of Paris, happened to be there, whom the cook perceiving, said to the porter,

Wilt thou refer and submit unto the noble Seyny John the decision of the difference and controversy which is betwixt us? Yes, by the blood of a goose, answered the porter, I am content. Seyny John the fool, finding that the cook and porter had compromised the determination of their variance and debate to the discretion of his award and arbitrement, after that the reasons on either side, whereupon was grounded the mutual fierceness of their brawling jar, had been to the full displayed and laid open before him, commanded the porter to draw out of the fob of his belt a piece of money, if he had it. Whereupon the porter immediately without delay, in reverence to the authority of such a judicious umpire, put the tenth part of a silver Philip into his hand. This little Philip Seyny John took, then set it on his left shoulder, to try by feeling if it was of a sufficient weight. After that, laying it on the palm of his hand, he made it ring and tingle, to understand by the ear if it was of a good alloy in the metal whereof it was composed. Thereafter he put it to the ball or apple of his left eye, to explore by the sight if it was well stamped and marked; all which being done, in a profound silence of the whole doltish people, who were there spectators of this pageantry, to the great hope of the cook's, and despair of the porter's prevalency in the suit that was in agitation, he finally caused the porter to make it sound several times upon the stall of the cook's shop. Then with a presidental majesty holding his bauble, sceptre-like, in his hand, muffling his head with a hood of marten sknis, each side whereof had the resemblance of an ape's face, sprucified up with ears of pasted paper, and having adout his neck a bucked ruff, raised, furrowed and ridged, with pointing-sticks of the shape anb fashion of small

organ-pipes, he first with all the force of his lungs coughed two or three times, and then with an audible voice pronounced this following sentence: The Court declareth, that the porter, who ate his bread at the smoke of the roast, had civilly paid the cook with the sound of his money.[4] And the said Court ordaineth, that every one return to his own home, and attend his proper business, without costs and charges, and for a cause. This verdict, award, and arbitrement of the Parisian fool did appear so equitable, yea, so admirable to the aforesaid doctors, that they very much doubted, if the matter had been brought before the sessions for justice of the said place; or that the judges of the Rota at Rome had been umpires therein; or yet that the Areopagites themselves had been the deciders thereof; if by any one part, or all of them together, it had been so judicially sententiated and awarded. Therefore advise if you will be counselled by a fool.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

HOW TRIBOULET IS SET FORTH AND BLAZONED BY PANTAGRUEL AND PANURGE

By my soul, quoth Panurge, that overture pleaseth me exceedingly well. I will therefore lay hold thereon, and embrace it. At the very motioning thereof, my right entrail seemeth to be widened and enlarged, which was but just now hard-bound,

[4] *Sound of his money.*—Bocchoris, according to Pluturch, gave a similar judgment against the courtesan Thonis, who had demanded in money the price of her favours, from a young spark who had enjoyed them in imagination only.

contracted, and costive. But as we have hitherto made choice of the purest and most refined cream of wisdom and sapience for our counsel, so would I now have to preside and bear the prime sway in our consultation as very a fool in the supreme degree. Triboulet,[1] quoth Pantagruel, is completely foolish, as I conceive. Yes, truly, answered Panurge, he is properly and totally a fool, a

Pantagruel.	*Panurge.*
Fatal f.	Jovial f.
Natural f.	Mercurial f.
Celestial f.	Lunatic f.
Erratic f.	Ducal f.
Eccentric f.	Common f.
Ætherial and Junonian f.	Lordly f.
Arctic f.	Palatin f.
Heroic f.	Principal f.
Genial f.	Pretorian f.
Inconstant f.	Elected f.
Earthly f.	Courtly f.
Salacious and sporting f.	Primipilary f.
Jocund and wanton f.	Triumphant f.
Pimpled f.	Vulgar f.
Freckled f.	Domestic f.
Bell-tinging f.	Exemplary f.
Laughing and lecherous f.	Rare outlandish f.
Nimming and filching f.	Satrapal f.
Unpressed f.	Civil f.
First broached f.	Popular f.

[1] *Triboulet.*—A buffoon, whom Epistemon saw in hell, had before been called by this name, and is the same that Francis Hotman, in his Matag. de Matagonibus, says that the King Louis XII. had in his retinue. Here an arrant fool is called Triboulet; from whence it is plain that this word is properly applicable to any poor wretch that has a troubled spirit.

Pantagruel.

Augustal f.
Cæsarine f.
Imperial f.
Royal f.
Patriarchal f.
Original f.
Loyal f.
Episcopal f.
Doctoral f.
Monachal f.
Fiscal f.
Extravagant f.
Writhed f.
Canonical f.
Such another f.
Graduated f.
Commensal f.
Primolicentiated f.
Trainbearing f.
Supererogating f.
Collateral f.
Haunch and side f.
Nestling, ninny, and youngling f.
Flitting, giddy, and unsteady f.
Brancher, novice, and cockney f.
Haggard, cross, and forward f.
Gentle, mild, and tractable f.
Mail-coated f.
Pilfering and Purloining f.
Tail-grown f.

Panurge.

Familiar f.
Notable f.
Favourised f.
Latinised f.
Ordinary f.
Transcendent f.
Rising f.
Papal f.
Consistorian f.
Conclavist f.
Bullist f.
Synodal f.
Doting and raving f.
Singular and surpassing f.
Special and excelling f.
Metaphysical f.
Extatical f.
Predicamental and categoric f.
Predicable and enunciatory f.
Decumane and superlative f.
Dutiful and officious f.
Optical and perspective f.
Algoristic f.
Algebraical f.
Cabalistical and massoretical f.
Talmudical f.
Algamalised f.
Compendious f.
Abbreviated f.
Hyperbolical f.
Anatomastical f.

Pantagruel.	*Panurge.*
Grey peckled f.	Allegorical f.
Pleonasmical f.	Tropological f.
Capital f.	Micher pincrust f.
Hair-brained f.	Heteroclit f.
Cordial f.	Summist f.
Intimate f.	Abridging f.
Hepatic f.	Morish f.
Cupshotten and swilling f.	Leaden-sealed f.
Splenetic f.	Mandatory f.
Windy f.	Compassionate f.
Legitimate f.	Titulary f.
Azymathal f.	Crooching, showk'n3,
Almicantarized f.	ducking f.
Proportioned f.	Grim, stern, harsh, and
Chinnified f.	wayward f.
Swollen and puffed up f.	Well-hung and timbered f.
Overcockrilifedled and	Ill-clawed, pounced, and
fied f.	pawed f.
Corallory f.	Well-stoned f.
Eastern f.	Crabbed and unpleasing f.
Sublime f.	Winded and untainted f.
Crimson f.	Kitchen-haunting f.
Ingrained f.	Lofty and stately f.
City f.	Spitrack f.
Basely-accoutred f.	Architrave f.
Mast-headed f.	Pedestal f.
Model f.	Tetragonal f.
Second notial f.	Renowned f.
Cheerful and buxom f.	Rheumatic f.
Solemn f.	Flaunting and braggado-
Annual f.	chio f.
Festival f.	Egregious f.
Recreative f.	Humorous and capricious f.
Boorish and counterfeit f.	Rude, gross, and absurd f.
Pleasant f.	Large-measured f.

Pantagruel.	*Panurge.*
Privileged f.	Babble f.
Rustical f.	Down-right f.
Proper and peculiar f.	Broad-listed f.
Ever ready f.	Downsical-bearing f.
Diapasonal f.	Stale and over-worn f.
Resolute f.	Saucy and swaggering f.
Hieroglyphical f.	Full-bulked f.
Authentic f.	Gallant and vainglorious f.
Worthy f.	Gorgeous and gaudy f.
Precious f.	Continual and intermitting f.
Fanatic f.	
Fantastical f.	Rebasing and roundling f.
Symphatic f.	Prototypal and precedenting f.
Panic f.	
Limbecked and distilled f.	Prating f.
Comportable f.	Catechetic f.
Wretched and heartless f.	Cacodoxical f.
Fooded f.	Meridional f.
Thick and threefold f.	Nocturnal f.
Damasked f.	Occidental f.
Fearny f.	Trifling f.
Unleavened f.	Astrological and figure-flinging f.
Barytonant f.	
Pink and spot-powdered f.	Genethliac and horoscopal f.
Musket-proof f.	
Pedantic f.	Knavish f.
Strouting f.	Idiot f.
Wood f.	Blockish f.
Greedy f.	Beetle-headed f.
Senseless f.	Grotesque f.
Godderlich f.	Impertinent f.
Obstinate f.	Quarrelsome f.
Contradictory f.	Unmannerly f.
Pedagogical f.	Captious and sophistical f.
Daft f.	Soritic f.

Pantagruel.	*Panurge*
Drunken f.	Catholoproton f.
Peevish f.	Hoti and Dioti f.
Prodigal f.	Alphos and Catati f.
Rash f.	
Plodding f.	

PANTAGRUEL. If there was any reason why at Rome the Quirinal holiday of old was called the Feast of Fools, I know not why we may not for the like cause institute in France the Tribouletic Festivals, to be celebrated and solemnised over all the land.

PANURGE. If all fools carried cruppers.[2]

PANT. If he were the god Fatuus,[3] of whom we have already made mention, the husband of the goddess Fatua, his father would be Good Day, and his grandmother Good Even.[4]

PAN. If all fools paced, albeit he be somewhat wry-legged, he would overlay at least a fathom at every rake. Let us go toward him without any further lingering or delay;—we shall have, no doubt, some fine resolution of him. I am ready to go, and long for the issue of our progress impatiently. I must needs, quoth Pantagruel, according to my former resolution therein, be present at Bridle-

[2] *If all fools carried cruppers.*—What then?——Add, Triboulet would have his buttocks clawed off. Left out by Sir T. U.: 'Il auroit les fesses bien escourchées.' Thus the best editions have it. In the rest it is, 'Il y auroit des fesses bien escourchées;' which being downright nonsense, I do not wonder Sir T. U. did not understand it, and so left it out.

[3] *Fatuus.*—A rural god; Rabelais calls him Fatuel, from Fatuellus; which likewise was the name he sometimes went by. The Camb. Dict. calls him King Oberon.

[4] *Good Day and Good Even.*—*Bonadie's* and *Bonedée*. Q. whether this may not refer to the *Bona Dea* of the ancients?

goose's trial. Nevertheless, whilst I shall be upon my journey towards Myrelingues,[5] which is on the other side of the river Loire, I will dispatch Carpalim to bring along with him from Blois the fool Triboulet. Then was Carpalim instantly sent away, and Pantagruel at the same time, attended by his domestics, Panurge, Epistemon, Ponocrates, Friar John, Gymnast, Ryzotomus, and others, marched forward on the high road to Myrelingues.

CHAPTER XXXIX

HOW PANTAGRUEL WAS PRESENT AT THE TRIAL OF JUDGE BRIDLEGOOSE,[1] WHO DECIDED CAUSES AND CONTROVERSIES IN LAW BY THE CHANCE AND FORTUNE OF THE DICE

On the day following, precisely at the hour appointed, Pantagruel came to Myrelingues. At his arrival the presidents, senators, and counsellors prayed him to do them the honour to enter in with them, to hear the decision of all the causes, arguments, and reasons, which Bridlegoose in his own defence would produce, why he had pronounced a certain sentence against the subsidy assessor, Toucheronde,[2] which did not seem very equitable

[5] *Myrelingues, which is on the other side of the river Loire.*—*Myrelingues, qui est delà la rivière de Loire*; conformable to the three editions of Lyons, which in this are right; and so is Sir T. U.'s version.

[1] *Judge Bridlegoose.*—Beaumarchais has introduced him, under the name of Bridoison, in his *Marriage of Figaro*.

[2] *Toucheronde.*—A nickname, at pleasure, for a taxgatherer, who touches, *i.e.*, receives the tax, which those of his parish pay in money round.

to that centumviral court.[3] Pantagruel very willingly condescended to their desire, and accordingly entering in, found Bridlegoose sitting within the middle of the inclosure of the said court of justice; who immediately upon the coming of Pantagruel, accompanied with the senatorian members of that worshipful judicatory, arose, went to the bar, had his indictment read, and for all his reasons, defences, and excuses, answered nothing else, but that he was become old, and that his sight of late was very much failed, and become dimmer than it was wont to be; instancing therewithal many miseries and calamities, which old age bringeth along with it, and are concomitant to wrinkled elders; which *not. per Archid. d. l. lxxxvi. c. tanta.* By reason of which infirmity he was not able so distinctly and clearly to discern the points and blots of the dice, as formerly he had been accustomed to do: whence it might very well have happened, said he, as old dim-sighted Isaac took Jacob for Esau, that I, after the same manner, at the decision of causes and controversies in law, should have been mistaken in taking a quatre for a cinque, or trois for a deuce. This, I beseeeh your worships, quoth he, to take into your serious consideration, and to have the more favourable opinion of my uprightness (notwithstanding the prevarication whereof I am accused, in the matter of Toucheronde's sentence), for that at the time of that decree's pronouncing I only had

[3] *Centumviral court.*—In the edition of 1547, and in that of 1553, we read *bis-centumvirale :* which supposes there was at that time, in France, such a parliament as consisted of two hundred judges. The new editions, also the three of Lyons, that of 1596, and that of 1626, have *centumvirale ;* which quadrates less ill with what is said in the Anti-Machiavel, part iii. Max. 35, that anciently the number of counsellors of a supreme tribunal was not great in comparison of what has since been seen.

made use of my small dice; and your worships, said he, knew very well, how by the most authentic rules of the law it is provided, That the imperfections of nature should never be imputed unto any for crimes and transgressions; as appeareth, *ff. de re milit. l. qui cum uno. ff. de reg. Jur. l. fere. ff. de ædil. edict. per totum. ff. de term. mod. l. Divus Adrianus*, resolved by *Lud. Rom. in l. si. vero. ff. Sol. Matr.* And who would offer to do otherwise, should not thereby accuse the man, but nature, and the all-seeing providence of God, as is evident in *l. maximum vitium, c. de lib. prætor.*

What kind of dice, quoth Trinquamelle,[4] grand president of the said court, do you mean, my friend Bridlegoose? The dice, quoth Bridlegoose, of sentences at law, decrees, and peremptory judgments, *Alea Judiciorum*, whereof is written, *Per Doct. 26, qu. 2, cap. sort. l. nec emptio ff. de contrahend. empt. l. quod debetur. ff. de pecul. et ibi Bartol.*, and which your worships do, as well as I, use, in this glorious sovereign court of yours. So do all other righteous judges in their decision of processes, and final determination of legal differences, observing that which hath been said thereof by D. Henri. Ferrandat, *et not. gl. in c. fin. de sortil. et l. sed cum ambo. ff. de jud. Ubi. Docto.* Mark, that chance and fortune are good, honest, profitable, and necessary for ending of, and putting a final closure

[4] *Trinqaumelle, grand president.*—In old time, in France, they used to say grand president instead of first president. *Trinc' amollos*, in the Tolousain language, signifies a bully, whose whole courage lies in hacking (*trancher*) boldly through the middle of the kernels (*amandes*) of all sorts of nuts. Under this name is here characterised a first president; inasmuch as the fines (*amendes*) to be levied on the effects of those condemned by arrêt, are by him adjudged, one third part to the public treasure, another to the poor, and the other third to the prosecutor.

to dissensions and debates in suits at law. The same hath more clearly been declared by Bald. Bartol. et Alex. c. *communia de leg. l. si duo.* But how is it that you do these things? asked Trinquamelle. I very briefly, quoth Bridlegoose, shall answer you, according to the doctrine and instructions of *Leg. ampliorem sec. in refutatoriis. c. de appel.;* which is conformable to what is said in *Gloss. l.* 1, *ff. quod. met. causa. Gaudent brevitate moderni.* My practice is therein the same with that of your other worships, and as the custom of the judicatory requires, unto which our law commandeth us to have regard, and by the rule thereof still to direct and regulate our actions and procedures; *ut not. extra. de consuet. c. ex literis et ibi innoc.* For having well and exactly seen, surveyed, overlooked, reviewed, recognised, read, and read over again, turned and tossed over, seriously perused and examined the bills of complaint, accusations, impeachments, indictments, warnings, citations, summonings, comparitions, appearances, mandates, commissions, delegations, instructions, informations, inquests, preparatories, productions, evidences, proofs, allegations, depositions, cross speeches, contradictions, supplications, requests, petitions, inquiries, instruments of the deposition of witnesses, rejoinders, replies, confirmations of former assertions, duplies, triplies, answers to rejoinders, writings, deeds, reproaches, disabling of exceptions taken, grievances, salvation bills, re-examination of witnesses, confronting of them together, declarations, denunciations, libels, certificates, royal missives, letters of appeal, letters of attorney, instruments of compulsion, delinatories, anticipatories, evocations, messages, dimissions, issues, exceptions, dilatory pleas, demurs, compositions, injunctions, reliefs, reports, returns, confessions,

acknowledgements, exploits, executions, and other such like confects and spiceries, both at the one and the other side, as a good judge ought to do, conform to what hath been noted thereupon. *Spec. de ordination. Paragr.* 3, *et Tit. de Offi. omn. jud. paragr. fin. et de rescriptis præsentat. parag.* 1.—I posit on the end of a table in my closet, all the pokes and bags of the defendant, and then allow unto him the first hazard of the dice, according to the usual manner of your other worships. And it is mentioned, *l. favorabiliores ff. de reg. jur. et in cap. cum sunt eod. tit. lib.* 6, which saith, 'Quum sunt partium jura obscura, reo potius favendum est quam auctori.' That being done, I thereafter lay down upon the other end of the same table the bags and satchels of the plaintiff, as your other worships are accustomed to do, *visum visu*,[5] just over against one another: for, *Opposita juxta se posita clarius elucescunt: ut not. in lib.* 1, *parag. Videamus. ff. de his qui sunt sui vel alieni juris, et in l. munerum sec. mixta ff. de mun. et hon.* Then do I likeways and semblably throw the dice for him, and forthwith liver him his chance. But, quoth Trinquamelle, my friend, how come you to know, understand, and resolve, the obscurity of these various and seeming contrary passages in law, which are laid claim to by the suitors and pleading parties? Even just, quoth Bridlegoose, after the fashion of your other worships:[6] to wit, when there are many bags on the one side, and on the other, I then use my little small dice, after the customary

[5] *Visum Visu.*—Whence the French preposition, *vis-à-vis*, I suppose, *i.e.*, over against.

[6] *Your other worships.*—*Vous* autres *messieurs:* a Gallicism. It only means, in English, your worships. This pronoun *autres* sounds oddly in English; but it is a beautiful redundancy in French.

manner of your other worships, in obedience to the law, *Semper in stipulationibus ff. de reg. jur.* and the law *versale* verifieth[7] that *Eod. tit. semper in obscuris quod minimum est sequimur:* canonised in *c. in obscuris. eod. tit. lib.* 6. I have other large great dice, fair, and goodly ones, which I employ in the fashion that your other worships use to do, when the matter is more plain, clear, and liquid, that is to say, when there are fewer bags. But when you have done all these fine things, quoth Trinquamelle, how do you, my friend, award your decrees, and pronounce judgment? Even as your other worships, answered Bridlegoose; for I give out sentence in his favour unto whom hath befallen the best chance by dice,[8] judiciary, tribunian, pretorial, what comes first. So our laws command, *ff. qui pot. in pign. l. creditor. c. de consul.* 1. *Et de regul. jur. in* 6. *Qui prior est tempore potior est jure.*

CHAPTER XL

HOW BRIDLEGOOSE GIVETH REASONS WHY HE LOOKED OVER THOSE LAW PAPERS WHICH HE DECIDED BY THE CHANCE OF THE DICE

YEA, but, quoth Trinquamelle, my friend, seeing it is by the lot, chance, and throw of the dice that you award your judgments and sentences, why do not

[7] *Verifieth.*—Versifieth, Rabelais says; for that law is a perfect pentameter; 'Semper, in obscuris, quod minimum est sequimur.' *Versale* means royal and sometimes text hand. *Cotgr.*

[8] *Chance by dice, etc.*—Judiciary, tribunian, pretorial, are three synonymous expressions. Chance judiciary, *alea iudiciorum*, shows the uncertainty of judgments.

you deliver up these fair throws and chances, the very same day and hour, without any further procrastination or delay, that the controverting party-pleaders appear before you? To what use can those writings serve you, those papers, and other procedures contained in the bags and pokes of the law-suitors? To the very same use, quoth Bridlegoose, that they serve your other worships. They are behooveful unto me, and serve my turn in three things very exquisite, requisite, and authentic. First, For formality-sake; the omission whereof, that it maketh all, whatever is done, to be of no force nor value, is excellently well proved by *Spec. 1. tit. de instr. edit. et tit. de rescript. present.* Besides that, it is not unknown to you, who have had many more experiments thereof than I, how oftentimes, in judicial proceedings, the formalities utterly destroy the materialities and substances of the causes and matters agitated; for *Forma mutata, mutatur substantia. ff. ad exhib. l. Julianus ff. ad. leg. fals. l. si is qui quadraginta. Et extra. de decim. c. ad audientiam, et de celebrat miss. c. in quadam.*

Secondly, They are useful and steadable to me, even as unto your other worships, in lieu of some other honest and healthful exercise. The late Master Othoman Vadat[1] [Vadere], a prime physician, as you would say, *Cod. de Commit. et Archi. lib.* 12, hath frequently told me, That the lack and default of bodily exercise is the chief, if not the sole and

[1] *Othoman Vadat, a prime physician.*—His name, in Rabelais, is Vadare. First physician, *i.e.*, one of those physicians (in point of rank) of whom the Code speaks, l. xii. t. xiii.: 'De Comitibus et Archiatris Sacri Palatii.' *Michael Vataire*, first physician to the Duke of Alençon, in 1574, was, in all likelihood, the son of this Othoman. See the Duke De Nevers' Memoirs, Ambrose Paré (Paræus, alias Cheek) Introd. to Chirurgery, and Simon Golart's admirable and memorable history.

only, cause of the little health and short lives of all officers of justice, such as your worships and I am. Which observation was singularly well, before him, noted and remarked by Bartholus *in lib.* 1, *c. de sent. quæ pro eo quod.* Therefore is it that the practice of such-like exercitations is appointed to be laid hold on by your other worships, and consequently not to be denied unto me, who am of the same profession; *Quia accessorium naturam sequitur principalis. de reg. jur. l.* 6, *et l. cum principalis, et l. nihil* [illegible] *ff. eod. tit. ff. de fide-jus. l. fide-jus. et extra de* [illegible] *deleg. cap.* 1. Let certain honest and recreative sports and plays of corporeal exercises be allowed and approved of; and so far, *ff. de allus. et aleat. l.* [illegible]*nt. et authent. et omnes obed. in princ. coll.* 7, *ff. de præscript. verb. l. si gratuitam et l.* 1, *cod. de* [illegible]*ct. l.* 11. Such also is the opinion of D. Thomæ, *secunda, secundæ, Q.* I. 168. Quoted to very good purpose, by D. Albert de Rosa, who *fuit magnus practicus*, and a solemn doctor, as Barbatias attesteth in *principiis consil.* Wherefore the reason is evidently and clearly deduced and set down before us in *gloss. in proemio ff. par ne autem tertii.*

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.

In very deed, once, in the year a thousand four hundred fourscore and nine, having a business concerning the portion and inheritance of a younger brother depending in the court and chamber of the four High Treasurers of France, whereinto as soon as ever I got leave to enter, by a pecuniary permission of the usher thereof,—as your other worships know very well, that *Pecuniæ obediunt omnia*, and there, says Baldus, in *l. singularia ff. si cert. pet. et Salic. in l. receptitia. Cod. de constit. pecuni. et Card.*

in Clem. 1, *de baptis.*,—I found them all recreating and diverting themselves at the play called muss, either before or after dinner: to me, truly, it is a thing altogether indifferent, whether of the two it was, provided that *hic not.*, that the game of the muss is honest, healthful, ancient, and lawful, *a Muscho inventore, de quo cod. de petit. hæred. l. si post motam, et Muscarii.* Such as play and sport at the muss are excusable in and by law, *lib.* 1, *c. de excus. artific. lib.* 10. And at the very same time was Master Tielman Piquet[2] one of the players of that game of muss. There is nothing that I do better remember, for he laughed heartily, when his fellow-members of the aforesaid judicial chamber spoiled their caps in swinging of his shoulders. He, nevertheless, did even then say unto them, that the banging and flapping of him, to the waste and havoc of their caps, should not, at their return from the palace to their own houses, excuse them from their wives, *Per. c. extra. de præsumpt. et ibi gloss.* Now, *resolutorie loquendo*, I should say, according to the style and phrase of your other worships, that there is no exercise, sport, game, play, nor recreation in all this palatine, palacial, or parliamentary world, more aromatising[3] and fragrant, than to empty and void bags and purses—turn over papers and writings—quote margins and backs of scrolls and rolls, fill panniers, and take inspection of causes, *Ex Bart. et Joan. de Pra. in l. falsa de condit. et demonst. ff.*

Thirdly, I consider, as your own worships used to

[2] *Tielman Picquet.*—A family of Montpellier; of which, in 1490, was Honorius Picquet, one of the four physic-professors then established by Charles VIII. in the university of Montpellier. See Joh. Steph. Strobelberger, Hist. Monspel.

[3] *Aromatising.*—These dusty papers in the end bring good spices (*fees*) to those who turn them over.

do, that time ripeneth and bringeth all things to maturity,—that by time everything cometh to be made manifest and patent,—and that time is the father of truth and virtue. *Gloss. in l.* 1, *cod. de servit. authent. de restit. et ea quæ pa. et spec. tit. de requisit. cons.* Therefore is it, that after the manner and fashion of your other worships, I defer, protract, delay, prolong, intermit, surcease, pause, linger, suspend, prorogate, drive out, wire-draw, and shift off the time of giving a definitive sentence, to the end that the suit or process, being well fanned and winnowed, tossed and canvassed to and fro, narrowly, precisely, and nearly garbelled, sifted, searched, and examined, and on all hands exactly argued, disputed, and debated, may, by succession of time, come at last to its full ripeness and maturity. By means whereof, when the fatal hazard of the dice ensueth thereupon, the parties cast or condemned by the said aleatory chance will with much greater patience, and more mildly and gently, endure and bear up the disastrous load of their misfortune, than if they had been sentenced at their first arrival unto the court, as *not. gl. ff. de excus. tut. l. tria onera.*

'Portatur leviter quod portat quisque libenter.'

On the other part, to pass a decree or sentence, when the action is raw, crude, green, unripe, and unprepared as at the beginning, a danger would ensue of a no less inconveniency than that which the physicians have been wont to say befalleth to him in whom an imposthume is pierced before it be ripe, or unto any other, whose body is purged of a strong predominating humour before its digestion. For as it is written, *in authent. hæc constit. in Innoc. de consist. princip.*—so is the same repeated *in gloss.*

in c. cæterum, extra de juram. calumn. Quid medicamenta morbis exhibent, hoc jura negotiis. Nature furthermore admonisheth and teacheth us to gather and reap, eat and feed on fruits when they are ripe, and not before. *Instit. de rer. div. paragr. is ad quem. et ff. de action. empt. l. Julianus.* To marry likewise our daughters when they are ripe, and no sooner, *ff. de donation. inter vir. et uxor. l. cum hic status. paragr. si quis sponsam et* 27, *qu.* 1. *c. sicut dicit gloss.*

'Jam matura thoro plenis adoleverat annis
Virginitas.'

And, in a word, she instructeth us to do nothing of any considerable importance, but in a full maturity and ripeness, 23 *q.* 1. sec. *ult. et* 23, *de c. ultimo.*

CHAPTER XLI

HOW BRIDLEGOOSE RELATETH THE HISTORY OF THE RECONCILERS OF PARTIES AT VARIANCE IN MATTERS OF LAW

I REMEMBER to the same purpose, quoth Bridlegoose, in continuing his discourse, that at the time when at Poictiers I was a student of law under Brocadium Juris,[1]

[1] *Brocadium Furis.*—In the reign of Louis XII., John Petit, bookseller of Paris, printed in 16mo, in Gothic character, a small volume, intitled Brocardia Juris. This book, whose very title Bridlegoose corrupts, the good man makes to be the name of the professor under whom he studied law at Poictiers, much upon a level with a certain *Venetian* podesta (chief magistrate), of whom Poggius relates, that a priest, who was pleading before that judge, having alleged the authority of a certain *Clementine*,

there was at Semerve one Peter Dendin,[2] a very honest man, careful labourer of the ground, fine singer in a church desk, of good repute and credit, and older than the most aged of all your worships; who was wont to say, that he had seen the great and goodly good man, the Council of Lateran,[3] with his wide and broad-brimmed red hat. As also, that he had beheld and looked upon the fair and beautiful pragmatical sanction, his wife, with her huge rosary or patenotrian chapelet of jet beads, hanging at a large sky-coloured riband. This honest man compounded, attoned, and agreed more differences, controversies, and variances at law, than had been determined, voided, and finished during his time in the whole palace of Poictiers, in the auditory of Montmorillon,[4] and in the townhouse of the old Partenay. This amicable disposition of his rendered him venerable, and of great estimation, sway, power, and authority throughout all the neighbouring places of Chauvigny, Nouaillé, Legugé, Vivonne, Mezeaux, Estables, and other bordering

and I know not what *Novelle*, the podesta, who took that papal constitution and that imperial law for two young wenches of the priest's acquaintance, reproved him severely, for daring to produce, in so grave a court, the evidence of two of his concubines.

[2] *Peter Dendin.*—Rabelais here lashes a certain judge, sitting upon a stone *(pierre)* instead of a bench, and dangling his legs just as the sound of the bells seemed to go *din dan din.* On one of these seats, without any footstool, still to be seen at Metz in the Place d'Armes, the high sheriff formerly gave audience, like *Dendin.*

[3] *The Council of Lateran.*—This council, of which Perrin Dendin makes a goodly good man, commenced in 1512, and ended in 1517. *The pragmatic sanction* of Charles VII. was the bone of contention at all the councils, wherever the Gallican and Romish church met face to face.

[4] *Montmorillon.*—A small town on the frontiers of Poitou and the Limosin, where Francis I. afterwards established a presidial. See Beza's Eccl. Hist.

and circumjacent towns, villages, and hamlets. All their debates were pacified by him; he put an end to their brabling suits at law, and wrangling differences. By his advice and counsels were accords and reconcilements no less firmly made, than if the verdict of a sovereign judge had been interposed therein, although, in very deed, he was no judge at all, but a right honest man, as you may well conceive,—*arg. in l. sed si unius ff. de jure-jur. et de verbis obligatoriis l. continuus.* There was not a hog killed within three parishes of him, whereof he had not some part of the haslet and puddings. He was almost every day invited either to a marriage banquet, christening feast, an uprising or women-churching treatment, a birthday's anniversary solemnity, a merry frolic gossiping, or otherwise to some delicious entertainment in a tavern, to make some accord and agreement between persons at odds, and in debate with one another. Remark what I say; for he never yet settled and compounded a difference betwixt any two at variance, but he straight made the parties agreed and pacified to drink together, as a sure and infallible token and symbol of a perfect and completely well-cemented reconciliation, a sign of a sound and sincere amity, and proper mark of a new joy and gladness to follow thereupon,—*Ut not. per doct. ff. de peric. et com. rei vend. l.* 1. He had a son, whose name was Tenot Dendin, a lusty, young, sturdy, frisking roister, so help me God, who likewise, in imitation of his peace-making father, would have undertaken and meddled with the making up of variances and deciding of controversies between disagreeing and contentious party-pleaders: as you know,

'Sæpe solet similis filius esse patri.
Et sequitur leviter filia matris iter.'

Ut ait gloss. 6, quæst. I. *c. 8i quis, gloss. de cons. dist.* 5, *c.* 2, *fin. et est. not. per Doct. cod. de impub. et aliis substit. l. ult. et l. legitime. ff. de stat. hom. gloss. in l. quod si nolit. ff. de ædil. edict. l. quisquis c. ad leg. Jul. majest. excipio filios à moniali susceptos ex Monacho. per gloss. in c. impudicas.* 27, *quæstione* 1. And such was his confidence to have no worse success than his father, that he assumed unto himself the title of Law-strife-settler. He was likewise in these pacificatory negotiations so active and vigilant,—for, *Vigilantibus jura subveniunt. ex l. pupillus. ff. quæ in fraud. cred. et ibid. l. non enim. et instit. in proœm.*—that when he had smelt, heard, and fully understood, —*ut ff. si quando paup. fec. l. Agaso. gloss. in verb. olfecit, id est, nasum ad culum posuit*—and found that there was anywhere in the country a debateable matter at law, he would incontinently thrust in his advice, and so forwardly intrude his opinion in the business, that he made no bones of making offer, and taking upon him to decide it, how difficult soever it might happen to be, to the full contentment and satisfaction of both parties. It is written, *Qui non laborat, non manducat;*[5] and the said *gl. ff. de damn. infect. l. quamvis* and *Currere* plus que le pas *vetulam compellit egestas.*[6] *gloss. ff. de lib. agnosc. l. si*

[5] *Non manducat.*—Rabelais has it, 'Qui non laborat, non manige ducat.' That is, in Languedocian jargon, he who works not, does not feel (handle) the ducats; *i.e.*, does not grow rich; gets nothing. Rabelais, who loved allusions, here makes one, from the Languedocian *manige ducat* to the Latin *manducat*. Thus, instead of *qui non laborat, non manducat*, he has said, with as good sense, though in two languages, *qui non laborat, non manige ducat*.

[6] *Currere plus que le pas vetulam compellit egestas.*—I know not well what *plus que le pas* means, unless it is pacing (or else trotting). Then the whole sentence will bear this translation, which, by-the-bye, is not translated at all, either by Sir T. U. or

quis pro qua facit. l. si plures. c. de cond. incert. But so hugely great was his misfortune in this his undertaking, that he never composed any difference, how little soever you may imagine it might have been, but that, instead of reconciling the parties at odds, he did incense, irritate, and exasperate them to a higher point of dissension and enmity than ever they were at before. Your worships know, I doubt not that,

'Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis.'

Gl. ff. de alien. jud. mut. caus. fa. lib. 2. This administered unto the tavern keepers, wine-drawers and vintners of Semerve an occasion to say, that under him they had not in the space of a whole year so much reconciliation-wine, for so were they pleased to call the good wine of Legugé, as under his father they had done in one half-hour's time. It happened a little while thereafter, that he made a most heavy regret thereof to his father, attributing the causes of his bad success in pacificatory enterprises to the perversity, stubbornness, froward, cross, and backward inclinations of the people of his time; roundly, boldly, and irreverently upbraiding, that if, but a score of years before the world had been so wayward, obstinate, pervicacious, implacable, and out of all square, frame, and order, as it was then, his father had never attained to and acquired the honour and title of Strife-appeaser, so irrefragably, inviolably, and irrevocably as he had done. In doing whereof Tenot did heinously transgress against the law which prohibiteth children to the actions of their parents; *per gl. et Bart. l.* 3, *paragr. si quis. ff.*

Mr Motteux. Need makes the old wife gallop, instead of trotting or pacing. *(Plus que le pas)* It is an hexameter, half French, half Latin.

de cond. ob. caus. et. authent. de nupt. par. sed quod sancitum. col. 4. To this the honest old father answered thus: My son Dendin, when Don Oportet taketh place, this is the course which we must trace,[7] *gl. c. de appell. l. eos etiam.* For the road that you went upon was not the way to the fuller's mill, nor in any part thereof was the form to be found wherein the hare did sit. Thou hast not the skill and dexterity of settling and composing differences. Why? Because thou takest them at the beginning, in the very infancy and bud as it were, when they are green, raw, and indigestible. Yet I know, handsomely and featly, how to compose and settle them all. Why? Because I take them at their decadence, in their weaning, and when they are pretty well digested. So saith Gloss.

'Dulcior est fructus post multa pericula ductus.'

L. non moriturus. c. de contrahend. et committ. stip. Didst thou ever hear the vulgar proverb, 'Happy is the physician, whose coming is desired at the declension of a disease?' For the sickness being come to a crisis is then upon the decreasing hand, and drawing towards an end, although the physician should not repair thither for the cure thereof; whereby, though nature wholly do the work, he bears away the palm and praise thereof. My pleaders, after the same manner, before I did interpose my judgment in the reconciling of them, were waxing faint in their contestations. Their altercation heat was much abated, and, in declining from their former strife, they of themselves inclined to a

[7] *When Don Oportet, etc.*—A rhyming law-proverb,

'Quand Oportet vient en place;
Il convient qu'ainsi se face.'

firm accommodation of their differences; because there wanted fuel to that fire of burning rancour and despiteful wrangling, whereof the lower sort of lawyers were the kindlers. That is to say, their purses were emptied of coin, they had not a win in their fob, nor penny in their bag, wherewith to solicit and present their actions.

'Deficiente pecu, deficit omne, nia.'

There wanted then nothing but some brother to supply the place of a paranymph, brawl-broker, proxenete, or mediator, who acting his part dexterously, should be the first broacher of the motion of an agreement, for saving both the one and the other party from that hurtful and pernicious shame, whereof he could not have avoided the imputation, when it should have been said, that he was the first who yielded and spoke of a reconcilement; and that, therefore, his cause not being good, and being sensible where his shoe did pinch him, he was willing to break the ice, and make the greater haste to prepare the way for a condescendment to an amicable and friendly treaty. Then was it that I came in pudding time, Dendin, my son, nor is the fat of bacon more relishing to boiled peas, than was my verdict then agreeable to them. This was my luck, my profit, and good fortune. I tell thee, my jolly son Dendin, that by this rule and method I could settle a firm peace, or at least clap up a cessation of arms and truce for many years to come betwixt the Great King and the Venetian State,[8]—the Emperor

[8] *The great king and the Venetians.*—Louis XII., when he took from the Venetians almost all their *terra firma*. It is related of Innocent X. that one day, as he was looking down from his window, to see two fellows fighting, Cardinal Pancirola asked his holiness, if he would not please to have somebody go and

and the Cantons of Switzerland,—the English and the Scots,—and betwixt the Pope and the Ferrarians. Shall I go yet further? Yea, as I would have God to help me, betwixt the Turk and the Sophy, the Tartars and the Muscoviters. Remark well what I am to say unto thee. I would take them at that very instant nick of time, when both those of the one and the other side should be weary and tired of making war, when they had voided and emptied their own cashes and coffers of all treasure and coin, drained and exhausted the purses and bags of their subjects, sold and mortgaged their domains and proper inheritances, and totally wasted, spent, and consumed the munition, furniture, provision and victuals that were necessary for the continuance of a military expedition. There I am sure, by God, or by his mother, that, would they, would they not, in spite of all teeth, they should be forced to take a little respite and breathing time to moderate the fury and cruel rage of their ambitious aims. This is the doctrine in *Gl.* 37, *d. c. si quando.*

'Odero, si potero; si non, invitus amabo.'

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part them. No, no, said the Pope, let them alone. Soon after, these two combatants gave over, shook hands, and went and drank together. Then said his holiness to the cardinal, 'Just so will it be with the Spaniards and French; when they are weary of fighting, they will agree of themselves, without anybody's needing to interpose their mediation.

CHAPTER XLII

HOW SUITS AT LAW ARE BRED AT FIRST, AND HOW THEY COME AFTERWARDS TO THEIR PERFECT GROWTH

For this cause, quoth Bridlegoose, going on in his discourse, I temporise and apply myself to the times, as your other worships used to do, waiting patiently for the maturity of the process, the full growth and perfection thereof in all its members, to wit, the writings and the bags. *Arg. in l. si major. c. commun. divid. et de cons. di* 1, *c. solemnitates, et ibi gl.* A suit in law at its production, birth, and first beginning, seemeth to me, as unto your other worships, shapeless, without form or fashion, incomplete, ugly, and imperfect even as a bear,[1] at his first coming into the world, hath neither hands, skin, hair, nor head, but is merely an inform, rude, and ill-favoured piece and lump of flesh, and would remain still so, if his dam, out of the abundance of her affection to her hopeful cub, did not with much licking put his members into that figure and shape which nature had provided for those of an arctic and ursinal kind; *ut not. Doct. ad. l. Aquil. l.* 2, *in fin.* Just so do I see, as your other worships do, processes and suits of law, at their first bringing forth, to be memberless, without shape, deformed, and disfigured, for that then they consist only of one or two writings, or copies of instruments, through which defect they appear unto me, as to your other worships, foul,

[1] *A bear——————hath neither hands, etc.*—Rabelais' words are, Hath neither feet, hands, etc., *N'ha pieds, ne mains, peau, poil, ne teste.* Sir T. U. has left out feet, and so he might all the rest, for it is all a fib. ['An unlicked bear-cub' has, however, passed into an English proverbial simile for a bearish, or boorish clown.]

loathsome, filthy, and misshapen beasts. But when there are heaps of these legiformal papers packed, piled, laid up together, impoked, insatcheled, and put up in bags, then is it that with a good reason we may term that suit, to which, as pieces, parcels, parts, portions, and members thereof, they do pertain and belong, well-formed and fashioned, big-limbed, strong set, and in all and each of its dimensions most completely membered. Because *forma dat esse rei. l. si is qui. ff. ad leg. Falcid. in c. cum dilecta de rescript. Barbat. concil.* 12, *lib.* 2, and before him, *Baldus, in c. ult. extra de consuet. et l. Julianus ad exhib. ff. et l. quæsitum ff. de leg.* 3. The manner is such as is set down in *gl. p. quæst.* 1, *c. Paulus.*

'Debile principium melior fortuna sequetur.'

Like your other worships also, the sergeants, catchpoles, pursuivants, messengers, summoners, apparitors, ushers, door-keepers, pettifoggers, attorneys, proctors, commissioners, justices of the peace, judge delegates, arbitrators, overseers, sequestrators, advocates, inquisitors, jurors, searchers, examiners, notaries, tabellions, scribes, scriveners, clerks, prenotaries, secondaries, and expedanean judges,[2] *de quibus tit. est. l.* 3, *c.*, by sucking very much, and that exceeding forcibly, and licking at the purses of the pleading parties, they, to the suits already begot and engendered, form, fashion, and frame head, feet, claws, talons, beaks, bills, teeth, hands, veins, sinews, arteries, muscles, humours, and so forth, through all the similary and dissimilary

[2] *Expedanean judges.*—It is in Rabelais, *judges pedanées, i.e.*, country judges, judges of villages, inferior judges, who were so called because they went not in their chariots to courts, but trudged it on foot, *pedibus.*

parts of the whole; which parts, particles, pendicles, and appurtenances, are the law pokes and bags, *gl. de cons. d.* 4, *accepisti.*

'Qualis vestis erit, talia corda gerit.'

Hic notandum est, that in this respect the pleaders, litigants, and law-suitors are happier than the officers, ministers, and administrators of justice. For *beatius est dare quam accipere.*[3] *ff. commun. l.* 3, *extra. de celebr. Miss. c. cum Marthæ. et* 24, *quæst.* 1. *cap. Od. gl.*

'Affectum dantis pensat censura tonantis,'

Thus becometh the action or process, by their care and industry, to be of a complete and goodly bulk, well-shaped, framed, formed, and fashioned, according to the canonical gloss.

'Accipe, sume, cape, sunt verba placentia Papæ.'

Which speech hath been more clearly explained by Albert de Ros, *in verbo Roma.*

'Roma manus rodit, quas rodere non valet, odit.
Dantes custodit, non dantes spernit, et odit.'

The reason whereof is thought to be this:

'Ad præsens ova, cras pullis sunt meliora,'

ut est gl. in l. quum hi. ff. de transact. Nor is this all; for the inconvenience of the contrary is set down in *gloss. c. de aliu. fin.*

'Quum labor in damno est, crescit mortalis egestas.'

[3] *Beatius, etc.*—It is a saying of our Saviour's (on what occasion is not known) quoted by St Paul, though none of the evangelists mention it. Our Saviour, who was and is God, tells us it is more godlike to give than to receive.

In confirmation whereof we find, that the true etymology and exposition of the word *process* is *purchase*, viz., of good store of money to the lawyers, and of many pokes,—*id est Prou Sacks*,—to the pleaders : upon which subject we have most celestial quips, gibes, and girds.

'Litigando jura crescunt, litigando jus acquiritur.'[4]

Item gl. in cap. illud extrem. de præsumpt. et c. de prob. l. instrum. l. non epistolis. l. non nudis.

'Et si non prosunt singula, multa juvant.'

Yea, but, asked Trinquamelle, how do you proceed, my friend, in criminal causes, the culpable and guilty party being taken and seized upon, *flagrante crimine?* Even as your other worships use to do, answered Bridlegoose. First, I permit the plaintiff to depart from the court, enjoining him not to presume to return thither, till he preallably should have taken a good sound and profound sleep, which is to serve for the prime entry and introduction to the legal carrying on of the business. In the next place, a formal report is to be made to me of his having slept. Thirdly, I issue forth a warrant to convene him before me. Fourthly, He is to produce a sufficient and authentic attestation of his having thoroughly and entirely slept, conform to the *Gloss.* 37, *Quest.* 7, c. *Si quis cum.*

'Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.'

Being thus far advanced in the formality of the process, I find that this consopiating act engendereth another act, whence ariseth the articulating of a

[4] *Litigando, etc.*—This being no verse, Rabelais, as correct an author as M. Duchat is an annotator, does not make a separate line of it.

member. That again produceth a third act, fashionative of another member; which third bringeth forth a fourth, procreative of another act. New members in a no fewer number are shapen and framed, one still breeding and begetting another—as link after link, the coat of mail at length is made—till thus piece after piece, by little and little, by information upon information, the process be completely well-formed and perfect in all his members. Finally, having proceeded this length, I have recourse to my dice, nor is it to be thought, that this interruption, respite, or interpellation is by me occasioned without very good reason inducing me thereunto, and a notable experience of a most convincing and irrefragable force.

I remember, on a time, that in the camp at Stockholm,[5] there was a certain Gascon named Gratianauld, native of the town of Saint Sever, who having lost all his money at play, and consecutively being very angry thereat—as you know, *Pecunia est alter sanguis, ut ait Anto. de Burtio, in c. accedens.* 2, *extra ut lit. non contest. et Bald. in l. si tuis. c. de opt. leg. per tot. in l. advocati. c. de advoc. div. jud. pecunia est vita hominis et optimus fide-jussor in necessitatibus,*—did, at his coming forth of the gaming-house, in the presence of the whole company that was there, with a very loud voice, speak in his own language these following words: 'Pao cap de bious, hillots, que mau de pippe bous tresbire: ares que de pergudes sont les mies bingt, et quouatre baquettes, ta pla donnerien picz, trucz, et patactz; Sei degun de bous aulx, qui boille truquar ambe iou a bels embis.'[6]

[5] *In the camp at Stockholm.*—This story is taken from Aretino, in his dialogue on Play. Stockholm was besieged in 1518, by Christian II., King of Denmark.

[6] *Iou a bels embis.*—Gascon. 'D—n me, if I don't wish you'd

Finding that none would make him any answer, he passed from thence to that part of the leaguer where the huff-snuff, honder-sponder,[7] swash-buckling High Germans were, to whom he renewed these very terms, provoking them to fight with him; but all the return he had from them to his stout challenge was only, 'Der Gascongner,[8] thut sich ausz mit eim ieden zu schlagen, aber er ist geneigter zu stehlen; darum, liebe frauwen, habt sorg zu euerm hauszrath.' Finding also, that none of that band of Teutonic soldiers offered himself to the combat, he passed to that quarter of the leaguer where the French free-booting adventurers were encamped, and, reiterating unto them what he had before repeated to the Dutch warriors, challenged them likewise to fight with him, and therewithal made some pretty little Gasconado frisking gambols, to oblige them the more cheerfully and gallantly to cope with him in the lists of a duellising engagement; but no answer at all was made unto him. Whereupon the Gascon, despairing of meeting with any antagonists, departed from thence, and laying himself down, not far from the pavilions of the grand Christian cavalier Crissé,[9] fell fast asleep. When he had thoroughly slept an hour or two, another adventurous and all-hazarding blade

a tun of wine about your ears. Here have I lost my four-and-twenty deniers; now I'll give as many blows and fisticuffs, aye, and more too, to anyone who'd like to stand up; so come on, and the more the merrier.'

[7] *Honder-Sponder.*—A coined word, like *lifre-lofres* elsewhere, to abuse the Germans, as if they only spoke those words, and no other.

[8] *Der Gascongner, etc.*—The sense of this German sentence is, in English, 'This Gascooning fellow here, who is quarrelling with everybody, is more likely to steal than to fight. So pray, good women, take care of your household goods.'

[9] *Crissé.*—Perhaps James Turpin, second of that name, Lord of Crissé, in Anjou. See the Genealogies of St Marthe, l. xxx.

of the forlorn hope of the lavishingly-wasting gamesters, having also lost all his monies, sallied forth with a sword in his hand, in a firm resolution to fight with the aforesaid Gascon, seeing he had lost as well as he.

'Ploratur lachrymis amissa pecunia veris,'

saith the *Gl. de pœnitent. distinct.* 3., *c. sunt plures.* To this effect having made inquiry and search for him throughout the whole camp, and in sequel thereof found him asleep, he said unto him, Up, ho, good fellow, in the name of all the devils of hell rise up, rise up, get up! I have lost my money as well as thou hast done, let us therefore go fight lustily together, grapple and scuffle it to some purpose. Thou mayest look and see that my tuck is no longer than thy rapier. The Gascon, altogether astonished at his unexpected provocation, without altering his former dialect, spoke thus: 'Cap de Sanct Arnaud,[10] quau seys tu, qui me rebeilles? Que mau de taberne te gire. Ho San Siobé, cap de Gascoigne, ta pla dormie iou, quand aquoest taquain me bingut estée.' The venturous roister inviteth him again to the duel, but the Gascon, without condescending to his desire, said only this: 'Hé paovret[11] iou tesquinerie ares, que son pla reposat. Vayne un pauque te posar come iou, puesse truqueren.' Thus, in forgetting his loss, he forgot the eagerness which he had to fight. In conclusion, after that the other had likewise slept a little, they, instead of fighting, and possibly killing

[10] *Cap de Sanct Arnaud.*—By St Arnaud, who the devil are you that awake me, pox take you? Ha! St Sever—cap of Gascony, what a sleep I should have had, if this cursed scoundrel had not disturbed me!

[11] *Hé paovret.*—Ha! poor devil! Won't I batter your hide when I've had my nap. Here, come, lie down a while, and then we'll set to't.

one another, went jointly to a sutler's tent, where they drank together very amicably, each upon the pawn of his sword. Thus by a little sleep was pacified the ardent fury of two warlike champions. There, gossip, comes the golden word of John Andr. *in cap. ult. de sent. et re judic. l. sexto.*

'Sedendo, et quiescendo fit anima prudens.'

CHAPTER XLIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL EXCUSETH BRIDLEGOOSE IN THE MATTER OF SENTENCING ACTIONS AT LAW BY THE CHANCE OF THE DICE

With this Bridlegoose held his peace. Whereupon Trinquamelle bid him withdraw from the court,—which accordingly was done,—and then directed his discourse to Pantagruel after this manner: It is fitting, most illustrious prince, not only by reason of the deep obligations wherein this present parliament, together with the whole Marquisate of Myrelingues, stand bound to your Royal Highness, for the innumerable benefits, which, as effects of mere grace, they have received from your incomparable bounty; but for that excellent wit also, prime judgment, and admirable learning wherewith Almighty God, the giver of all good things, hath most richly qualified and endowed you; that we tender and present unto you the decision of this new, strange, and paradoxical case of Bridlegoose; who, in your presence, to your both hearing and seeing, hath plainly confessed his final judging and determinating

of suits of law, by the mere chance and fortune of the dice. Therefore do we beseech you, that you may be pleased to give sentence therein, as unto you shall seem most just and equitable. To this Pantagruel answered, Gentlemen, It is not unknown to you, how my condition is somewhat remote from the profession of deciding law controversies; yet, seeing you are pleased to do me the honour to put that task upon me, instead of undergoing the office of a judge, I will become your humble supplicant. I observe, gentlemen, in this Bridlegoose, several things, which induce me to represent before you, that it is my opinion he should be pardoned. In the first place, his old age; secondly, his simplicity; to both which qualities our statute and common laws, civil and municipal together, allow many excuses for any slips or escapes, which, through the invincible imperfection of either, have been inconsiderably stumbled upon by a person so qualified. Thirdly, gentlemen, I must needs display before you another case, which in equity and justice maketh much for the advantage of Bridlegoose, to wit, that this one, sole, and single fault of his ought to be quite forgotten,[1] abolished, and swallowed up by that immense and vast ocean of just dooms and sentences, which heretofore he hath given and pronounced; his demeanours, for these forty years and upwards that he hath been a judge, having been so evenly balanced in the scales of uprightness, that envy itself, till now, could not have been so impudent as to accuse and

[1] *Quite forgotten, etc.*—Herodotus, l. vii., tells us, that Darius, son of Hystaspes, one day going to send to execution one of his officers for some act of great injustice, upon second thoughts pardoned him, on account of the many instances of equity and justice he was informed that offender had given in time past, when he was in power.

twit him with any act worthy of a check or reprehension: as, if a drop of the sea were thrown into the Loire, none could perceive, or say, that by this single drop the whole river should be salt and brackish.

Truly, it seemeth unto me, that in the whole series of Bridlegoose's juridical decrees there hath been I know not what of extraordinary savouring of the unspeakable benignity of God, that all these his preceding sentences, awards, and judgments, have been confirmed and approved of by yourselves, in this your own venerable and sovereign court. For it is usual (as you know well) with Him whose ways are inscrutable, to manifest His own ineffable glory in blunting the perspicacity of the eyes of the wise, in weakening the strength of potent oppressors, in depressing the pride of rich extortioners, and in erecting, comforting, protecting, supporting, upholding, and shoring up the poor, feeble, humble, silly, and foolish ones of the earth. But, waiving all these matters, I shall only beseech you, not by the obligations which you pretend to owe to my family, for which I thank you, but for that constant and unfeigned love and affection which you have always found in me, both on this and on the other side of the Loire, for the maintenance and establishment of your places, offices, and dignities, that for this one time you would pardon and forgive him upon these two conditions. First, That he satisfy, or posit sufficient surety for the satisfaction of the party wronged by the injustice of the sentence in question. For the fulfilment of this article, I will provide sufficiently. And, secondly, That for his subsidiary aid in the weighty charge of administrating justice, you would be pleased to appoint and assign unto

him some virtuous counsellor, younger, learneder, and wiser than he, by the square and rule of whose advice he may regulate, guide, temper, and moderate in times coming all his judiciary procedures; or otherwise, if you intend totally to depose him from his office, and to deprive him altogether of the state and dignity of a judge, I shall cordially entreat you to make a present and free gift of him to me, who shall find in my kingdoms charges and employments enough wherewith to embusy him, for the bettering of his own fortunes, and furtherance of my service. In the meantime, I implore the Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier of all good things, in his grace, mercy, and kindness, to preserve you all, now and evermore, world without end.

These words thus spoken, Pantagruel, vailing his cap and making a leg with such a majestic grace as became a person of his paramount degree and eminency, farewelled Trinquamelle, the president and master speaker of that Myrelinguesian parliament, took his leave of the whole court, and went out of the chamber: at the door whereof finding Panurge, Epistemon, Friar John, and others, he forthwith, attended by them, walked to the outer gate, where all of them immediately took horse to return towards Gargantua. Pantagruel by the way related to them from point to point the manner of Bridlegoose's sententiating differences at law. Friar John said, that he had seen Peter Dendin, and was acquainted with him at the time when he sojourned in the monastery of Fontaine le Comte, under the noble Abbot Ardillon. Gymnast likewise affirmed, that he was in the tent of the grand Christian cavalier De Crissé, when the Gascon, after his sleep, made an answer to the adventurer. Panurge was somewhat incredulous

in the matter of believing that it was morally possible Bridlegoose should have been for such a long space of time so continually fortunate in that aleatory way of deciding law debates.[2] Epistemon said to Pantagruel: Such another story, not much unlike to that in all the circumstances thereof, is vulgarly reported of the provost of Montlehery. In good sooth, such a perpetuity of good luck is to be wondered at. To have hit right twice or thrice in a judgment so given by hap-hazard might have fallen out well enough, especially in controversies that were ambiguous, intricate, abstruse, perplexed, and obscure.

CHAPTER XLIV

HOW PANTAGRUEL RELATETH A STRANGE HISTORY OF THE PERPLEXITY OF HUMAN JUDGMENT

SEEING you talk, quoth Pantagruel,[1] of dark, difficult, hard, and knotty debates, I will tell you of one controverted before Cneius Dolabella,[2] Proconsul in Asia. The case was this:

A wife in Smyrna had of her first husband a child named Abecé. He dying, she, after the expiring of a year and a day, married again, and

[2] *Aleatory, etc.*—He had not found his account in the Virgilian lots.

[1] *Seeing you talk, quoth Pantagruel, etc.*—M. Duchat says this parenthesis is not in the editions of 1547 and 1553. He adds, that this whole chapter is part of the foregoing, and likewise that it is Epistemon who still continues to speak, and not Pantagruel.

[2] *Dolabella, etc.*—See Val. Max. l. 8, c. 6, and A. Gell, l. 12, c. 7.

to her second husband bore a boy call Effegé. A pretty long time thereafter it happened, as you know the affection of step-fathers and step-dames is very rare towards the children of the first fathers and mothers deceased, that this husband, with the help of his son Effegé, secretly, wittingly, willingly, and treacherously murdered Abecé. The woman came no sooner to get information of the fact, but, that it might not go unpunished, she caused kill them both, to revenge the death of her first son. She was apprehended and carried before Cneius Dolabella, in whose presence, she, without dissembling anything, confessed all that was laid to her charge; yet alleged, that she had both right and reason on her side for the killing of them. Thus was the state of the question. He found the business so dubious and intricate, that he knew not what to determine therein, nor which of the parties to incline to. On the one hand, it was an execrable crime to cut off at once both her second husband and her son. On the other hand, the cause of the murder seemed to be so natural, as to be grounded upon the law of nations, and the rational instinct of all the people of the world, seeing they two together had feloniously and murderously destroyed her first son;—not that they had been in any manner of way wronged, outraged, or injured by him, but out of an avaricious intent to possess his inheritance. In this doubtful quandary and uncertainty what to pitch upon, he sent to the Areopagites, then sitting at Athens, to learn and obtain their advice and judgment. That judicious senate, very sagely perpending the reasons of his perplexity, sent him word to summon her personally to compear before him a precise hundred years thereafter, to answer to some interrogatories touching

certain points, which were not contained in the verbal defence. Which resolution of theirs did import, that it was in their opinion so difficult and inextricable a matter, that they knew not what to say or judge therein. Who had decided that plea by the chance and fortune of the dice, could not have erred nor awarded amiss, on which side soever he had passed his casting and condemnatory sentence. If against the woman, she deserved punishment for usurping sovereign authority, by taking that vengeance at her own hand, the inflicting whereof was only competent to the supreme power to administer justice in criminal cases. If for her, the just resentment of a so atrocious injury done unto her, in murdering her innocent son, did fully excuse and vindicate her of any trespass or offence about that particular committed by her. But this continuation of Bridlegoose for so many years, still hitting the nail on the head, never missing the mark, and always judging aright, by the mere throwing of the dice, and the chance thereof, is that which most astonisheth and amazeth me.

To answer, quoth Pantagruel, categorically to that which you wonder at, I must ingenuously confess and avow that I cannot; yet, conjecturally to guess at the reason of it, I would refer the cause of that marvellously long-continued happy success in the judiciary results of his definitive sentences, to the favourable aspect of the heavens, and benignity of the intelligences; who out of their love to goodness, after having contemplated the pure simplicity and sincere unfeignedness of Judge Bridlegoose in the acknowledgement of his inabilities, did regulate that for him by chance, which by the profoundest act of his maturest deliberation he was not able to reach

unto. That, likewise, which possibly made him to diffide in his own skill and capacity, notwithstanding his being an expert and understanding lawyer, for any thing that I know to the contrary, was the knowledge and experience which he had of the antinomies, contrarieties, antilogies, contradictions, traversings, and thwartings of laws, customs, edicts, statutes, orders, and ordinances, in which dangerous opposition, equity and justice being structured and founded on either of the opposite terms, and a gap being thereby opened for the ushering in of injustice and iniquity through the various interpretations of self-ended lawyers; being assuredly persuaded that the infernal calumniator, who frequently transformeth himself into the likeness of a messenger or angel of light, maketh use of these cross glosses and expositions in the mouths and pens of his ministers and servants, the perverse advocates, bribing judges, lawmonging attorneys, prevaricating counsellors, and such other like law-wresting members of a court of justice, to turn by those means black to white, green to grey, and what is straight to a crooked ply. For the more expedient doing whereof, these diabolical ministers make both the pleading parties believe that their cause is just and righteous; for it is well known that there is no cause, how bad soever, which doth not find an advocate to patrocinate and defend it,—else would there be no process in the world, no suits at law, nor pleadings at the bar. He did in these extremities, as I conceive, most humbly recommend the direction of his judicial proceedings to the upright Judge of judges, God Almighty,—did submit himself to the conduct and guideship of the blessed Spirit, in the hazard and perplexity of the definitive sentence,—and, by this aleatory lot, did, as it were, implore and explore the divine decree of

his good will and pleasure, instead of that which we call the Final Judgment of a Court. To this effect, to the better attaining to his purpose, which was to judge righteously, he did, in my opinion, throw and turn the dice, to the end that by the providence aforesaid, the best chance might fall to him whose action was uprightest and backed with greatest reason. In doing whereof he did not stray from the sense of the Talmudists, who say that there is so little harm in that manner of searching the truth, that in the anxiety and perplexedness of human wits, God oftentimes manifesteth the secret pleasure of his Divine Will.[3]

Furthermore, I will neither think nor say, nor can I believe, that the unstraightness is so irregular, or the corruption so evident, of those of the Parliament of Myrelingois, in Myrelingues, before whom Bridlegoose was arraigned for prevarication, that they will maintain it to be a worse practice to have the decision of a suit at law referred to the chance and hazard of a throw of the dice, hab nab, or luck as it will, than to have it remitted to, and passed, by the determination of those whose hands are full of blood, and hearts of wry affections. Besides that, their principal direction in all law matters comes to their hands from one Tribonian,[4] a wicked, miscreant, barbarous, faithless, and perfidious knave, so pernicious, unjust, avaricious, and perverse in his ways, that it was his ordinary custom to sell laws, edicts,

[3] Pantagruel speaks after Thomas Aquinas, l. 2, c. 173, of the original French, of the Gardener's dream.

[4] This portrait of Tribonian, which is drawn by Suidas, in his article on the famous lawyer, has been copied by Cœlius Rhodiginus, l. 22, c. 20, of his Ancient Lections; by Budæus, part 1, of his Annot. on the Pandects, and by Fr. Hotman, b. 11, of his Anti-Tribonian.

declarations, constitutions, and ordinances, as at an outroop or putsale, to him who offered most for them. Thus did he shape measures for the pleaders, and cut their morsels to them by and out of these little parcels, fragments, bits, scantlings, and shreds of the law now in use, altogether concealing, suppressing, disannulling, and abolishing the remainder, which did make for the total law; fearing that, if the whole law were made manifest and laid open to the knowledge of such as are interested in it, and the learned books of the ancient doctors of the law upon the exposition of the Twelve Tables and Prætorian Edicts, his villainous pranks, naughtiness, and vile impiety should come to the public notice of the world. Therefore were it better, in my conceit, that is to say, less inconvenient, that parties at variance in any juridical case should, in the dark, march upon caltrops, than submit the determination of what is their right to such unhallowed sentences and horrible decrees: as Cato in his time wished and advised, that every judiciary court should be paved with caltrops.[5]

CHAPTER XLV

HOW PANURGE TAKETH ADVICE OF TRIBOULET

On the sixth day thereafter, Pantagruel was returned home at the very same hour that Triboulet was by water come from Blois. Panurge, at his arrival, gave him a hog's bladder, puffed up with

[5] See Pliny, l. 19, c. 1. This was done, says Buchet, that litigious people might be kept from coming near so dangerous a spot.

Panurge confesses himself to Triboulet

wind, and resounding, because of the hard peas that were within it. Moreover he did present him with a gilt wooden sword, a hollow budget made of a tortoise-shell, an osier-wattled wicker bottle full of Breton wine, and five-and-twenty apples of the orchard of Blandureau.

If he be such a fool, quoth Carpalim, as to be won with apples, there is no more wit in his pate than in the head of an ordinary cabbage. Triboulet girded the sword and scrip to his side, took the bladder in his hand, ate some few of the apples, and drunk up all the wine. Panurge very wistfully and heedfully looking upon him said, I never yet saw a fool, and I have seen ten thousand franks worth of that kind of cattle, who did not love to drink heartily, and by good long draughts. When Triboulet had done with his drinking, Panurge laid out before him, and exposed the sum of the business wherein he was to require his advice, in eloquent and choicely-sorted terms, adorned with flourishes of rhetoric. But, before he had altogether done, Triboulet with his fist gave him a bouncing whirret between the shoulders, rendered back into his hand again the empty bottle, filipped and flirted him on the nose with the hog's bladder, and lastly, for a final resolution, shaking and wagging his head strongly and disorderly, he answered nothing else but this, By God, God, mad fool, beware the monk, Buzançay hornpipe! These words thus finished, he slipped himself out of the company, went aside, and rattling the bladder, took a huge delight in the melody of the rickling, crackling noise of the peas. After which time it lay not in the power of them all to draw out of his chaps the articulate sound of one syllable, insomuch that, when Panurge went about to interrogate him further, Triboulet drew his

wooden sword, and would have stuck him therewith. I have fished fair now, quoth Panurge, and brought my pigs to a fine market. Have I not got a brave determination of all my doubts, and a response in all things agreeable to the oracle that gave it? He is a great fool, that is not to be denied, yet he is a greater fool who brought him hither to me,—but of the three I am the greatest fool, who did impart the secret of my thoughts to such an idiot ass and native ninny,—That bolt, quoth Carpalim, levels point blank at me.

Without putting ourselves to any stir or trouble in the least, quoth Pantagruel, let us maturely and seriously consider and perpend the gestures and speech which he hath made and uttered. In them, veritably, quoth he, have I remarked and observed some excellent and notable mysteries, yea, of such important worth and weight, that I shall never henceforth be astonished, nor think strange, why the Turks, with a great deal of worship and reverence, honour and respect natural fools equally with their primest doctors, mufties, divines, and prophets. Did not you take heed, quoth he, a little before he opened his mouth to speak, what a shogging, shaking, and wagging, his head did keep? By the approved doctrine of the ancient plilosophers, the customary ceremonies of the most expert magicians, and the received opinions of the most learned lawyers, such a brangling agitation and moving should by us all be judged to proceed from, and be quickened and suscitated by, the coming and inspiration of the prophetising and fatidical spirit, which, entering briskly and on a sudden into a shallow receptacle of a debil substance (for, as you know, and as the proverb shows it, a little head containeth not much brains), was the cause of that commotion. This is

conform to what is avouched by the most skilful physicians, when they affirm, that shakings and tremblings fall upon the members of a human body, partly because of the heaviness and violent impetuosity of the burden and load that is carried, and other part, by reason of the weakness and imbecility that is in the virtue of the bearing organ. A manifest example whereof appeareth in those who, fasting, are not able to carry to their head a great goblet full of wine without a trembling and a shaking in the hand that holds it. This of old was accounted a prefiguration and mystical pointing out of the Pythian divineress, who used always, before the uttering of a response from the oracle, to shake a branch of her domestic laurel. Lampridius also testifieth, that the Emperor Heliogabalus, to acquire unto himself the reputation of a soothsayer, did, on several holy days, of prime solemnity, in the presence of the fanatic rabble, make the head of his idol, by some sleight within the body thereof, publicly to shake. Plautus, in his Asinaria, declareth likewise, that Saurias, whithersoever he walked, like one quite distracted of his wits, kept such a furious lolling and mad-like shaking of his head, that he commonly affrighted those who casually met with him in their way. The said author in another place, showing a reason why Charmides shook and brangled his head, assevered that he was transported, and in an ecstacy. Catullus after the same manner maketh mention, in his Berecynthia and Atys, of the place wherein the Menades, Bacchical women, she-priests of the Lyæan god, and demented prophetesses, carrying ivy boughs in their hands, did shake their heads. As in the like case, amongst the Galli, the gelded priests of Cybele were wont to do in the celebrating of their festivals. Whence, too, according to the sense of

the ancient theologues, she herself has her denomination; for κυβιστᾶν signifieth, to turn round, whirl about, shake the head, and play the part of one that is wry-necked.

Semblably Titus Livius writeth, that, in the solemnisation time of the Bacchanalian holidays at Rome, both men and women seemed to prophetise and vaticinate, because of an affected kind of wagging of the head, shrugging of the shoulders, and jectigation of the whole body, which they used then most punctually. For the common voice of the philosophers, together with the opinion of the people, asserteth for an irrefragable truth, that vaticination is seldom by the heavens bestowed on any, without the concomitancy of a little frenzy, and a head-shaking, not only when the said presaging virtue is infused, but when the person also therewith inspired, declareth and manifesteth it unto others. The learned lawyer Julian, being asked on a time, if that slave might be truly esteemed to be healthful and in a good plight, who had not only conversed with some furious, maniac, and enraged people, but in their company had also prophesied, yet without a noddle-shaking concussion, answered, That seeing there was no head-wagging at the time of his predictions, he might be held for sound and competent enough. Is it not daily seen, how schoolmasters, teachers, tutors, and instructors of children, shake the heads of their disciples, as one would do a pot in holding it by the lugs, that by this erection, vellication, stretching and pulling their ears, which, according to the doctrine of the sage Egyptians, is a member consecrated to the memory, they may stir them up to recollect their scattered thoughts, bring home those fancies of theirs, which perhaps have been extravagantly roaming abroad upon strange and

uncouth objects, and totally range their judgments, which possibly by disordinate affections have been made wild, to the rule and pattern of a wise, discreet, virtuous, and philosophical discipline. All which Virgil acknowledgeth to be true, in the branglement [1] of Apollo Cynthius.

CHAPTER XLVI

HOW PANTAGRUEL AND PANURGE DIVERSELY INTERPRET THE WORDS OF TRIBOULET

He says you are a fool. And what kind of fool? A mad fool, who in your old age would enslave yourself to the bondage of matrimony, and shut your pleasures up within a wedlock, whose key some ruffian carries in his codpiece. He says furthermore, Beware of the monk. Upon mine honour, it gives me in my mind, that you will be cuckolded by a monk. Nay, I will engage my honour, which is the most precious pawn I could have in my possession, although I were sole and peaceable dominator over all Europe, Asia, and Africa, that if you marry, you will surely be one of the horned brotherhood of Vulcan. Hereby may you perceive, how much I do attribute to the wise foolery of our morosoph Triboulet. The other oracles and responses did in the general prognosticate you a cuckold, without descending so near to the point of a particular determination as to pitch upon what

[1] *Branglement.*—I suppose he means pulling by the ears, the *vellicat aures* of that poet, Ecl. 6.

vocation amongst the several sorts of men, he should profess, who is to be the copes-mate of your wife and hornifier of your proper self. Thus noble Triboulet tells it us plainly, from whose words we may gather with all ease imaginable, that your cuckoldry is to be infamous, and so much the more scandalous, that your conjugal bed will be incestuously contaminated with the filthiness of a monkery lecher. Moreover, he says, that you will be the hornpipe of Buzançay, —that is to say, well horned, hornified, and cornuted. And, as Triboulet's uncle asked from Louis the Twelfth, for a younger brother of his own, who lived at Blois, the hornpipes of Buzançay, for the organ pipes, through the mistake of one word for another, even so, whilst you think to marry a wise, humble, calm, discreet, and honest wife, you shall unhappily stumble upon one, witless, proud, loud, obstreperous, bawling, clamorous, and more unpleasant than any Buzançay hornpipe. Consider withal, how he flirted you on the nose with the bladder, and gave you a sound thumping blow with his fist upon the ridge of the back. This denotes and presageth, that you shall be banged, beaten, and filipped by her, and that also she will steal of your goods from you, as you stole the hog's bladder from the little boys of Vaubreton.

Flat contrary, quoth Panurge ;—not that I would impudently exempt myself from being a vassal in the territory of folly. I hold of that jurisdiction, and am subject thereto, I confess it. And why should I not? For the whole world is foolish. In the old Lorrain language, *fou* for *oou ;* all and fool were the same thing.[1] Besides, it is avouched by

[1] *In the old Lorrain language fou for oou; all and fool were the same thing.*—It may be so; but Rabelais' words are, 'En Lorraine Fou est prez Tou,' *i.e.*, in Lorraine (to keep the pun in English)

Solomon, that infinite is the number of fools. From an infinity nothing can be deducted or abated, nor yet, by the testimony of Aristotle, can anything thereto be added or subjoined. Therefore were I a mad fool, if, being a fool, I should not hold myself a fool. After the same manner of speaking, we may aver the number of the mad and enraged folks to be infinite. Avicenna maketh no bones to assert, that the several kinds of madness are infinite. Though this much of Triboulet's words tend little to my advantage, howbeit the prejudice which I sustain thereby be common with me to all other men, yet the rest of his talk and gesture maketh altogether for me. He said to my wife, Be weary of the monkeys;[2] that is as much as if she should be cheery, and take as much delight in a monkey, as ever did the Lesbia of Catullus in her sparrow; who will, for his recreation, pass his time no less joyfully at the exercise of snatching flies, than heretofore did the merciless fly-catcher Domitian. Withal he meant by another part of his discourse, that she should be of a jovial country-like humour, as gay and pleasing

fool is near fool, etc. There is, says M. Duchat, a large town in Lorrain called Fou (fool), within three leagues of Toul, another considerable town in the same duchy.

[2] *Be weary of the monkeys.*—Weary should be wary, but that is only a fault in the press. The rest is all wrongly translated. Rabelais' words are, 'Il dict à ma femme, guare Moyne. C'est ung moineau qu'elle aura en delices, comme avoit la Lesbie de Catulle: lequel vollera pour mouesches,' etc. Now *moyne* in French was never known to signify monkey. *Moineau* does indeed signify a sparrow, as well as a friar or monk; and upon that hinge the equivoque turns. Thus it should run: The fool said to my wife, 'Ware sparrow;' that is as much as to say, 'Beware your sparrow come to no harm;' meaning that he (not he, as Sir T. U. has it) 'should take as much delight in a sparrow (not a monkey) as ever did Catullus' Lesbia; and that he will, for his recreation, hunt flies,' etc.

as a harmonious hornpipe of Saulieu or Buzançay. The veridical Triboulet did therein hint at what I liked well, as perfectly knowing the inclinations and propensities of my mind, my natural disposition, and the bias of my interior passions and affections. For you may be assured, that my humour is much better satisfied and contented with the pretty, frolic, rural, dishevelled shepherdesses, whose bums, through their coarse canvass smocks, smell of the clover grass[3] of the field, than with those great ladies in magnificent courts, with their flaunting top-knots and sultanas, their polvil, pastillos,[4] and cosmetics. The homely sound, likewise, of a rustic hornpipe is more agreeable to my ears, than the curious warbling and musical quivering of lutes, theorbos, viols, rebecs, and violins. He gave me a lusty rapping thwack on my back,—what then? Let it pass, in the name and for the love of God, as an abatement of, and deduction from, so much of my future pains in purgatory. He did it not out of any evil intent. He thought, belike, to have hit some of the pages. He is an honest fool, and an innocent changeling. It is a sin to harbour in the heart any bad conceit of him. As for myself, I heartily pardon him. He flirted me on the nose. In that there is no harm; for it importeth nothing else, but that betwixt my wife and me there will occur some toyish wanton tricks, which usually happen to all new married folks.

[3] *Clover grass.*—In the original, wild thyme *(serpolet)*, on which M. Duchat quotes Champier, l. viii. c. xxxv. of his *De Re Cibaria*—'Rustici proverbium pervulgatum habent; succosiores esse virgines quæ serpillum quam quæ moschum olent.'

[4] *Pastillos.*—In the original, *maujoincts*; which, according to Champier, just quoted, is to be understood in this place to signify musk.

CHAPTER XLVII

HOW PANTAGRUEL AND PANURGE RESOLVED TO MAKE A VISIT TO THE ORACLE OF THE HOLY BOTTLE

THERE is as yet another point, quoth Panurge, which yon have not at all considered on, although it be the chief and principal head of the matter. He put the bottle in my hand and restored it me again. How interpret you that passage? What is the meaning of that? He possibly, quoth Pantagruel, signifieth thereby, that your wife will be such a drunkard as shall daily take in her liquor kindly and ply the pots and bottles apace. Quite otherwise, quoth Panurge; for the bottle was empty. I swear to you, by the prickling brambly thorn of St Fiacre[1] in Brie, that our unique Morosoph,[2] whom I formerly termed the lunatic Triboulet, referreth me, for attaining to the final resolution of my scruple, to the response-giving bottle. Therefore do I renew afresh the first vow which I made, and here in your presence protest and make oath by Styx and Acheron, to carry still spectacles in my cap, and never to wear a codpiece in my breeches, until, upon the enterprise in hand of my nuptial undertaking, I shall have obtained an answer from the holy bottle. I am acquainted with a prudent, understanding, and discreet gentleman, and besides,

[1] *Brambly thorn of St Fiacre.*—Wrongly translated; the original is *l'espine*, *i.e.*, the backbone of the saint, which was preserved in the cathedral of Meaux.

[2] *Unique Morosoph.*—[Panurge has discovered method in Triboulet's madness, and now calls him 'our only wise fool,' μωρὸς, *foolish*, and σοφὸς, *wise*.]

a very good friend of mine, who knoweth the land, country, and place where its temple and oracle is built and posited. He will guide and conduct us thither sure and safely. Let us go thither, I beseech you. Deny me not, and say not, nay; reject not the suit I make unto you, I entreat you. I will be to you an Achates, a Damis, and heartily accompany you all along in the whole voyage, both in your going forth and coming back. I have of a long time known you to be a great lover of peregrination, desirous still to learn new things, and still to see what you have never seen before.

Very willingly, quoth Pantagruel, I condescend to your request. But before we enter in upon our progress towards the accomplishment of so far a journey, replenished and fraught with imminent perils, full of innumerable hazards, and every way stored with evident and manifest dangers—What dangers? quoth Panurge, interrupting him. Dangers fly back, run from, and shun me whithersoever I go, seven leagues around,—as in the presence of the sovereign a subordinate magistracy is eclipsed; or as clouds and darkness quite vanish at the bright coming of a radiant sun; or as all sores and sicknesses [3] did suddenly depart, at the approach of the body of St Martin à Quande. Nevertheless, quoth Pantagruel, before we adventure to set forward on the road of our projected and intended voyage, some few points are to be discussed, expedited, and

[3] A cripple guided a blind man that carried him, and so they begged together. Being told St Martin's body would soon be there, and it would cure them both, the devil a bit would they stay for the saint's body; they did not want to be healed. This story is grounded on a parable, used by a Jew doctor to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, to make him understand that the soul and body would be punished conjointly for having joined together in sinning. See Basnage, l. vi. c. xi.

dispatched. First, let us send back Triboulet to Blois. Which was instantly done, after that Pantagruel had given him a frieze coat. Secondly, our design must be backed with the advice and counsel of the King, my father. And, lastly, it is most needful and expedient for us, that we search for and find out some sibyl, to serve us for a guide, truchman, and interpreter. To this Panurge made answer, That his friend Xenomanes[4] would abundantly suffice for the plenary discharge and performance of the sibyl's office; and that, furthermore, in passing through the Lanternatory revelling country, they should take along with them a learned and profitable Lanternesse, who would be no less useful to them in their voyage, than was the sibyl to Æneas, in his descent to the Elysian fields. Carpalim, in the interim, as he was upon the conducting away of Triboulet, in his passing by, hearkened a little to the discourse they were upon, then spoke out, saying, Ho, Panurge, master freeman, take my Lord Debitis,[5] at Calais, along with you, for he is goud-fallot, a good fellow. He will not forget those who have been debtors; these are Lanternes. Thus shall you not lack for both fallot and lantern. I may safely, with the little skill I have, quoth Pantagruel, prognosticate, that by the way we shall engender no melancholy. I clearly perceive it already. The only thing that vexeth me is, that I cannot speak the Lanternatory

[4] *Xenomanes.*—Græcè, lover of travel. Some commentators recognise in him the poet and historian, Jean Bouchet, who took the pseudonym of *Traverseur des voies perilleuses*, a title which Rabelais gives to Xenomanes farther on.

[5] *My lord Debitis.*—Corruptly for my lord deputy, or Governor of Calais for Henry VIII., at that time Henry Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel.

language.[6] I shall, answered Panurge, speak for you all. I understand it every whit as well as I do mine own maternal tongue; I have been no less used to it than to the vulgar French.

'Brisz marg dalgotbric nubstzne zos,
Isquebsz prusq albork crinqs zacbac.
Misbe dilbarkz morp nipp stancz bos,
Strombtz, Panurge walmap quost gruszbac.'[7]

Now guess, friend Epistemon, what is this? They are, quoth Epistemon, names of errant devils, passant devils, and rampant devils. These words of thine, dear friend of mine, are true, quoth Panurge, yet are they terms used in the language of the court of the Lanternish people. By the way, as we go upon our journey, I will make to thee a pretty little dictionary, which, notwithstanding, shall not last[8] you much longer than a pair of new shoes. Thou shalt have learned it sooner than thou canst perceive the dawning of the next subsequent morning. What I have said in the foregoing tetrastic is thus translated out of the Lanternish tongue into our vulgar dialect:

'All miseries attended me, whilst I
A lover was, and had no good thereby.
Of better luck the married people tell;
Panurge is one of those, and knows it well.'

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[6] *Lanternatory language.*—The barbarous language of the Romish school divines, in their different councils of Lateran.

[7] In these verses, which mostly consist of half words, Rabelais ridicules the frequent abbreviations of the Gothic characters, which had been made use of in printing a world of school-divinity books, barbarous in themselves, and to the last degree tiresome to read.

[8] *Shall not last, etc.*—Barbarism will now soon be banished out of the schools. Else it may mean, the dictionary will serve for the little time you shall be crossing the Lantern country.

There is little more, then, quoth Pantagruel, to be done, but that we understand what the will of the King my father will be therein, and purchase his consent.

CHAPTER XLVIII

HOW GARGANTUA SHOWETH, THAT THE CHILDREN OUGHT NOT TO MARRY WITHOUT THE SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE AND ADVICE OF THEIR FATHERS AND MOTHERS

No sooner had Pantagruel entered in at the door of the great hall of the castle, than that he encountered full butt with the good honest Gargantua coming forth from the council board, unto whom he made a succinct and summary narrative of what had passed and occurred, worthy of his observation, in his travels abroad, since their last interview; then, acquainting him with the design he had in hand, besought him that it might stand with his good will and pleasure, to grant him leave to prosecute and go thorough-stitch with the enterprise which he had undertaken. The good man Gargantua, having in one hand two great bundles of petitions, indorsed and answered, and in the other some remembrancing notes and bills, to put him in mind of such other requests of supplicants, which, albeit presented, had nevertheless been neither read nor heard, he gave both to Ulrich Gallet, his ancient and faithful Master of Requests; then drew aside Pantagruel, and, with a countenanee more serene and jovial than customary, spoke to him thus: I praise God, and have great reason so

to do, my most dear son, that he hath been pleased to entertain in you a constant inclination to virtuous actions. I am well content that the voyage which you have mentioned to me be by you accomplished, but withal I could wish you would have a mind and desire to marry, for that I see you are of competent years. [Panurge, in the meanwhile, was in a readiness of preparing and providing for remedies, salves, and cures against all such lets, obstacles, and impediments, as he could in the height of his fancy conceive might by Gargantua be cast in the way of their itinerary design.][1] Is it your pleasure, most dear father, that you speak? answered Pantagruel. For my part, I have not yet thought upon it. In all this affair I wholly submit and rest in your good liking and paternal authority. For I shall rather pray unto God that he would throw me down stark dead at your feet, in your pleasure, than that against your pleasure I should be found married alive. I never heard that by any law, whether sacred or profane, yea, amongst the rudest and most barbarous nations in the world, it was allowed and approved of, that children may be suffered and tolerated to marry at their own good will and pleasure, without the knowledge, advice, or consent asked and had thereto, of their fathers, mothers, and nearest kindred. All legislators, everywhere upon the face of the whole earth, have taken away and removed this licentious liberty from children,

[1] This period, betwixt crotchets, which in the translation is narrative, and interrupts the dialogue, seems in the original to be a continuation of Gargantua' speech. 'Panurge s'est assez efforcé rompre les difficultés qui lui povoient estre en empeschement: parlez pour vous.' Panurge has taken great pains to break through the difficulties, which might stand in his way; speak for yourself.

and totally reserved it to the discretion of the parents.

My dearly beloved son, quoth Gargantua, I believe you, and from my heart thank God for having endowed you with the grace of having both a perfect notice of, and entire liking to, laudable and praiseworthy things; and that through the windows of your exterior senses he hath vouchsafed to transmit unto the interior faculties of your mind, nothing but what is good and virtuous. For in my time there hath been found on the continent a certain country, wherein are I know not what kind of Pastophorian mole-catching priests, who, albeit averse from engaging their proper persons into a matrimonial duty, like the pontifical flamens of Cybele in Phrygia;[2] as if they were capons, and not cocks; full of lasciviousness, salacity, and wantonness,—who yet have, nevertheless, in the matter of conjugal affairs, taken upon them to prescribe laws and ordinances to married folks. I cannot goodly determine what I should most abhor, detest, loathe, and abominate,—whether the tyrannical presumption of those dreaded sacerdotal mole-catchers, who not being willing to contain and coop up themselves within the grates and trellises of their own mysterious temples,[3] do deal in, meddle with,

[2] Rabelais says only the priests of Cybele in Phrygia; not a word of flamens; these were peculiar to the Romans. The Phrygians knew of no flamens.

[3] By these mole-catchers, and the lattices *(treillis)* of their temples, Rabelais means the Sorbonne and its doctors, particularly certain monks whom Pasquier calls patchers-up, and vampers of old glosses, which have, says he, advanced, at least insinuated this barbarous opinion, that by the canon law the consent of fathers and mothers was not requisite to the marriage of their children, but only for decency's sake, and not out of any necessity. On occasion of this chapter of Rabelais, the reader may consult

obtrude upon, and thrust their sickles into harvests of secular businesses, quite contrary and diametrically opposite to the quality, state, and condition of their callings, professions, and vocations; or the superstitious stupidity and senseless scrupulousness of married folks, who have yielded obedience, and submitted their bodies, fortunes, and estates, to the discretion and authority of such odious, perverse, barbarous, and unreasonable laws. Nor do they see that, which is clearer than the light and splendour of the morning star,—how all these nuptial and connubial sanctions, statutes, and ordinances have been decreed, made, and instituted, for the sole benefit, profit, and advantage of the flaminal mysts and mysterious flamens, and nothing at all for the good, utility, or emolument of the silly hood-winked married people. Which administereth unto others a sufficient cause for rendering these churchmen suspicious of iniquity, and of an unjust and fraudulent manner of dealing, no more to be connived at nor countenanced, after that it be well weighed in the scales of reason, than if with a reciprocal temerity the laics, by way of compensation, would impose laws to be followed and observed by those mysts and flamens, how they should behave themselves in the making and performance of their rites and ceremonies, after what manner they ought to proceed in the offering up and immolating of their various oblations, victims, and sacrifices; seeing that, be-

the letter from whence this passage of Pasquier is taken. It is the first of the 3rd Book of his Letters, and he addressed it to a friend, on occasion of an article of the ordinance of Orleans, 1560; by which the states did but in part redress this disorder, which he says is properly what the French law calls *raptus in parentes*. This letter lays down much the same principles with these here employed by Gargantua.

sides the edecimation and tithe-haling of their goods, they cut off and take parings, shreddings, and clippings of the gain proceeding from the labour of their hands, and sweat of their brows, therewith to entertain themselves the better. Upon which consideration, in my opinion, their injunctions and commands would not prove so pernicious and impertinent, as those of the ecclesiastic power, unto which they had tendered their blind obedience. For, as you have very well said, there is no place in the world where, legally, a licence is granted to the children to marry without the advice and consent of their parents and kindred. Nevertheless, by those wicked laws and mole-catching customs whereat there is a little hinted in what I have already spoken to you, there is no scurvy, measly, leprous, or pocky ruffian, pander, knave, rogue, scellum, robber, or thief, pilloried, whipped, and burn-marked in his own country for his crimes and felonies, who may not violently snatch away and ravish what maid soever he had a mind to pitch upon, how noble, how fair, how rich, honest, and chaste soever she be, and that out of the house of her own father, in his own presence, from the bosom of her mother, and in the sight and despite of her friends and kindred looking on a so woeful spectacle, provided that the rascal villain be so cunning as to associate unto himself some mystical flamen, who, according to the covenant made betwixt them two, shall be in hope some day to participate of the prey.

Could the Goths, the Scythians, or Massagetæ do a worse or more cruel act to any of the inhabitants of a hostile city, when, after the loss of many of their most considerable commanders, the expense of a great deal of money, and a long siege, that they shall have stormed and taken it by a violent and

impetuous assault? May not these fathers and mothers, think you, be sorrowful and heavy-hearted when they see an unknown fellow, a vagabond stranger, a barbarous lout, a rude cur, rotten, fleshless, putrified, scraggy, boily, botchy, poor, a forlorn caitiff and miserable sneak, by an open rapt, snatch away before their own eyes their so fair, delicate, neat, well-behavioured, richly-provided-for and healthful daughters, on whose breeding and education they had spared no cost nor charges, by bringing them up in an honest discipline to all the honourable and virtuous employments becoming one of their sex, descended of a noble parentage, hoping by those commendable and industrious means in an opportune and convenient time to bestow them on the worthy sons of their well-deserving neighbours and ancient friends, who had nourished, entertained, taught, instructed, and schooled their children with the same care and solicitude, to make them matches fit to attain to the felicity of a so happy marriage, that from them might issue an offspring and progeny no less heirs to the laudable endowments and exquisite qualifications of their parents, whom they every way resemble, than to their personal and real estates, moveables and inheritances? How doleful, trist, and plangorous would such a sight and pageantry prove unto them? You shall not need to think, that the collachrymation of the Romans and their confederates at the decease of Germanicus Drusus was comparable to this lamentation of theirs. Neither would I have you to believe that the discomfort and anxiety of the Lacedæmonians, when the Greek Helen, by the perfidiousness of the adulterous Trojan, Paris, was privily stolen away out of their country, was greater or more pitiful than this ruthful and deplorable collugency of theirs.

You may very well imagine, that Ceres, at the ravishment of her daughter Proserpine, was not more attristed, sad, nor mournful than they. Trust me, and your own reason, that the loss of Osiris was not so regrettable to Isis,—nor did Venus so deplore the death of Adonis,—nor yet did Hercules so bewail the straying of Hylas,—nor was the rapt of Polyxena more throbbingly resented and condoled by Priamus and Hecuba, than this aforesaid accident would be sympathetically bemoaned, grievous, ruthful, and anxious, to the woefully desolate and disconsolate parents.

Notwithstanding all this, the greater part of so vilely abused parents are so timorous and afraid of the devils and hobgoblins, and so deeply plunged in superstition, that they dare not gainsay nor contradict, much less oppose and resist, those unnatural and impious actions, when the mole-catcher hath been present at the perpetrating of the fact, and a party contractor and covenanter in that detestable bargain. What do they do then? They wretchedly stay at their own miserable homes, destitute of their well-beloved daughters,—the fathers cursing the days and the hours wherein they were married,—and the mothers howling and crying, that it was not their fortune to have brought forth abortive issues, when they happened to be delivered of such unfortunate girls; and in this pitiful plight spend at best the remainder of their time, with tears and weeping for those their children, of and from whom they expected (and, with good reason, should have obtained and reaped), in these latter days of theirs, joy and comfort. Other parents there have been, so impatient of that affront and indignity put upon them and their families, that, transported with the extremity of passion, in a mad and frantic mood

through the vehemency of a grievous fury and raging sorrow, they have drowned, hanged, killed, and otherwise put violent hands on themselves. Others, again, of that parental relation, have, upon the reception of the like injury, been of a more magnanimous and heroic spirit, who, in imitation and at the example of the children of Jacob, revenging upon the Sichemites the rapt of their sister Dina, having found the rascally ruffian in the association of his mystical mole-catcher, closely and in hugger-mugger conferring and parleying, with their daughters, for the suborning, corrupting, depraving, perverting, and enticing these innocent unexperienced maids unto filthy lewdnesses, have, without any further advisement on the matter, cut them instantly to pieces, and thereupon forthwith thrown out upon the fields their so dismembered bodies, to serve for food unto the wolves and ravens. Upon the chivalrous, bold, and courageous achievement of a so valiant, stout, and man-like act, the other mole-catching symmists have been so highly incensed, and have so chafed, fretted, and fumed thereat, that bills of complaint and accusations having been in a most odious and detestable manner put in before the competent judges, the arm of secular authority hath with much importunity and impetuosity been by them implored and required ; they proudly contending, That the servants of God would become contemptible, if exemplary punishment were not speedily taken upon the persons of the perpetrators of such an enormous, horrid, sacrilegious, crying, heinous, and execrable crime.

Yet neither by natural equity, by the law of nations, nor by any imperial law whatsoever, hath there been found so much as one rubric, paragraph, point, or tittle, by the which any kind of chastisement

or correction hath been adjudged due to be inflicted upon any for their delinquency in that kind. Reason opposeth, and nature is repugnant. For there is no virtuous man in the world, who both naturally and with good reason will not be more hugely troubled in mind, hearing of the news of the rapt, disgrace, ignominy, and dishonour of his daughter, than of her death. Now any man, finding in hot blood one, who with afore-thought felony hath murdered his daughter, may, without tying himself to the formalities and circumstances of a legal proceeding, kill him on a sudden, and out of hand, without incurring any hazard of being attainted and apprehended by the officers of justice for so doing. It is no wonder then if a lechering rogue, together with his mole-catching abettor, be entrapped in the flagrant act of suborning his daughter, and stealing her out of his house, though herself consent thereto, that the father in such a case of stain and infamy by them brought upon his family, should put them both to a shameful death, and cast their carcases upon dunghills to be devoured and eaten up by dogs and swine, or otherwise fling them a little further off to the direption, tearing and rending asunder of their joints and members by the wild beasts of the field, as being unworthy to receive the gentle, the desired, the last kind embraces of their great Alma Mater, the earth, commonly called burial.

Dearly beloved son, have an especial care, that after my decease none of these laws be received in any of your kingdoms; for whilst I breathe, by the grace and assistance of God, I shall give good order. Seeing, therefore, you have totally referred unto my discretion the disposure of you in marriage, I am fully of an opinion, that I shall provide sufficiently well for you in that point. Make ready and prepare

yourself for Panurge's voyage. Take along with you Epistemon, Friar John, and such others as you will choose. Do with my treasures what unto yourself shall seem most expedient. None of your actions, I promise you, can in any manner of way displease me. Take out of my arsenal Thalasse whatsoever equipage, furniture, or provision you please, together with such pilots, mariners, and truchmen, as you have a mind to, and with the first fair and favourable wind set sail and make out to sea, in the name of God our Saviour. In the meanwhile, during your absence, I shall not be neglective of providing a wife for you, nor of those preparations which are requisite to be made for the more sumptuous solemnising of your nuptials with a most splendid feast, if ever there was any in the world.

CHAPTER XLIX

HOW PANTAGRUEL DID PUT HIMSELF IN A READINESS TO GO TO SEA; AND OF THE HERB NAMED PANTAGRUELION

WITHIN very few days after that Pantagruel had taken his leave of the good Gargantua, who devoutly prayed for his son's happy voyage, he arrived at the seaport, near to Sammalo, accompanied with Panurge, Epistemon, Friar John of the Funnels, Abbot of Theleme, and others of the royal house, especially with Xenomanes, the great traveller, and thwarter of dangerous ways, who was to come at the bidding and appointment of Panurge, of whose

Castlewick of Salmigondin he did hold some petty inheritance by the tenure of a mesne fee. Pantagruel, being come thither, prepared and made ready for launching a fleet of ships, to the number of those which Ajax of Salamine had of old equipped in convoy of the Grecian soldiery against the Trojan state. He likewise picked out for his use so many mariners, pilots, sailors, interpreters, artificers, officers, and soldiers, as he thought fitting, and therewithal made provision of so much victuals of all sorts, artillery, munition of divers kinds, clothes, monies, and other such luggage, stuff, baggage, chaffer, and furniture, as he deemed needful for carrying on the design of a so tedious, long, and perilous voyage. Amongst other things it was observed, how he caused some of his vessels to be fraught and loaded with a great quantity of an herb of his called Pantagruelion, not only of the green and raw sort of it, but of the confected also, and of that which was notably well befitted for present use, after the fashion of conserves. The herb Pantagruelion[1] hath a little root, some-

[1] *Pantagruelion.*—Hemp: inasmuch as it is of that plant the cord is made which is used for the strangling those who are so unhappy as to be gibbeted. As the punishment of the har (a withy of green sticks; the band of a faggot; see Cotgrave, who says malefactors in old time were, and at this day in some barbarous countries are, hanged with withies), as, I say, the punishment of the har is much ancienter in France than the reign of Francis I., Rabelais must have given hemp the name of Pantagruelion, in regard it was in that prince's time this punishment began to be exercised on the Lutherans, or French Protestants, who were hoisted up to the top of the gibbet with a pulley, and there left to hang till they were burnt or smothered with the fire that was kindled under them. Rabelais, who durst not speak out his thoughts of such a piece of inhumanity, says that Pantagruel held these poor people by the throat, and that, in this condition, they woefully lamented the insupportable manner in which they were put to death.

what hard and rough, roundish, terminating in an obtuse and very blunt point, and having some of its veins, strings, or filaments coloured with some spots of white, never fixeth itself into the ground above the profoundness almost of a cubit, or foot and a half. From the root thereof proceedeth the only stalk, orbicular, cane-like, green without, whitish within, and hollow like the stem of smyrnium, olus atrum, beans, and gentian, full of long threads, straight, easy to be broken, jagged, snipped, nicked and notched a little after the manner of pillars and columns, slightly furrowed, chamfered, guttered and channelled, and full of fibres, or hairs like strings, in which consisteth the chief value and dignity of the herb, especially in that part thereof which is termed mesa, as one would say the mean; and in that other, which had got the denomination of mylasea. Its height is commonly five or six feet. Yet sometimes it is of such a tall growth, as doth surpass the length of a lance, but that is only when it meeteth with a sweet, easy, warm, wet, and well-soaked soil—as is the ground of the territory of Olone, and that of Rosea, near to Preneste in Sabinia,[2]—and that it want not for rain enough about the season of the fishers' holidays, and the æstival solstice. There are many trees whose height is by it very far exceeded, and you might call it dendromalache by the authority of Theophrastus. The plant every year perisheth—the tree neither in the trunk, root, bark, or boughs, being durable.

From the stalk of this Pantagruelion plant there issue forth several large and great branches, whose leaves have thrice as much length as breadth, always green, roughish, and rugged like the Orcanet, or Spanish Bugloss, hardish, slit round about like unto

[2] *Sabinia.*—See Pliny, l. 19, c. 9.

a sickle, or as the saxifragum,[3] as betony, and finally ending as it were in the points of a Macedonian spear, or of such a lancet as surgeons commonly make use of in their plebotomising tiltings. The figure and shape of the leaves thereof is not much different from that of those of the ash tree, or of Agrimony; the herb itself being so like the Eupatorian plant,[4] that many skilful herbalists have called it the Domestic Eupator,[5] and the Eupator, the Wild Pantagruelion. These leaves are in equal and parallel distances spread around the stalk, by the number in every rank either of five or seven, nature having so highly favoured and cherished this plant, that she hath richly adorned it with these two odd, divine and mysterious numbers.[6] The smell thereof is somewhat strong, and not very pleasing to nice, tender, and delicate noses. The seed inclosed therein mounteth up to the very top of its stalk, and a little above it.[7]

This is a numerous herb: for there is no less abundance of it than any other whatsoever. Some of these plants are spherical, some rhomboid, and some of an oblong shape, and all of these either black, bright-coloured, or tawny, rude to the touch, and mantled with a quickly-blasted-away coat, yet such an one as is of a delicious taste and savour to all

[3] *Or as the saxifragum.*—This is added by the translator. The author only says, as betony: he goes on, and ending in the point of the *Macedonian larix*, not as the translator has it, in the points of a *Macedonian spear*. He took *larice* (larch tree) for *lance*, belike.

[4] and [5] *Eupatorian plant.*—Read *eupatorium*, or *eupatoria*. *Eupator* was not the herb itself, but the king from whom it had its name.

[6] *Divine and mysterious.*—See Macrobius, on Scipio's dream.

[7] *Vers le chef du tige, et peu au dessoubs.*—The English whereof seems to me, To be near the top of the stalk, and but a very little below it.

shrill and sweetly singing birds, such as linnets, goldfinches, larks, canary birds, yellow-hammers, and others of that airy chirping quire; but it would quite extinguish the natural heat and procreative virtue of the semence of any man,[8] who would eat much, and often of it. And although that of old amongst the Greeks[9] there was certain kind of fritters and pancakes, buns and tarts, made thereof, which commonly for a liquorish daintiness were presented on the table after supper, to delight the palate and make the wine relish the better; yet is it of a difficult concoction, and offensive to the stomach. For it engendereth bad and unwholesome blood, and with its exorbitant heat woundeth them with grievous, hurtful, smart, and noisome vapours. And, as in divers plants and trees there are two sexes, male and female, which is perceptible in laurels, palms, cypresses, oaks, holmes, the daffodil, mandrake, fern, the agaric mushroom, birthwort, turpentine, penny-royal, peony, rose of the mount, and many other such like, even so in this herb there is a male which beareth no flower at all, yet it is very copious of and abundant in seed. There is likewise in it a female, which hath great store and plenty of whitish flowers, serviceable to little or no purpose, nor doth it carry in it seed of any worth at all, at least comparable to that of the male. It hath also a larger leaf, and much softer than that of the male, nor doth it altogether grow to so great a height. This Pantagruelion is to be sown at the first coming of the swallows, and is to be plucked out of the ground when the grasshoppers begin to be a little hoarse.

[8] *Procreative, etc.*—See Pliny, l. 20, c. 23.

[9] *Amongst the Greeks.*—Champier has the same remark, l. 7, c. 13, of his *De Re Cibaria.*

CHAPTER L

HOW THE FAMOUS PANTAGRUELION OUGHT TO BE PREPARED AND WROUGHT

THE herb Pantagruelion in September, under the autumnal equinox, is dressed and prepared several ways, according to the various fancies of the people, and diversity of the climates wherein it groweth. The first instruction which Pantagruel gave concerning it was, to divest and despoil the stalk and stem thereof of all its flowers and seeds, to macerate and mortify it in stagnant, not running water, for five days together, if the season be dry, and the water hot; or for full nine or twelve days, if the weather be cloudish, and the water cold. Then must it be dried in the sun, till it be drained of its moisture. After this it is in the shadow, where the sun shines not, to be peeled, and its rind pulled off. Then are the fibres and strings thereof to be parted, wherein, as we have already said, consisteth its prime virtue, price, and efficacy, and severed from the woody part thereof, which is unprofitable, and serveth hardly to any other use than to make a clear and glistering blaze, to kindle the fire, and for the play, pastime, and disport of little children, to blow up hogs' bladders, and make them rattle. Many times some use is made thereof by tippling sweet-lipped bibbers, who out of it frame quills and pipes, through which they with their liquor-attractive breath suck up the new dainty wine from the bung of the barrel. Some modern Pantagruelists, to shun and avoid that manual labour, which such a separating and partitional work would of necessity require, employ certain cataractic instruments, composed and

formed after the same manner that the froward, pettish, and angry Juno, did hold the fingers of both her hands,[1] interwovenly clenched together, when she would have hindered the childbirth delivery of Alcmena, at the nativity of Hercules; and athwart those cataracts they break and bruise to very trash the woody parcels, thereby to preserve the better the fibres, which are the precious and excellent parts. In and with this sole operation do those acquiesce[2] and are contented, who, contrary to the received opinion of the whole earth, and in a manner paradoxical to all philosophers, gain their livelihoods backwards, and by recoiling. But those that love to hold it at a higher rate, and prize it according to its value, for their own greater profit, do the very same[3] which is told us of the recreation of the three fatal Sister-Parcæ, or of the nocturnal exercise of the noble Circe, or yet of the excuse which Penelope made to her fond wooing youngsters and effeminate courtiers, during the long absence of her husband Ulysses.

By these means is this herb put into a way to display its inestimable virtues, whereof I will discover a part;—for to relate all is a thing impossible to do. I have already interpreted and exposed before you the denomination thereof. I find that plants have their names given and bestowed upon them after several ways. Some got the name of him who first found them out, knew them, sowed them, improved them by culture, qualified them to a tractability, and appropriated them to the uses and subserviences they were fit for. As the Mercurialis

[1] *The fingers, etc.*—See Pliny, l. 28, c. 6.

[2] *Do those acquiesce.*—Ropemakers, to whom the hemp comes raw and who, in working it, go backwards.

[3] *Do the very same.*—Spin it and weave it.

from Mercury; Panacea from Panace, the daughter of Esculapius; Armois from Artemis,[4] who is Diana; Eupatoria from the King Eupator; Telephion from Telephus; Euphorbium from Euphorbus, King Juba's physician; Clymenos from Clymenus; Alcibiadium from Alcibiades; Gentian from Gentius, King of Sclavonia, and so forth, through a great many other herbs or plants. Truly, in ancient times, this prerogative of imposing the inventor's name upon an herb found out by him was held in a so great account and estimation, that, as a controversy arose betwixt Neptune and Pallas, from which of them two that land should receive its denomination, which had been equally found out by them both together; though thereafter it was called and had the appellation of Athens, from Athene, which is Minerva,—just so would Lynceus, King of Scythia, have treacherously slain the young Triptolemus, whom Ceres had sent to show unto mankind the invention of corn, which until then had been utterly unknown; to the end that, after the murder of the messenger, whose death he made account to have kept secret, he might, by imposing, with the less suspicion of false dealing, his own name upon the said found out seed, acquire unto himself an immortal honour and glory for having been the inventor of a grain so profitable and necessary to and for the use of human life. For the wickedness of which treasonable attempt he was by Ceres transformed into that wild beast, which by some is called a lynx, and by others an ounce. Such also was the ambition of others upon the like occasion, as appeareth, by that very sharp wars, and of a long continuance, have

[4] *Armois, etc.*—Artemisia (mug-wort, or mother-wort), from Queen Artemisia, or from Diana, who was likewise called Artemis.

been made of old betwixt some residentiary kings in Cappadocia upon this only debate, of whose name a certain herb should have the appellation; by reason of which difference, so troublesome and expensive to them all, it was by them called Polemonion, and by us for the same cause termed Make-bate.[5]

Other herbs and plants there are, which retain the names of the countries from whence they were transported; as the Median apples[6] from Media, where they first grew; Punic apples[7] from Punicia, that is to say, Carthage; Ligusticum, which we call Louage,[8] from Liguria, the coast of Genoa; Rhubarb from a flood in Barbary, as Ammianus attesteth, called Ru; Santonica[9] from a region of that name; Fenu-greek from Greece; Castanes[10] from a country so called; Persicaria[11] from Persia; Sabine from a territory of that appellation; Stæchas from the Stæchad Islands; Spica Celtica from the land of the Celtic Gauls, and so throughout a great many other, which were tedious to enumerate. Some others, again, have obtained their denominations by way of antiphrasis, or contrariety; as Absinth,[12] because it is contrary to ψινθος, for it is bitter to the taste in drinking,—Holosteon, as if it were all bones, whilst on the contrary, there is no frailer,

[5] *Make-bate.—Guerroyere.* Warlike. All this and most that comes after is taken from Pliny, l. xxv. c. vi. and vii., etc., etc., etc.

[6] *Median apples.*—Pome-citrons.

[7] *Punic apples.*—Pomegranates.

[8] *Louage.*—Lovage.

[9] *Santonica.*—Cotgrave interprets this the seed of holy wormwood; Camb. Dict. says French wormwood, and in that case it may have its name from Saintonge in France.

[10] *Castanes.*—From Castana, a city of Thessaly, which abounds with chesnut trees; or, as Cooper writes it, chesten tree or nut.

[11] *Persicaria.*—Rabelais says (*persique*) a peach tree, not the herb called *persicaria*, *i.e.*, arse-smart or culrage.

[12] *Absinth.—Absinthium.* Wormwood.

tenderer, nor brittler herb in the whole production of nature than it.

There are some other sorts of herbs, which have got their names from their virtues and operations; as Aristolochia, because it helpeth women in childbirth; Lichen, for that it cureth the disease of that name; Mallow, because it mollifieth; Callithricum, because it maketh the hair of a bright colour; Alyssum, Ephemerum, Bechium, Nasturtium, Henbane, and so forth through many more.

Other some there are, which have obtained their names from the admirable qualities that are found to be in them; as Heliotropium, which is the marigold, because it followeth the sun, so that at the sun rising it displayeth and spreads itself out, at his ascending it mounteth, at his declining it waneth, and, when he is set, it is close shut; Adianton, because, although it grow near unto watery places, and albeit you should let it lie in water a long time, it will nevertheless retain no moisture nor humidity; Hierachia, Eringium, and so throughout a great many more. There are also a great many herbs and plants, which have retained the very same names of the men and women who have been metamorphosed and transformed in them; as from Daphne, the laurel is called also Daphne; Myrrh, from Myrrha, the daughter of Cinarus; Pythis from Pythis; Cinara, which is the artichoke, from one of that name; Narcissus, with Saffron, Smilax, and divers others.

Many herbs, likewise, have got their names of those things which they seem to have some resemblance to; as Hippuris, because it hath the likeness of a horse's tail; Alopecuris, because it representeth in similitude the tail of a fox; Psyllion, from a flea which it resembleth; Delphinium, for that it is like

the dolphin fish; Bugloss is so called, because it is an herb like an ox's tongue; Iris, so called, because in its flowers it hath some resemblance of the rainbow; Myosota, because it is like the ear of a mouse; Coronopus, for that it is of the likeness of a crow's foot. A great many other such there are, which here to recite were needless. Furthermore, as there are herbs and plants which have had their names from those of men, so by a reciprocal denomination have the surnames of many families taken their origin from them; as the Fabii, *à fabis*, beans; the Pisons, *à pisis*, peas; the Lentuli, from lentils; the Cicerons, *à ciceribus, vel ciceris*, a sort of pulse called chickpeas, and so forth. In some plants and herbs, the resemblance or likeness hath been taken from a higher mark or object, as when we say Venus' navel, Venus' hair, Venus' tub, Jupiter's beard, Jupiter's eye, Mars' blood, the Hermodactyl or Mercury's fingers, which are all of them names of herbs, as there are a great many more of the like appellation. Others, again, have received their denomination from their forms; such as the trefoil, because it is three-leaved; Pentaphylon, for having five leaves; Serpolet, because it creepeth along the ground; Helxine, Petast, Myrobalon, which the Arabians called Been, as if you would say an acorn, for it hath a kind of resemblance thereto, and withal is very oily.

CHAPTER LI

WHY IT IS CALLED PANTAGRUELION, AND OF THE ADMIRABLE VIRTUES THEREOF

By such like means of attaining to a denomination—the fabulous ways being only from thence excepted, for the Lord forbid that we should make use of any fable sin this a so very veritable history—is this herb called Pantagruelion; for Pantagruel was the inventor thereof. I do not say of the plant itself, but of a certain use which it serves for, exceeding odious and hateful to thieves and robbers, unto whom it is more contrarious and hurtful than the strangle-weed and choke-fitch is to the flax, the cat's-tail to the brakes, the sheave-grass to the mowers of hay, the fitches to the chickney-peas, the darnel to barley, the hatchet-fitch to the lentil-pulse, the antramium to the beans, tares to wheat, ivy to walls, the water-lily to lecherous monks,[1] the birchen-rod to the scholars of the college of Navarre in Paris, colewort to the vine tree, garlic to the load-stone, onions to the sight, fearn-seed to women with child, willow-grain to vicious nuns, the yew-tree shade to those that sleep under it, wolfsbane to wolves and libbards, the smell of fig tree to mad bulls, hemlock to goslings, purslane to the teeth, or oil to trees. For we have seen many of those rogues, by virtue and right application of this herb, finish their lives short and long, after the manner of Phyllis, Queen of Thracia,[2]

[1] *Water lily to lecherous monks.*—It is in a most especial manner prescribed to the monks, against the temptations of the flesh. See Bouchet.

[2] See Ovid. *Heroid.* ep. ii. Phyllis to Demophoon.

of Bonosus,[3] Emperor of Rome, of Amata,[4] King Latinus' wife, of Iphis,[5] Autolia,[6] Lycambes,[7] Arachne,[8] Phædra, Leda, Achius, King of Lydia,[9] and many thousands more; who were chiefly angry and vexed at this disaster therein, that, without being otherwise sick or evil disposed in their bodies, by a touch only of the Pantagruelion, they came on a sudden to have the passage obstructed, and their pipes, through which were wont to bolt so many jolly sayings, and to enter so many luscious morsels, stopped, more cleverly than ever could have done the squinancy.

Others have been heard most woefully to lament, at the very instant when Atropos was about to cut the thread of their life, that Pantagruel held them by the gorge. But, well-a-day, it was not Pantagruel; he never was an executioner.[10] It was the Pantagruelion, manufactured and fashioned into a halter, and serving in the place and office of a cravat. In that, verily, they solecised and spoke improperly,

[3] *Bonosus.*—Strangled by the Emperor Probus, for assuming the imperial purple in Gaul. See his life by Vobiscus.

[4] *Amata.*—Virgil, Æneid, l. xii.

[5] *Iphis.*—See Ovid, Metam. l. xiv.

[6] *Autolia.*—Or rather Autolyca, mother of Ulysses. She hung herself in despair on receiving false intelligence of her son's death.

[7] *Lycambes.*—Father of Neobule. He had betrothed her to the poet Archilochus, but gave her to a wealthier man. The biting verses of the exasperated lover drove him to despair and the herb Pantagruelion.

[8] *Arachne.*—Ovid, Metam. lib. vi.

[9] *Achius, King of Lydia.*—For endeavouring to raise a new tribute from his subjects, he was hung by the popular faction, taken down, and thrown headlong into the river Pactolus. See Polybius. Ovid, *Ibis*, 301.

[10] *Executioner.—Roüart*, in Rabelais. This, Cotgrave says, signifies a marshal, or provost-marshal, an officer that breaks, or sees broken, malefactors on the wheel.

unless you would excuse them by a trope, which alloweth us to posit the inventor in the place of the thing invented; as when Ceres is taken for bread, and Bacchus put instead of wine. I swear to you here, by the good and frolic words which are to issue out of that wine bottle which is a-cooling below in the copper vessel full of fountain water, that the noble Pantagruel never snatched any man by the throat, unless it was such an one as was altogether careless and neglective of those obviating remedies, which were preventive of the thirst to come.

It is also termed Pantagruelion by a similitude. For Pantagruel, at the very first minute of his birth, was no less tall than this herb is long, whereof I speak unto you,—his measure having been then taken the more easy, that he was born in the season of the great drought, when they were busiest in the gathering of the said herb, to wit, at that time when Icarus' dog, with his fiery bawling and barking at the sun, maketh the whole world Troglodytic, and enforceth people everywhere to hide themselves in dens and subterranean caves. It is likewise called Pantagruelion, because of the notable and singular qualities, virtues, and properties thereof. For as Pantagruel hath been the idea, pattern, prototype, and exemplary of all jovial perfection and accomplishment—in the truth whereof I believe there is none of you, gentlemen drinkers, that putteth any question—so in this Pantagruelion have I found so much efficacy and energy, so much completeness and excellency, so much exquisiteness and rarity, and so many admirable effects and operations of a transcendent nature, that, if the worth and virtue thereof had been known, when those trees, by the relation of the prophet, made election of a wooden king to rule and

govern over them, it without doubt would have carried away from all the rest the plurality of votes and suffrages.

Shall I yet say more? If Oxylus,[11] the son of Orius, had begotten this plant upon his sister Hamadryas, he had taken more delight in the value and perfection of it alone, than in all his eight children, so highly renowned by our ablest mythologians, that they have sedulously recommended their names to the never-failing tuition of an eternal remembrance. The eldest child was a daughter, whose name was Vine; the next born was a boy, and his name was Fig-tree; the third was called Walnut-tree; the fourth Oak; the fifth Sorbapple-tree; the sixth Ash;[12] the seventh Poplar; and the last had the name of Elm, who was the greatest surgeon[13] in his time. I shall forbear to tell you, how the juice or sap thereof, being poured and distilled within the ears, killeth every kind of vermin, that by any manner of putrefaction cometh to be bred and engendered there, and destroyeth also any whatsoever other animal that shall have entered in thereat. If, likewise, you put a little of the said juice within a pail or bucket full of water, you shall see the water instantly turn and grow thick therewith, as if it were milk curds, whereof the virtue is so great, that the water thus curded is a present remedy for horses subject to the cholic, and

[11] *Oxylus, etc.*—See Athenæus, l. iii. c. iii.

[12] *Ash.*—In the original, *fenabregue.* M. Duchat, after he had sought a long while what this word meant, at length found that at Sommieres, in Languedoc, they called *fenabregue*, the tree that is called in other parts of France *alister*, the *lote tree*; of which, says Cotgrave, there is the grey, the red, and other sorts, all strangers in England.

[13] *The greatest surgeon.*—See Pliny, l. xxiv. c. viii.

such as strike at their own flanks.[14] The root thereof well boiled mollifieth the joints, softeneth the hardness of shrunk-in sinews, is every way comfortable to the nerves, and good against all cramps and convulsions, as likewise all cold and knotty gouts. If you would speedily heal a burning, whether occasioned by water or fire, apply thereto a little raw Pantagruelion, that is to say, take it so as it cometh out of the ground, without bestowing any other preparation or composition upon it; but have a special care to change it, for some fresher, in lieu thereof, as soon as you shall find it waxing dry upon the sore.

Without this herb, kitchens would be detested, the tables of dining-rooms abhorred, although there were great plenty and variety of most dainty and sumptuous dishes of meat set down upon them—and the choicest beds also, how richly soever adorned with gold, silver, amber, ivory, porphyry, and the mixture of most precious metals, would without it yield no delight or pleasure to the reposers in them. Without it millers could neither carry wheat, nor any other kind of corn to the mill, nor would they be able to bring back from thence flour, or any other sort of meal whatsoever. Without it, how could the papers and writs of lawyers' clients be brought to the bar? Seldom is the mortar, lime, or plaister brought to the workhouse without it. Without it, how should the water be got out of a draw-well; in what case would tabellions, notaries, copists, makers of counterpanes, writers, clerks, secretaries, scriveners, and such-like persons be without it? Were it not

[14] See Pliny, l. xx., last chapter but one. The same remedy was successfully employed in Alsace in 1705, in the cure of a kind of cholic with which the horses of the French army were very much disordered.

for it, what would become of the toll-rates and rent-rolls? Would not the noble art of printing perish without it? Whereof could the chassis or paper windows be made? How should the bells be rung? The altars of Isis are adorned therewith, the Pastophorian priests[15] are therewith clad and accoutred, and whole human nature covered and wrapped therein, at its first position and production in and into this world. All the lanific trees of Seres, the bumbast and cotton bushes in the territories near the Persian Sea, and Gulf of Bengala; the Arabian swans, together with the plants of Malta, do not all of them clothe, attire, and apparel so many persons as this one herb alone. Soldiers are nowadays much better sheltered under it, than they were in former times, when they lay in tents covered with skins. It overshadows the theatres and amphitheatres from the heat of a scorching sun. It begirdeth and encompasseth forests, chases, parks, copses, and groves, for the pleasure of hunters. It descendeth into the salt and fresh of both sea and river waters, for the profit of fishers. By it are boots of all sizes, buskins, gamashes, brodkins, gambados, shoes, pumps, slippers, and every cobbled ware wrought and made steadable for the use of man. By it the butt and rover bows are strung, the cross-bows bended, and the slings made fixed. And, as if it were an herb every whit as holy as the vervain, and

[15] *Pastophorian priests.*—Only *pastophores*, in French. They were the pontiffs among the Egyptians, in the temple of Serapis. Παστὸς, 'pallium sacerdotale, a cope. Pallium Veneris quod ferebant in Egypto sacerdotes cæteris honoratiores.' The place of their abode was close to the temple, and called *pastophorium*. Ruff. Eccles. Hist. l. ii. c. xxiii. 'Item Hieron. in Esa. pastophorium, inquit, est thalamus, in quo habitat præpositus templi.' [The *Pastophori* were the priests who carried the shrines of the gods. (*Vide* Apuleius *Met.* xi.)]

reverenced by ghosts, spirits, hobgoblins, fiends, and phantoms, the bodies of deceased men are never buried without it.

I will proceed yet further. By the means of this fine herb, the invisible substances are visibly stopped, arrested, taken, detained, and, prisoner-like, committed to their receptive gaols. Heavy and ponderous weights are by it heaved, lifted up, turned, veered, drawn, carried, and every way moved quickly, nimbly and easily, to the great profit and emolument of human kind. When I perpend with myself these and such like marvellous effects of this wonderful herb, it seemeth strange unto me, how the invention of so useful a practice did escape through so many by-past ages the knowledge of the ancient philosophers, considering the inestimable utility which from thence proceeded, and the immense labour which, without it, they did undergo in their pristine lucubrations. By virtue thereof, through the retention of some aerial gusts, are the huge barges, mighty galleons, the large floats, the Chiliander, the Myriander ships launched from their stations, and set agoing at the pleasure and arbitrement of their rulers, conders, and steersmen. By the help thereof[16] those remote nations, whom nature seemed so unwilling to have discovered to us, and so desirous to have kept them still *in abscondito* and hidden from us, that the ways through which their countries were to be reached unto, were not only totally unknown, but judged also to be altogether impermeable and inaccessible, are now arrived to us, and we to them.

Those voyages outreached the flights of birds, and far surpassed the scope of feathered fowls, how swift

[16] *By the help thereof.*—This is an imitation of Agrippa, chap. lxxviii., of his *De Vanitate Scientiarum.*

soever they had been on the wing, and notwithstanding that advantage which they have of us, in swimming through the air. Taproban hath seen the heaths of Lapland, and both the Javas, the Riphæan mountains; wide-distant Phebol shall see Theleme, and the Islanders drink of the flood of Euphrates. By it the chill-mouthed Boreas hath surveyed the parched mansions of the torrid Auster, and Eurus visited the regions which Zephyrus hath under his command; yea, in such sort have interviews been made, by the assistance of this sacred herb, that, maugre longitudes, and latitudes, and all the variations of the zones, the Peræcian people, and Antoecian, Amphiscian, Heteroscian, and Periscian have oft rendered and received mutual visits to and from other, upon all the climates. These strange exploits bred such astonishment to the celestial intelligences, to all the marine and terrestrial gods, that they were on a sudden all afraid. From which amazement, when they saw, how, by means of this blest Pantagruelion, the Arctic people looked upon the Antarctic, scoured the Atlantic Ocean, passed the tropics, pushed through the torrid zone, measured all the zodiac, sported under the equinoctial,[17] having both poles level with their horizon; they judged it high time to call a council for their own safety and preservation.

The Olympic gods, being all and each of them affrighted at the sight of such achievements, said, Pantagruel hath shapen work enough for us, and put us more to a plunge, and nearer our wit's end, by this sole herb of his, than did of old the Aloidæ by overturning mountains. He very speedily is to

[17] *Sported under the equinoctial.*—Here Rabelais gilds the pill; cutting the line has always been reported as a thing far from being pleasant.

be married, and shall have many children by his wife. It lies not in our power to oppose this destiny; for it hath passed through the hands and spindles of the Fatal Sisters, necessity's inexorable daughters. Who knows but by his sons may be found out an herb of such another virtue and prodigious energy, as that by the aid thereof in using it aright according to their father's skill they may contrive a way for human kind to pierce into the high aerian clouds, get up unto the spring-head of the hail, take an inspection of the snowy sources, and shut and open as they please the sluices from whence proceed the floodgates of the rain; then prosecuting their etherial voyage, they may step in unto the lightning workhouse and shop, where all the thunderbolts are forged, where, seizing on the magazine of heaven, and storehouse of our warlike fire munition, they may discharge a bouncing peal or two of thundering ordnance, for joy of their arrival to these new supernal places; and, charging those tonitrual guns afresh, turn the whole force of that artillery wherein we most confided against ourselves. Then is it like, they will set forward to invade the territories of the Moon, whence, passing through both Mercury and Venus, the Sun will serve them for a torch, to show the way from Mars to Jupiter and Saturn. We shall not then be able to resist the impetuosity of their intrusion, nor put a stoppage to their entering in at all, whatever regions, domiciles, or mansions of the spangled firmament they shall have any mind to see, to stay in, or to travel through for their recreation. All the celestial signs together, with the constellations of the fixed stars, will jointly be at their devotion then. Some will take up their lodging at the Ram, some at the

Bull, and others at the Twins; some at the Crab, some at the Lion Inn, and others at the sign of the Virgin; some at the Balance, others at the Scorpion, and others will be quartered at the Archer; some will be harboured at the Goat, some at the Water-pourer's sign, some at the Fishes; some will lie at the Crown, some at the Harp, some at the Golden Eagle and the Dolphin; some at the Flying Horse, some at the Ship, some at the great, some at the little Bear; and so throughout the glistening hostelries of the whole twinkling asteristic welkin. There will be sojourners come from the earth, who, longing after the taste of the sweet cream, of their own skimming off, from the best milk of all the dairy of the Galaxy, will set themselves at table down with us, drink of our nectar and ambrosia, and take to their own beds at night, for wives and concubines, our fairest goddesses, the only means whereby they can be deified. A junto hereupon being convocated, the better to consult upon the manner of obviating so dreadful a danger, Jove, sitting in his presidential throne, asked the votes of all the other gods, which, after a profound deliberation amongst themselves on all contingencies, they freely gave at last, and then resolved unanimously to withstand the shocks of all whatsoever sublunary assaults.

CHAPTER LII[1]

HOW A CERTAIN KIND OF PANTAGRUELION IS OF THAT NATURE THAT THE FIRE IS NOT ABLE TO CONSUME IT

I HAVE already related to you great and admirable things; but, if you might be induced to adventure upon the hazard of believing some other divinity of this sacred Pantagruelion, I very willingly would tell it you. Believe it if you will, or, otherwise, believe it not; I care not which of them you do, they are both alike to me. It shall be sufficient for my purpose to have told you the truth, and the truth I will tell you. But to enter in thereat, because it is of a knaggy, difficult, and rugged access, this is the question which I ask of you. If I had put within this bottle two pints, the one of wine, and the other of water, thoroughly and exactly mingled together, how would you unmix them? After what manner would you go about to sever them, and separate the one liquor from the other, in such sort that you render me the water apart, free from the wine, and the wine also pure, without the intermixture of one drop of water, and both of them in the same measure, quantity, and taste, that I had embottled them? Or, to state the question otherwise, if your carmen and mariners, entrusted for the provision of your houses with the bringing of a certain considerable number of tuns, puncheons, pipes, barrels, and hogsheads of Graves wine, or of the wine of Orleans, Beaune, and Mirevaux, should

[1] This is not a new chapter in M. Duchat's edition, but a continuation of the former.

drink out[2] the half, and afterwards with water fill up the other empty halves of the vessels as full as before; as the Limosins use to do, in their carriages by wains and carts, of the wines of Argenton and Sangaultier,—after that, how would you part the water from the wine, and purify them both in such a case? I understand you well enough. Your meaning is, that I must do it with an ivy funnel. That is written, it is true, and the verity thereof explored by a thousand experiments; you have learned to do this feat before, I see it. But those that have never known it, nor at any time have seen the like, would hardly believe that it were possible. Let us nevertheless proceed.

But put the case, we were now living in the age of Sylla, Marius Cæsar, and other such Roman emperors, or that we were in the time of our ancient Druids, whose custom was to burn and calcine the dead bodies of their parents and lords, and that you had a mind to drink the ashes or cinders of your wives or fathers in the infused liquor of some good white-wine, as Artemisia[3] drunk the dust and ashes of her husband Mausolus; or, otherwise, that you did determine to have them reserved in some fine urn, or reliquary pot; how would you save the ashes apart, and separate them from those other cinders and ashes into which the fuel of the funeral and bustuary fire hath been converted? Answer, if you can. By my figgings, I believe it will trouble you so to do.

[2] *Should drink out.*—*Buffeter*, in French, which signifies to give one a *buffet*, or *cuff*: hence, metaphorically to mar a vessel of wine, by often tasting it before it was broached; or, rather, ashore, to fill it up with water, after much wine hath been stolen, or taken out of it.

[3] See Aulus Gellius, l. x. c. xviii.

Well, I will dispatch, and tell you, that, if you take of this celestial Pantagruelion so much as is needful to cover the body of the defunct, and after that you shall have enwrapped and bound therein, as hard and closely as you can, the corpse of the said deceased person, and sewed up the folding-sheet, with thread of the same stuff, throw it into the fire; how great or ardent soever it be, it matters not a straw; the fire through this Pantagruelion will burn the body and reduce to ashes the bones thereof, and the Pantagruelion shall be not only not consumed nor burnt, but also shall neither lose one atom of the ashes enclosed within it, nor receive one atom of the huge bustuary heap of ashes resulting from the blazing conflagration of things combustible laid round about it, but shall at last, when taken out of the fire, be fairer, whiter,[4] and much cleaner than when you did put it in first. Therefore it is called Asbeston, which is as much as to say incombustible. Great plenty is to be found thereof in Carpasia,[5] as likewise in the climate Dia Cyenes, at very easy rates. O how rare and admirable a thing it is, that the fire, which devoureth, consumeth, and destroyeth all such things else, should cleanse, purge, and whiten this sole Pantagruelion Carpasian Asbeston! If you mistrust the verity of this relation, and demand for further confirmation of my assertion a visible sign, as the Jews and such incredulous infidels use to do, take a fresh egg, and orbicularly, or rather, ovally, enfold it within this divine Pantagruelion. When it is so wrapped up, put it in the hot embers of a fire, how great or ardent soever it be, and, having left it there as long as you will,

[4] See Plutarch, in his Treatise of Oracles ceasing.

[5] See Pausanias.

you shall at last, at your taking it out of the fire, find the egg roasted hard, and, as it were, burnt, without any alteration, change, mutation, or so much as a calefaction of the sacred Pantagruelion. For less than a million[6] of pounds sterling, modified, taken down and amoderated to the twelfth part of one fourpence half-penny farthing, you are to put it to a trial, and make proof thereof.

Do not think to overmatch me here, by paragoning with it in the way of a more eminent comparison the Salamander. This is a fib; for, albeit a little ordinary fire, such as is used in dining-rooms and chambers, gladden, cheer up, exhilarate and quicken it, yet may I warrantably enough assure, that in the flaming fire of a furnace it will, like any other animated creature, be quickly suffocated, choked, consumed, and destroyed. We have seen experiment thereof, and Galen many ages ago hath clearly demonstrated and confirmed it, lib. 3, *De Temperamentis*, and Dioscorides maintaineth the same doctrine, lib. 2. Do not here instance, in competition with this sacred herb, the feather allum, or the wooden tower of Pyræus, which Lucius Sylla[7] was never able to get burnt; for that Archelaus, governor of the town for Mithridates, King of Pontus, had plastered it all over on the outside with the said allum. Nor would I have you to compare therewith the herb, which Alexander Cornelius called Eonem, and said, that it had some resemblance with that oak which bears the mistletoe, and that it could neither be consumed nor receive any manner of prejudice by fire, nor by water, no more than the mistletoe, of which was built, said he, the so renowned ship Argos. Search where you please for those that will

[6] In the original, fifty thousand Bourdelois crowns.

[7] See Aulus Gellius, l. xv. c. 1.

believe it. I in that point desire to be excused. Neither would I wish you to parallel therewith,—although I cannot deny but that it is of a very marvellous nature,—that sort of tree which groweth along the mountains of Briançon and Ambrun, which produceth out of its roots the good Agaric. From its body it yieldeth unto us a so excellent rosin, that Galen hath been bold to equal it unto the turpentine. Upon the delicate leaves thereof it retaineth for our use that sweet heavenly honey, which is called the manna; and, although it be of a gummy, oily, fat and greasy substance, it is notwithstanding uncomsumable by any fire. It is in the Greek and Latin called Larix. The Alpinese name is Melze. The Antenorides and Venetians term it Larége; which gave occasion to that castle in Piedmont to receive the denomination of Larignum, by putting Julius Cæsar to a stand at his return from amongst the Gauls.[8]

Julius Cæsar[9] commanded all the yeomen, boors, hinds, and other inhabitants in, near unto, and about the Alps and Piedmont, to bring all manner of victuals and provision for an army to those places,

[8] In the original, it is *at going to the Gauls.*

[9] This is taken from Vitruvius, l. ii. c. ix. Philander, in his remarks on this passage of Vitruvius, Venice edition, 1557, says, that being at Venice he had a mind to try whether the meleze, supposing it to be the larix of Vitruvius, would withstand the force of fire; but found that this pretended larix was consumed by it, though at first this wood seemed to defy the flame, and make it keep its distance. Upon which M. Le Clerc, who had some of the true incombustible larix, avers, in art. ii. of t. xii. of his Bibliothèque Choisie, that the meleze of Philander was not the true larix. I believe so too; but yet it is certain, by what goes before in Rabelais, that our author took the meleze for the larix, or incombustible wood of Vitruvius. In short, the true larix is not unknown to the virtuosi of Rome, one of whom sent some of it not long ago to Holland, where it is still kept.

which on the military road he had appointed to receive them for the use of his marching soldiery. To which ordinance all of them were obedient, save only those that were within the garrison of Larignum, who, trusting in the natural strength of the place, would not pay their contribution. The Emperor, proposing to chastise them for their refusal, caused his whole army to march straight towards that castle, before the gate whereof was erected a tower built of huge big spars and rafters of the larch tree, fast bound together with pins and pegs of the same wood, and interchangeably laid on one another, after the fashion of a pile or stack of timber, set up in the fabric thereof to such an apt and convenient height, that from the parapet above the portcullis they thought with stones and levers to beat off and drive away such as should approach thereto.

When Cæsar had understood that the chief defente of those within the castle did consist in stones and clubs, and that it was not an easy matter to sling, hurl, dart, throw, or cast them so far as to hinder the approaches, he forthwith commanded his men to throw great store of bavins, faggots, and fascines round about the castle; and, when they had made the heap of a competent height, to put them all in a fair fire, which was thereupon incontinently done. The fire put amidst the faggots was so great and so high, that it covered the whole castle, that they might well imagine the tower would thereby be altogether burnt to dust and demolished. Nevertheless, contrary to all their hopes and expectations, when the flame ceased, and that the faggots were quite burned and consumed, the tower appeared as whole, sound, and entire as ever. Cæsar, after a serious consideration had

thereof, commanded a compass to be taken without the distance of a stone-cast from the castle, round about it; there, with ditches and entrenchments to form a blockade; which when the Larignans understood, they rendered themselves upon terms. And then, by a relation from them, it was, that Cæsar learned the admirable nature and virtue of this wood, which of itself produceth neither fire, flame, nor coal, and would, therefore, in regard of that rare quality of incombustibility, have been admitted into this rank and degree of a true Pantagruelion plant; and that so much the rather, for that Pantagruel directed that all the gates, doors, angiports, windows, gutters, frettised and embowed ceilings, cans, and other whatsoever wooden furniture in the Abbey of Theleme, should be all materiated of this kind of timber. He likewise caused to cover therewith the sterns, stems, cookrooms or laps, hatchets, decks, courses, bends and walls of his carricks, ships, galleons, galleys, brigantines, foysts, frigates, crears, barks, floyts, pinks, pinnaces, hoys, catches, capers, and other vessels of his Thalassian arsenal; were it not that the wood or timber of the larch tree being put within a large and ample furnace, full of huge vehemently flaming fire proceeding from the fuel of other sorts and kinds of wood, cometh at last to be corrupted, consumed, dissipated, and destroyed, as are stones in a lime-kiln. But this Pantagruelion Asbeston is rather by the fire renewed and cleansed, than by the flames thereof consumed or changed. Therefore,

Arabians, Indians, Sabæans,
Sing not, in hymns and Io Pæans,
Your incense, myrrh, or ebony.
Come here, a nobler plant to see

And carry home, at any rate,
Some seed, that you may propagate.
If in your soil it takes, to heaven
A thousand thousand thanks be given;
And say with France, it goodly goes,
Where the Pantagruelion grows.

END OF BOOK III

ADVERTISEMENT. (Published in Ozell's edition, 1750.) As Sir Thomas Urquhart's part of the translation ends here, the editor of this edition thinks proper to take notice, that the remarkable difference of style, which appears betwixt the three former and the two latter volumes, is entirely owing to the taste of the two translators, and not to Rabelais himself. Sir Thomas, from the redundancy of his fancy, endeavours continually to heighten and embellish his author, by a profusion of epithets, and various modes of expression, and not seldom even by thoughts of his own, helps which it must be allowed no author ever needed less than this. Mr Motteux, though a gentleman of imagination, sticks more closely to the sense, turns, and phraseology of his original; and therefore may be said to have done it more justice. However, it must be allowed that both of them, in the general, have succeeded happily in their labours on this most difficult of all the French writers. And as to the preface and remarks of Mr Motteux, they are so esteemed abroad, that a translation of them into French is included in M. Le Duchat's quarto edition. [In the present edition these remarks are condensed and placed for convenience of reference at the end of the proper chapters.]

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